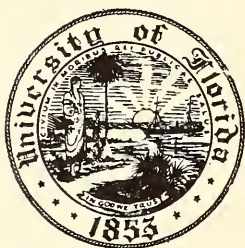


*A Critical Study of*  
WILLIAM DRUMMOND  
OF HAWTHORNDEN



*By French Rowe Fogle*

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KING'S CROWN PRESS  
*Columbia University · New York · 1952*

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PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA, AND INDIA  
BY GEOFFREY CUMBERLEGE, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS  
LONDON, TORONTO, AND BOMBAY  
MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FOR MY MOTHER

*whose firm faith has been rivaled  
only by her own patience*



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## PREFACE

SOME YEARS AGO, in his lectures on seventeenth century poetry, the late Professor Frank Allen Patterson, of Columbia University, first aroused my curiosity about William Drummond of Hawthornden. From the anthologies and early editions of his work I went to the excellent edition of L. E. Kastner, which contains the full text of Drummond's poetry, a thorough study of sources and parallels, and some arresting comments on Drummond's stature as a poet. Kastner's work, however, is primarily concerned with text and sources.

In general, the critical work dealing with Drummond's poetry was disappointing. Much of it was stereotyped, repetitive, and so casual as to contribute little to an understanding and appreciation of Drummond. Even Masson's biography, valuable as it is in supplying the political, religious, and literary background of the time, considers only a limited amount of Drummond's work. W. C. Ward has written probably the best critical essay to date in the introduction to his edition of Drummond's poetry, but he, too, subordinates analysis of the poetry to the biographical and historical information presented. Most critics, I found, had written either technical considerations of the poetry, with almost no feeling for the man behind the work, or essays in "appreciation" of the beauties of the verse and of the spirit behind it. What was needed, it seemed to me, was some sort of critical study that would examine the poetry for its own intrinsic merit without forgetting that it was also the expression of an age and the voice of a human soul.

My enthusiasm for Drummond was considerably heightened by a visit to Edinburgh, where I had the privilege of

examining the fifteen volumes of the Hawthornden Manuscripts in the National Library of Scotland. There I found not only the polished poetic productions by which Drummond is usually represented to present-day readers but also the jottings and scribbings, the random thoughts and questions, the fragments and rough drafts which revealed the man in the process of becoming a poet and the poet struggling with the raw materials of his art. Through learning to decipher the irregularities of his difficult handwriting, visiting his ancestral home of Hawthornden, examining the books of his own library, which he left to the university in Edinburgh, and studying the rough drafts of his poetry I came to see the man and the poet in a clearer light. Specific events in his life, the range and quality of his reading, and the friends he cultivated had obviously influenced his poetry much more profoundly than had been recognized. This study presents some of the suggestions and conclusions which came from a long and close association with the Laird of Hawthornden.

It is a happy privilege to be able to express here something of my deep gratitude to Professor Marjorie Hope Nicolson, of Columbia University, for her initial suggestion that such a book as this might be useful and for her continued encouragement and guidance from that time to this. Over many years her generosity of mind and spirit has been a challenge and an inspiration. A very special thankfulness is contained in these words, which she will understand. My indebtedness to Professor William Haller, of the Folger Shakespeare Library, reaches into areas far beyond the limits of this book. More than once he has pointed out a clear path in what appeared to be only a maze, and by example as well as counsel incited to better life and scholarship.

My particular thanks go out to Professor John Angus Burrell for his friendship, his unflagging interest and enthusiasm during the writing of the book, and for arduous work on the manuscript, which was always freely and generously

given. Professors Alfred Harbage and Maurice Valency made detailed suggestions and criticisms which were valuable in making the book a clearer and more accurate statement. I wish to express my appreciation also to Professors O. J. Campbell, Joseph Wood Krutch, Donald Frame, and James Gutmann for their reading and checking of the manuscript. I am deeply indebted, too, to Miss Ida Lynn for her careful and kindly reading of what I have written.

It is my pleasure to acknowledge my gratitude to the Trustees of the National Library of Scotland, the Trustees of the National Galleries of Scotland, and the librarians of Edinburgh University for their kindness and courtesy in making available the treasures of their Drummond collections and for their permission to use materials found there. I am grateful, too, to the librarians and staff of the Columbia University library, who provided not only materials for research but also an office where most of the writing was done. I wish to thank the following presses for their kind permission to quote from works published by them: Manchester University Press; Yale University Press; University of California Press; Longmans, Green and Company; and Macmillan and Company.

More is owing to Mrs. Adele Mendelsohn for the completion of this work than even she would recognize. She was present at the initiation of my Drummond studies long ago, and through years of close friendship has imparted strength, steadiness, and real joy to these and other efforts of mine.

Lastly, I would pay tribute to my wife, Marion Fogle, who has borne with the latter stages of this work with a cheerfulness nothing less than astounding, and who has ever been willing to undertake any task, no matter how painstaking, that would contribute to the completion of this study.

FRENCH ROWE FOGLE

*Barnard College*  
*July, 1951*



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## INTRODUCTION

THE POETRY OF William Drummond of Hawthornden has been handled with extreme delicacy and caution by literary critics over the past three centuries. Something in the man's style, some ethereal quality in his thought, has elicited strains of airy praise from those sufficiently interested to say anything at all about him, but at the same time the praise has been tempered by an embarrassed reserve, which often appears when men talk about poets, especially poets of second or third rank.

The most wholehearted, although not the most critical praise comes, as might be expected, from the earliest poems in commendation of the Laird of Hawthornden. The first edition of the *Poems*, published about 1614, contains a prefatory poem in which the music of Drummond's poetry is particularly noted.

Swanne which so sweetly sings,  
By *Aska's* Bancks, and pitifully plaines,  
That old Meander neuer heard such Straines,  
Eternall Fame, thou to thy Countrie brings:  
And now our *Calidon*  
Is by thy Songs made a new Helicon.<sup>1</sup>

This tribute is the first to stress two qualities which have impressed critics from that early day to this—the poet's "sweetness" and the mood of gentle melancholy which pervades most of his work. Even the joys of his earliest love, for Mary Cunningham of Barns, were overshadowed by somber reflections on the transitory quality of this life, the hardness of his lady's heart, the miles that separated him

from his mistress, and the hopelessness of his plight. And when she was taken from him by death, the cloud settled even more darkly over his work. Other early commendators speak of his "sweeter Veine," note how he "so sweetly *Sorrow* makes to sing," and laud his "delicious Layes." In his edition of 1656 Edward Phillips does not hesitate to place him on an equal plane with the choicest wits of Italy or England.

for here are all those graces met together that conduce any thing toward the making up of a compleat and perfect poet, a decent and becoming majesty, a brave and admirable height, and a wit so flowing, that Jove himselfe never dranke nectar that sparkled with a more spritly lustre.<sup>2</sup>

The author of the *Life of Drummond*, prefixed to the 1711 folio edition of Drummond's works, speaks of the "Delicacy of his Wit," which "always run on the Pleasantness and Usefulness of History, and on the Fame and Softness of Poetry." In summing up his merits he says: "He was a judicious and exact Historian, a quaint and delicate Poet, and a Master and Judge of all polite Learning."<sup>3</sup>

Subsequent editors follow much the same line of praise. Felicity of phrase, richness of imagery, and a certain philosophic elevation and detachment are noted as the outstanding traits of Drummond's poetry. But except for two critics there is little attempt to be more specific than this. The two exceptions are David Masson, who in 1873 published an imaginative and learned study of Drummond and his times,<sup>4</sup> and William C. Ward, who wrote an extensive introduction for his edition of Drummond's poems in the *Muses' Library*.<sup>5</sup>

Masson's work, although primarily historical rather than critical, does try to discern the basic strains in Drummond's poetry which give it a distinctive tone and timbre. In the first place, he remarks on the notable combination in Drummond of "a certain poetic sensuousness" with "a tender and rather

elevated thoughtfulness.”<sup>6</sup> These qualities had been apparent, as we have seen, to readers of Drummond from the seventeenth century on, but Masson points out that it is the combination and balance struck between the two that is of particular importance. There can be no doubt of Drummond’s delight in describing colors, forms, sounds, and textures, but what keeps his descriptions from becoming cloyingly sweet and luscious is just this element of pensiveness and thoughtfulness which tempers and sometimes thins the richness of the poetic fare. Drummond is least effective when he is either purely sensuous or mainly philosophic; his finest work appears, as does any poet’s, when mind and heart speak together.

Masson’s second point is allied to the first, but he is a bit more vague about it. He assigns Drummond to that class of English poets whom he designates tentatively as “Spenserians,” those poets “in whom . . . the tradition of pure poetry was best kept up,” and all of whom

confessed a certain allegiance to Spenser as their master and exemplar, and continued his style of rich sensuous description and purely ideal phantasy, generally with a tendency also to his favourite form of the pastoral, and sometimes, though not always, with his liking for allegory.<sup>7</sup>

In this group he includes the young Shakespeare, Drayton, Fairfax, the Fletchers, William Browne, and the young Milton, so we have Drummond connected with a very distinguished line of poets.

The third and last quality which Masson points out is the “metaphysical mood” which prevails in so much of Drummond’s work. It is that frame of mind which led him beyond merely temporal and earthly loves and delights to the consideration of ultimate causes and mysteries. Struggling against the confinements of our limited world, his mind boldly leaps off among the farthest stars and looking back

sees this earth as a scarcely discernible point in the vast seas of space, and listening intently hears the sobs and shouts of men only as faint throbbings of sound in the profound silence of "this All."

How that vaste Heauen intituled *First* is rold,  
 If any other *Worlds* beyond it lie,  
 And *People* liuing in Eternitie,  
 Or *Essence* pure that doth this *All* vphold:  
 What Motion haue those *fixed Sparkes* of Gold,  
 The *wandering Carbuncles* which shine from hie,  
 By Sprights, or Bodies, contrare-Wayes in Skie  
 If they bee turn'd, and mortall Things behold:  
 How *Sunne* postes Heauen about, how *Nights pale Queene*  
 With borrowed Beames looks on this hanging *Round*,  
 What Cause faire *Iris* hath, and Monsters seene  
 In Aires large Fields of Light, and Seas profound,  
     Did hold my wandring Thoughts; when thy sweet Eye  
     Bade mee leaue all, and only thinke on Thee.

Of course, he never did "leaue all, and only thinke on Thee." The same speculative wonder persists in all his best work. It is the mood reflected in *A Cypresse Grove* and in many of the religious poems, the mood which prevented his ever becoming deeply involved in the practical affairs of this world.

The contribution of W. C. Ward to Drummond criticism is to be found chiefly in his tracing of the sources for many of the poems and some of the prose. He cites Petrarch, Tasso, Marino, Sanazzaro, and Guarini as the chief Italian authors on whom Drummond drew, pointing out that Drummond not only imitates these writers but also translates directly from them. Among English writers, Sidney is by all odds the most important influence on Drummond's work. Ward will not go so far as to say that other English poets did not affect Drummond's writing, but at least he finds "few traces of the influence of others."<sup>8</sup> And yet Ward defends Drummond against any charge of plagiarism.

If he sometimes deck himself in borrowed plumage, he wears it with a grace which is altogether his own. In the closest of his translations he never allows us to forget that the translator also is a poet. The many productions of his pen which are wholly original, afford ample proof that it was not from poverty of invention that he became a borrower. His was the full equipment of the poet, and what he took from others he had made already his own by sympathy and delight. In one respect he was greater than his models, if not as a poet, yet as a thinker.<sup>9</sup>

And he goes on to discuss the Platonic elements in the Christian philosophy of Drummond which appear most clearly, perhaps, in *A Cypresse Grove*. Ward mentions in passing the grace and cadence of Drummond's line, but on the whole he was more interested in the matter of the poetry than in its style. It was on the foundation prepared by Ward that Kastner built in preparing his edition of Drummond's poetry in which he exhibits such exhaustive and perhaps overzealous effort in locating sources and parallels for Drummond. That particular area of Drummond study we shall leave to Kastner and others who may be proficient in such matters. In the present study we shall confine ourselves to a critical examination of the poems themselves in the hope that a fuller and keener appreciation of the merits and limitations of Drummond as poet may be forthcoming.



## Chapter I

### POET IN THE MAKING

THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF Drummond's early life were especially favorable for his developing into the scholar and poet he became. He was born in 1585 into an old and proud family which traced its lineage back to the eleventh century and numbered among its members Annabella Drummond, queen of King Robert III and ancestral mother of the Stuart line of rulers. His father, John Drummond, was apparently a man of some wealth, who had become a laird, or landed proprietor, by the acquisition of the estate of Hawthornden some years before the poet's birth. By the time William was five years old his father had become gentleman-usher to the Scottish King James VI, and his mother's brother, William Fowler, had been appointed private secretary to Queen Anne. Through such channels the young boy must have become aware early of the life about the court, almost the only place in all Scotland at the time where the arts of poetry and music were encouraged. About the artistic proclivities of his father we know almost nothing, but his uncle William Fowler was a man of some pretensions toward poetry. He had written one of the commendatory sonnets for James VI's *Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*, 1585, and he had translated Petrarch's *Triumphs*. His nephew came to think enough of his poetry to preserve it and eventually to present two manuscript volumes of it to the Edinburgh University Library, in 1627. With the examples of James and his uncle before him and considering the prestige given to the practice of poetry by the King's patronage, it is small wonder that the boy developed a liking and respect for the art of writing verse.

After being graduated from the High School, Drummond

began his higher education at the University of Edinburgh, founded only a short time before, in 1582. Most of his study there would have been in divinity, philosophy, and "humanity," the recognized areas of study at the time. He seems to have had a deep respect and admiration for his professor of humanity, John Ray, for more than thirty years later he wrote a moving epitaph on him.<sup>1</sup> Bishop Sage tells us that he did not confine himself strictly to the prescribed courses, however.

Tho' he very well understood the common Metaphysical learning, which then obtained in the schools; yet he did not take up all his Time that way, but applied some of it to the reading of the Classick Authors and Mathematicks. . . . So he continued close some Years reading the solid and unaffected Authors of Antiquity, which he not only retained in his Memory, but digested in his Judgment.<sup>2</sup>

It is just possible, too, that during this time he began to sample sixteenth-century French and English poetry, which was praised and imitated by James and the versifiers who were attracted to him. Much of the glitter of life in Edinburgh probably departed when King and court removed to London in 1603, but Drummond continued at the University and took his M.A. in July, 1605.

Whatever else his university training did for Drummond, it seems clearly to have developed in him a keen appetite for literature, especially the poetry of the Renaissance. Even his family's decision that he should enter law as a career failed to divert him from following his taste; in fact, it seems only to have given him the opportunity to range more widely in the field of his particular interest. At that time Bourges was one of the leading centers of legal studies in all Europe, and it was settled on as the place where the young Drummond should receive his training. Accordingly, in the early summer of 1606 he set out from Edinburgh for the Continent, allowing himself ample time for stopping over in London and sampling

the life there. Through his father and his uncle, who were still members of the royal household, he must have moved close to the center of the social life that was so brilliant during that particular summer. King Christian of Denmark, brother to Queen Anne, was in England for part of July and August, and there was a gaudy succession of tourneys and pageants and masques in his honor. In a series of six letters written during these summer months, Drummond describes with obvious delight and wonder the goings-on in the city. He relates to a Scottish friend the Challenge of the Knights Errant of the Fortunate Island to all the world in defense of the four propositions:

1. That in Servise of Ladies no Knight hath free Will.
2. That it is Beauty maintaineth the World in Valour.
3. That no fair Lady was ever false.
4. That none can be perfectly wise but Louers.<sup>3</sup>

These propositions were to be defended for "Three several succeeding Days of Trial at Tilt, Tourney and at Barriers," in the "Valley of Mirefleure," by the Earls of Lenox, Arundel, Pembroke (nephew to Sir Philip Sidney), and Montgomery, for the entertainment of King Christian. Whether the tourney actually took place or not we are not sure, but Drummond does report a humorously cynical answer to the challenge which shows that the worship of Love and Beauty was not always taken too seriously. After declaring that the "old defended Virtue of Women is expired" and that women merely serve to delude and abuse men, four Knights proposed to defend the four counter propositions.

1. That a Man at the Years of Discretion, hath his Loue in his own Hands.
2. That Beauty melteth Valour, and maketh the Tongue far readier than the Sword.
3. That fairest Ladies are falsest, having fairest Occasions.
4. That to Loue, and to be Wise, were euer two Men's Parts.<sup>4</sup>

In this atmosphere of romance and raillery, Drummond obviously reveled. He describes a tilting match in which one of the participants was Christian himself, "who, mounted on a dapple Gray, had his Armour Sky-coloured, spangled with some Gold; he wore in his Helm a Bunsh [*sic*] of Blew and White Feathers, as the rest of his Company: He broke some Staves with a marvellous Grace and great Applause of the People." <sup>5</sup> In almost a delirium of delight he reports: "There is nothing to be heard at Court but Soundings of Trumpets, Haut-boys, Musick, Revellings and Comedies." <sup>6</sup>

Such courtly shows and spectacles no doubt made a deep impression on the young man who was seeing the world beyond Scotland's borders for the first time. The important part of Drummond's initiation into the world of the Renaissance, however, came not through such decadent vestiges of chivalry, but through the books which he began to read in some purposeful fashion in this year. Fortunately for us, the Hawthornden Manuscripts still contain the lists of books Drummond read during the years 1606 to 1614.<sup>7</sup> The care with which he kept the record of these readings and the wide extent of the readings themselves would seem to indicate a very serious purpose behind the effort. At the age of twenty-one Drummond was setting out to become the cultivated gentleman and poet of the true Renaissance stamp.

It was only natural that a young man of Drummond's background, about to start on a period of study on the Continent, should be a bit uncertain of his manners. Fortunately, however, there were ways for a young man of that time to check on his behavior. Italy was still looked upon as the arbiter in matters relating to social conduct, and there were three Italian conduct books that had been made available to English readers in translation during the sixteenth century. The first and most notable of these was the famous work of Count Baldesar Castiglione, *The Book of the Courtier*, printed first at Venice in 1528, translated into English by

Thomas Hoby and issued at London in 1561. This book had become the bible of those who would achieve the grace and distinction of a fine Renaissance gentleman. The second work was the *Galateo of Manners and Behaviours*, by Giovanni della Casa, which was translated out of the Italian by Robert Peterson and printed at London in 1576. It deals with manners on a much more earthy plane than does the *Courtier*, taking up all manner of subjects from spitting and sneezing to the niceties of the Italian language. The third and last Italian courtesy book available to English readers of the sixteenth century was the *Civil Conversation* of Stefano Guazzo, three books of which were translated by George Pettie in 1581, the fourth being done by Bartholomew Young in 1586. This work is directed mainly to the great middle classes—to those who might have some learning and culture, but whose main concern would not be with conduct in courtly circles. All three of these courtesy books Drummond read in the year 1606, ostensibly before setting out on his trip to the Continent. He was clearly desirous of cutting a respectable figure in the Continental circles to which he was going.

The main part of his reading, of course, was more purely literary in nature. During this first year of his apprenticeship he read mostly in the English authors—Sidney, Shakespeare, Lyly, Marston, William Alexander, Drayton, and others—but also a considerable number of Continental and classical writers, either in English translation or in Latin. Ovid, Plutarch, Tasso, Montemayor, Cardano, and some books of the *Amadis de Gaule* appear in the list for 1606. For the next two or three years, when he was in Bourges and Paris, his reading spread out to other languages—French, Italian, Greek—and to almost all the important Renaissance poets and critics of Europe. Although he was in France with the supposed intention of becoming a lawyer, only one title appears on the reading lists for these years that has the remotest connection with his legal studies—the *Institutes* of Justinian. All the

rest of the imposing array of books mentioned are predominately literary, with a sprinkling of religious and philosophical works thrown in. By 1611, according to his own account, he had accumulated a library that included 267 books in Latin, 61 in Italian, 8 in Spanish, 120 in French, 35 in Greek, 11 in Hebrew, and only 50 in English. Among the writers in this collection we may be able to find the ideas that shaped and influenced Drummond in his study and practice of poetry.

One of the most important principles in Renaissance theories of poetry was that having to do with the practice of imitation.<sup>8</sup> Working under the powerful spell of the classical writers—particularly Cicero, Horace, Seneca, Quintilian, and others—sixteenth-century Italian critics assigned to imitation a vital place in the process of making a poem. No little confusion resulted, however, over the exact meaning of the term. On the one hand there was the idea that poetry should be the imitation of nature as Aristotle had suggested; a representation of human action in the broad sense of the word. On the other hand, imitation involved also the study and following of older writers of acknowledged excellence. It was imitation in this latter sense that produced so much disagreement and confusion. At one extreme, Vida (*De arte poetica*, 1527) advocated such a close imitation of the ancient writers that little room was left for the exercise of any individuality or invention on the part of contemporary poets. Julius Caesar Scaliger (*Poetices*, 1561) also called for an adherence to the matter and manner of Virgil that would have produced little but slavish copying of the master. In contrast to such views, Castelvetro (*Poetica*, 1570), while admitting imitation in the Aristotelian sense of a representation of human action, vehemently denied the right of a poet to take over materials from another writer and issue them as his own. He held that original invention alone was the distinguishing mark of the poet and that anyone who took either matter or manner from a model without completely transforming it into his own was

little more than a thief. The larger number of Italian critics, however, fell into positions more moderate than either of these. Bembo, while stressing the importance of following the manner of such classical writers as Cicero and Virgil, insisted that the borrowing of materials should be done with great care and that such materials as were used should be assimilated and transformed by the poet. In the discussion between Federico and Count Ludovico in the First Book of the *Courtier* there is no clear-cut decision in the debate over imitation *versus* invention. Federico maintains that just as the ancients achieved their excellence only by the imitation of earlier writers, so modern writers will find it difficult to write well without following the models of antiquity. The Count insists, however, that it may be very well for one to imitate whatever ought to be imitated—if that can be determined—but that it is not essential, that the writer's own aptitude and innate sense of judgment are of more importance than the following of models. Castiglione never settles the discussion clearly one way or the other, but one feels his sympathies to be with the Count. Other Italian writers, including Minturno, Tasso, Muzio, and Daniello, insist on the legitimacy and the value of imitating the ancients, but they also stress the importance of absorbing and transforming the material so that it will issue as something creative and original. There is a general feeling that literary materials are the common property of all authors, to be used as the taste and judgment of the writer may direct.

The principle of imitation was taken up and vigorously proclaimed by the poets of the *Pléiade*. In his *Deffence et illustration de la langue françoise*, 1549, Du Bellay exhorts the poet to comb the writings of antiquity that he may become familiar with the rare virtues of Greece and Rome. Certain modern Italians also are held up for emulation. Only by such a course of close study can one learn to distinguish the vices from the virtues, and rejecting the bad, incorporate only the

good in style and material. He regrets that there have been no French writers of sufficient purity and eminence to serve as models for contemporary poets. Du Bellay guards himself, however, from the charge of advocating the slavish copying of classical and Italian authors. He insists that all the excellencies of the older writers must be digested and assimilated so that they may issue as true creations of the poet. They must appear with a life of their own, not as feeble mimicry of their originals. Ronsard and Pasquier similarly preach the doctrine of imitation of the best that has been written in other languages, but they safeguard the place of originality and invention by their insistence that what the poet produces must be completely his own. They both use the Senecan figure of the bee, which gathers nectar from flowers far and wide and transforms it into honey which is his very own sweetness. In general, French criticism of the second half of the sixteenth century follows this line of thought. As the evils of badly directed imitation become apparent in the work of poets of limited caliber, the critics stress more and more the necessity for the poet to work his materials out in a creative way, but they never waver in their support of the principle of imitation as an essential element in all good literature.

With most, if not all, of these Continental critics Drummond was thoroughly familiar. His readings for the time he was in France show that he read nearly everything that Du Bellay and Ronsard wrote, and that he had also gone into the works of Castiglione, Bembo, Tasso, and Scaliger. He was not only reading hungrily in the literary works of the Renaissance poets, but he was also examining the theories of poetry that were being argued with such vigor and excitement during the sixteenth century. In view of his own later practice, it is evident that he had adopted wholeheartedly the principle of imitation of literary models as one of the chief requisites for the writing of good poetry.

By the last quarter of the sixteenth century, critical examination of the functions of poetry and the calling of the poet had begun in England. Puritan attacks on the theater and poetry, such as Stephen Gosson's in 1579, brought forth vigorous defenses by Sidney, Lodge, Spenser, and others, but as much, if not more, of the critical interest in poetry must have come from the impact of French and Italian literature and criticism on English thought. In the numerous critical pronouncements from Ascham's *Scholemaster*, printed in 1570, to Jonson's *Timber, or Discoveries*, printed in 1640, the various writers show awareness of and in many instances actual indebtedness to the critical literature of Italy and France. The principle of imitation was taken up and admitted as not only a respectable but also an essential practice of the poet. But in England, too, there was some doubt as to the exact relationship between imitation and the writing of poetry. Some of the defenders of the art felt that the sanctity of poetry might very well suffer by the practice of those who relied too heavily on imitation. "E. K.," for instance, in the "Argument" to the October Eclogue of *The Shepheardes Calender*, insists that "laboure and learning" may serve to adorn poetry, but that poetry itself is "a divine gift and heavenly instinct . . . poured into the witte by a certain *enthousiasmos* and celestiall inspiration." Most of the critical statements, while granting a certain importance to the knowledge and emulation of good models, caution the poet about too close imitation which would make of him little more than a translator or versifier. The dominant trend in the long discussion was away from the confinement of strict rules toward greater insistence on the freedom and originality of the poet, but the whole question remained so confused that weaker judgments and tastes were often unable to distinguish between creative imitation and mere translation or even literary thievery.

That Drummond was aware of the terms of this debate

there is clear evidence in the books that he read and owned. He possessed a copy of James VI's *The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Diuine Art of Poesie*, in which appeared the essay, "Ane Schort Treatise, conteining some revlis and cautelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie."<sup>9</sup> In this treatise, while laying down some rules of his own, James is at the same time aware of the dangers of rules, for he says:

For gif Nature be nocht the cheif worker in this airt, Reulis wilbe bot a band to Nature, and will mak yow within short space weary of the haill airt: quhair as, gif Nature be cheif, and bent to it, reulis wil be ane help and staff to Nature.<sup>10</sup>

He goes on to warn the poet against using subjects that have been too often used in the past, such as "the morning and rysing of the Sunne . . . for thir thingis are sa oft and dyuerslie writtin vpon by Poetis already, that gif ye do the lyke it will appeare ye bot imitate, and that it cummis not of your awin *Inuentioun*, quhilk is ane of the cheif properteis of ane Poete."<sup>11</sup> He would also have the poet avoid mere narration ("sene subiectis"), translations, and other "to graue materis for a Poet to mell in," but he does not rule out the possibility of imitation altogether. It is only when invention is completely lacking that he would deny the name of poet to the practitioner.

Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, deals more with technical matters than with the principle of imitation, but the first chapter has some basic definitions that bear on the matter. After defining a poet as a "maker" and citing the Greek origin of the term, the author goes on to say that "Euen so the very Poet makes and contriues out of his owne braine doth the verse and matter of his poeme, and not by any foreine copie or example, as both the translator, who therefore may well be sayd a versifier, but not a poet."<sup>12</sup> But this does not mean that the poet is bound to rely only on his own imagination or invention, for there is a sense in which every poet relies on material beyond his own creation.

And neuerthelesse, without any repugnancie at all, a Poet may in some sort be said a follower or imitator, because he can expresse the true and liuely of euery thing is set before him, and which he taketh in hand to describe: and so in that respect is both a maker and a counterfaior: and Poesie an art not only of making, but also of imitation.<sup>13</sup>

The crucial phrase of this statement, "in some sort," is never clearly defined, but from the general discussion one derives the idea that imitation, far from being excluded from the practice of the poet, is admitted as an important element in the art of "making." Later on, speaking of Surrey and Wyatt, "the two chief lanternes of light to all others that haue since employed their pennnes vpon English Poesie," he sums up his praise of them by noting with apparent approval that they were "in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister *Francis Petrarcha*."<sup>14</sup>

Of all the English poets of this period, Sir Philip Sidney seems to have had by far the most profound influence on Drummond. A brief examination of Kastner's notes will show the frequency with which Drummond echoes or imitates Sidneian phrases and imagery. Both in his reading and in his practice of poetry, Drummond shows himself to have been an ardent disciple of the English poet. Sir Philip's theories of poetry are best set forth in his *Defence of Poesie*, a copy of which Drummond owned. Sidney is much more pointed and restrictive about the practice of imitation than some of the other critics had been. In the main, he limits imitation to the Aristotelian *mimesis*, "that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth to speake Metaphorically. A speaking Picture, with this end to teach and delight."<sup>15</sup> The poet is not even subject to nature, for of all the artists,

Only the Poet disdeining to be tied to any such subjection [to the external facts of history or the physical world], lifted up with the vigor of his own invention, doth grow in effect into another nature: in making things either better then nature

bringeth forth, or quite a new, formes such as never were in nature.<sup>16</sup>

And the most worthy and noble of all poets are "they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight : and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath bin, or shall be, but range onely reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be and should be." <sup>17</sup> The critic here clearly forbids the imitation of other writers, which had been so widely practiced among poets of the sixteenth century, including the author himself, and insists on the imitation of the ideal, "of what may be and should be." Later on in the essay he does admit that imitation is one of the "three wings" to guide and uphold the "highest flying wit," but imitation is at best only an aid and should never be mistaken as a legitimate end of poetry. This idea is borne out by statements in *Astrophel and Stella* which show that Sidney was very sensitive to charges, real or imagined, that he had borrowed from other love poets of the Petrarchan manner. In the very first sonnet he tells of his failure to find in "others' leaves" the proper words or "inventions" to express his own woes. He even discovered that "Invention, Nature's child, fled stepdame Studie's blowes." And he finally came to his famous resolution :

Thus, great with childe to speak, and helplesse in my throwes,  
Biting my trewand pen, beating myselfe for spite;  
Foole, said my Muse to me, looke in thy heart, and write.

In Sonnet iii he rails at the servile copyists as "daintie wits" and "Pindare's apes," those who use the high-flown phrases and tropes of the Petrarchan lover to express their feelings, asserting that he will copy only what Nature writes in Stella. Of course, this is merely a way of saying that no matter how extravagantly he may write he cannot surpass the truth that resides in the lady—as much a convention as many of the figures and expressions he uses in later sonnets to express his

love for Stella. But one does feel a real scorn for those who take as their own the stockpile of Petrarchan images and devices and use them as if they were expressions of authentic feeling. Sonnet xv decries the practice of those "that poore Petrarch's long-deceased woes With new-borne sighes and denisen'd wit do sing," because such practice shows "a want of inward tutch." And he warns that eventually such stolen goods come to light. Sonnet lxxiv contains his famous statement "I am no pick-purse of another's wit," a phrase Drummond echoes in a commendatory sonnet he wrote in 1615. "Thy Syre no pyck-purse is of others witt."<sup>18</sup> Sidney's most biting censure of such versifiers, however, is in the *Defence*, where he says:

But truly many of such writings as come under the banner of unresistable love, if I were a mistresse, would never perswade mee they were in love: so coldly they applie firie speeches, as men that had rather redde lovers writings, and so caught up certaine swelling Phrases . . . then that in truth they feelee those passions.<sup>19</sup>

Sidney's practice in his sonnet sequence, of course, is not entirely free of the charges which he brings against the translators and copyists of his day. He, too, uses Petrarchan images and conceits and "poore Petrarch's long-deceased woes" are reflected in his own protestations of love for Stella. But there is also a vigor and originality, a freshness and independence in his spirit which lift him above the ranks of the mere imitators. Those Petrarchan modes and materials which he adopted were transformed into something which bears his own individual stamp. This quality of "creative imitation," as it has been called, was recognized by Sidney's contemporaries and followers, and it was largely responsible for his being elevated by them to the foremost rank of Elizabethan sonneteers. It was one of the qualities that established him as a model for other poets, such as Drummond, who were not

always successful in achieving excellence simply because they followed too closely that which was already excellent.

It has been suggested that the clearest indication of Drummond's approval of the principle of imitation is to be found in the manner in which he practiced the art of poetry. Kastner, Ward, and others who have made detailed studies of Drummond's sources have revealed that a large proportion of his poems are translations, paraphrases, or adaptations from Italian, French, and English models. Both in manner and matter he relied heavily on his predecessors, particularly Marino, Tasso, and Guarini among the Italians, Ronsard and Desportes among the French, and Sidney among the English. Kastner makes the strong statement that "a full third of Drummond's compositions are translations or close paraphrases" and that "the rest are best described as adaptations from foreign models."<sup>20</sup> This would seem to be an extreme assertion in view of the fact that even Kastner finds no parallels for a large number of Drummond's poems. But there is enough truth in what he says to indicate that Drummond was deliberately and assiduously imitating the poetry of his acknowledged masters. He was taking full advantage of the currently respectable practice in order to train and encourage and develop his own poetic gifts.

We do not have to rely on inference, however, to ascertain Drummond's awareness of the poetic theory of the day. He has left us no systematic statement of his views on literary matters, but scattered through his letters and miscellaneous jottings are several critical pronouncements which clearly show him to be in the school which advocated imitation as an essential ingredient in the writing of good poetry.

In the 1711 folio edition of Drummond's *Works*, at the end of the "Heads of a Conversation" between Jonson and Drummond, there appears a strange collection of random observations on poets and poetry called "Character of several Authors."<sup>21</sup> These comments apparently come from different

periods in his life, and they often give the appearance of being unstudied impressions rather than considered judgments. For instance, the very first statement says:

The Authors I have seen (saith he) on the Subject of Love, are the Earl of *Surrey*, Sir *Thomas Wyatt*, (whom, because of their Antiquity, I will not match with our better Times) *Sidney*, *Daniel*, *Drayton* and *Spencer*. He who writeth the Art of *English* Poesy praiseth much *Rawleigh* and *Dyer*; but their Works are so few that are come to my Hands, I cannot well say anything of them.

Unless he was deliberately confining himself to English poets, this could have been written only early in his career, before 1606, for by the end of that year and during 1607 he was reading Montemayor's *Diana*, the *Amadis de Gaul*, Tasso, Sannazaro, Pontus de Tyard, and other Continental writers who would surely be considered "authors on the subject of love." But then Drummond goes on to say: "The last we have are Sir *William Alexander* and *Shakespeare*, who have lately published their works." Alexander's sonnet sequence, *Aurora*, was published in 1604, but Shakespeare's sonnets did not appear in printed form until 1609. By that time Drummond had read nearly all the Italian and French love poets of the Renaissance. We are forced to the conclusion that in that first paragraph he must have had in mind only the English sonneteers of the Petrarchan stamp. This seems all the more certain in view of what he goes on to say of Petrarch.

The best and most exquisite Poet on this Subject, By Consent of the whole Senate of Poets, is *Petrarch*. . . . The *French* have also set him before them, as a paragon; whereof we still find, that those of our English Poets who have approach'd nearest to him, are the most exquisite on this Subject. When I say, approach him, I mean not in following his Invention, but in forging as good; and when one Matter cometh to them all at once, who quintessenceth it in the finest Substance.

Some form of the principle of imitation is clearly implied in this statement. The best love poets, he seems to be saying, are those who follow most closely the example of Petrarch. Not that they approximate his creative genius, his "Invention"; that would manifestly be asking too much. The best are those who succeed in "forging," or "distilling," a poem which might be mistaken for Petrarch's very own, one which in matter and manner comes closest to the master model. And when they are writing on the same idea or aspect of the subject of love, the best is the one who catches it in its finest and purest form, that is, the form in which Petrarch would have expressed it.

Drummond next proceeds to rank the English sonneteers in their order of excellence, with some surprising results.

Among our *English* Poets, Petrarch is imitated, nay surpast in some Things, in Matter and Manner: In Matter, none approach him to *Sidney*, who hath Songs and Sonnets in Matter intermingled: In Manner, the nearest I find to him, is *W. Alexander*; who, insisting in these same Steps, hath Sextains, Madrigals and Songs, Echoes and Equivoques, which he hath not; whereby, as the one hath surpast him in Matter, so the other in Manner of Writing, or Form.

It is a little startling to find Drummond making the statement that Sidney and Alexander had "surpassed" Petrarch in any way. But it becomes clear that what he means is simply that Sidney had treated subjects that Petrarch had not treated, that he had not surpassed the Italian in the excellence of his treatment, but had gone beyond him in variety of subject; that Alexander had not outdone the master in the quality of his sonnets and madrigals, but that he had used, in addition to these forms, "Echoes and Equivoques" which Petrarch had not used. Drummond was too thoroughly schooled in the Petrarchan tradition to entertain the idea that other poets could threaten Petrarch's position of complete supremacy among the authors on the subject of love. The best they could

hope to do was to approach him, and their excellence was established by the faithfulness of their imitation of the perfect model.

Drummond goes on to mention the fact that although the Italians, Sannazaro among others, had said "That none celebrateth their Mistress after her Death," yet Ronsard had followed Petrarch in writing sonnets to a mistress who had died. We will notice later that according to Bishop Sage, Drummond prided himself on the fact that "he was the First in the Isle that did Celebrate a Mistress dead,"<sup>22</sup> apparently feeling justified in doing so because he was only imitating a practice which had been hallowed by Petrarch's example, and was therefore approaching one of the virtues of his model.

After Sidney and Alexander, Drummond ranks Daniel, "for Sweetness in Ryming Second to none."<sup>23</sup> Drayton he accepts with some reservation, but a reservation that can be well understood: "*Drayton* seemeth rather to have loved his Muse than his Mistress; by, I know not what artificial *Similes*, this sheweth well his Mind, but not the Passion." Drummond felt that insofar as Drayton was writing by pure artifice and intellect, he was not following the model of Petrarch, who wrote with passion; Drayton could therefore not be accepted without some qualification.<sup>24</sup>

Drummond's judgment on Spenser's *Amoretti* is such a crashing blunder that one can read it only with vast amusement. He seems to have liked the *Faerie Queene* well enough, and there are elements in his own verse that mark him as being akin to Spenser in sensibilities. One critic, as we have noted,<sup>25</sup> places him very clearly in the Spenserian tradition of English poetry. But he seems to have had a bad time when he tried to read the sonnets of Spenser, for he says quite flatly: "As to that which *Spencer* calleth his *Amorelli* [*sic*], I am not of their Opinion, who think them his; for they are so childish, that it were not well to give them so honourable a Father." One would give much to have two or three sentences more at

this point, something to indicate specific objections. But Drummond dismisses them just so, leaving no clues as to why he considered them so childish.

In view of his strong devotion to the Petrarchan school of love poetry, Drummond's eulogy of Donne might be considered unexpectedly fulsome. But it must also be remembered that Drummond was an epigrammatist of some stature and that Donne first acquired poetic fame as a writer of epigrams. It was evidently on the basis of Donne's earlier satiric pieces as well as his lyrics that Drummond could write the discerning bit of criticism which follows.

*Donne* among the Anacreontick Lyrics, is Second to none, and far from all Second; But as *Anacreon* doth not approach *Callimachus*, tho' he excels in his own kind, nor Horace to Virgil; no more can I be brought to think him to excel either *Alexander's* or *Sidney's* Verses: They can hardly be compared together, trading diverse Paths; the one flying swift, but low; the other, like the Eagle, surpassing the Clouds. I think, if he would, he might easily be the best Epigrammatist we have found in English; of which I have not yet seen any come near the Ancients.

An undated letter of Drummond's <sup>26</sup> to his friend Dr. Arthur Johnson, physician to the King, and a famous Latinist, contains some comments on poets and poetry which are illuminating. After some general remarks in praise of the art of poetry, he comes to the point that poetry is the same in all ages and in all places. He says "she subsisteth by her self; and after one Demeanor and on Continuance her Beauty appeareth to all Ages." He has the clear belief that in some way poetry has an independent existence of her own that is not subject to the whims and changing tastes of successive periods of literary history. She has a kind of absolute being, which can be discerned and imitated in the work of the great poets of the past, but is lost by those who out of a rebellious disregard for the past attempt to express themselves by innova-

tions and novelties. He has only the deepest scorn for such "reformers."

In vain have some Men of late (Transformers of every Thing) consulted upon her Reformation, and endeavored to abstract her to *Metaphysical* Ideas, and *Scholastical* Quiddities, denuding her of her own Habits, and those Ornaments with which she hath amused the World some Thousand Years.

Kastner places this letter in the years between 1625 and 1630, when Drummond was on the Continent, and takes this statement to be a direct attack on Malherbe and such "correct" poets, who were attempting to refine and purify French poetry of the influence of Ronsard and the other members of the *Pléiade*. He says the tone "leaves little doubt that he is aiming at Malherbe and his innovations."<sup>27</sup> But there is no reason why such a statement could not apply just as well to certain of the English poets who were repudiating the authority of Petrarch in the matter of poetic principles and were starting out on their own independent ways. Donne and Jonson, among others, had pretty well broken the hold of Petrarchism on English poetry and were exhibiting what might well have been to Drummond a disturbing lack of respect for old gods. But whatever specific persons he may have had in mind, Drummond is sure that they are going about the search for poetry in the wrong way. For, he says:

*Poesy* is not a Thing that is yet in the finding and search, or which may be otherwise found out, being already condescended upon by all Nations, and as it were established *jure Gentium*, amongst *Greeks, Romans, Italians, French, Spaniards*.<sup>28</sup> Neither do I think that a good Piece of *Poesy*, which *Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Petrarch, Bortas, Ronsard, Boscan, Garcilasso* (if they were alive, and had that Language) could not understand, and reach the Sense of the Writer. . . . What is not like the Ancients and conform to those Rules which hath been agreed unto by all Times, may (indeed) be something like unto *Poesy*, but it is no more *Poesy* than a Monster is a Man.

This sounds even more like some of the pronouncements of eighteenth century criticism than it does like those of the Renaissance. There is a kind of clear confidence about the "rules" that calls to mind the attitude of Pope and some of the other neo-classic writers.

Drummond then goes on to lash out at those who flout the ancient rules in their poetry.

For the like Cause [the production of monstrosities] it may be thought these Men found out their new *Poesy* differing from the Matters, Manners, and Rules of former Ages; either they did not see the Way of *Poesy* or were afraid to enter it. . . . The Contempt and Undervaluing of Verses hath made Men spare their Travel [travail] in adorning them; but *Poesy*, as it hath overcome Ignorance, at last will overcome Envy and Contempt.

Such statements are echoes of the critical judgments which predominate in the canons of sixteenth-century theories of poetry. Classical poets of Greece and Rome had discovered the abiding rules which must govern and illuminate poetic practice in all ages. In their works the moderns may discern all the virtues and excellencies which characterize the best poetry. Only by turning to them and incorporating them into his own work could a poet mount to the highest levels of poetic flight. In matter, in form, and in ornament the old poets provided the only sure guides, and those who refused to follow them could only hope to lose themselves in the mazes of their own eccentric and distorted creations.

By the time Drummond wrote these things, his was a voice crying in the wilderness. The school of Petrarch had had its day and had fallen under the weight of the very hand that had once been its chief support. Antiquity, taken with the healthy reserve and caution of a Ben Jonson, could be an inspiration and a proper discipline for the aspiring poet, but taken with the abject idolatry and servile submission of much of Renaissance criticism, it could only serve to blight

and repress spontaneous poetic utterance. Drummond's chief limitation, perhaps, lay in his too-complete adoration of Renaissance models, who themselves were limited by the tastes and attitudes of a particular age. From them he learned many graces, from them he inherited the form, the sonnet, which was congenial to him above all other forms. But he did not always succeed in transforming what he took from his models into something that was his very own. The principle of imitation, then, was at one and the same time Drummond's great weakness and his great strength. Too literally followed, it resulted in mere translation and paraphrase, but moderately employed, it gave him an instrument and a technique by which his own authentic genius could express itself in strength and sweetness.

The picture we have thus far of Drummond is the relatively simplified one of a young man with a great sensitiveness to and love of literary beauty as well as an ardent admiration for beauty in all her forms. His devotion to the worship of love and beauty appears to be passionate and wholehearted, not only in the apprehension of them as intellectual principles or even in the enjoyment of them in their physical manifestations but also in his attempts to capture them in his own poetic creations. Even his concern with more superficial matters of social behavior and conversation seems only to mark him all the more clearly as a true exemplar of Renaissance culture and sensibilities. All these traits are prominent in the young poet; they are, perhaps, the ones that strike us most forcefully. But they by no means comprise the whole man. There is also present in his character a darker, heavier strain of reserve and distrust toward the world of men, of nature, and even of beauty itself.

This attitude is so pervasive and strong that it appears even in those moments when Drummond seems most absorbed in the external delights of the world in which he moved. There is always a sense of uneasiness, a hint of caution and

even of fear as he looks upon a beautiful face or form, or contemplates the motives and impulses of men, or considers the transience of all things mortal. The first explicit expression of this attitude is found in one of the six letters he wrote from London during the summer of 1606, when he was in the center of the excitement and glamor of the entertainments for King Christian. On the twelfth of August he wrote from Greenwich to his friend in Scotland: "None of our Pleasures are lasting, they, as all Humane Things, have their End."<sup>29</sup> And he went on to describe the sorrow at the departure of Christian from England.

The next year he is in France and among the exciting diversions he allows himself is a visit to the fair of St. Germaine where he "viewed the diverse Merchandize and Wares of the Nations at that Mart."<sup>30</sup> He is obviously delighted by what he sees, especially by the paintings, for he writes a long and detailed description of the various pictures in the exhibit. Three portrayals of Venus fascinate him, and he describes with full appreciation the sensuous beauty of the pieces. But even here he cannot refrain from moralizing a bit. After speaking of one picture which depicted Venus holding out to a young man a fair face which concealed the image of death, Drummond says gravely: "It were to be wished this Picture were still before the Eyes of doating Lovers."

But he does not confine his moralizing to lovers alone. The most attractive picture in the gallery to him is a portrait of a gay Democritus making fun of a dejected Heraclitus. Musing on the significance of the picture, Drummond, then just 21, closes his letter with this heavy observation: "And truly considering all our Actions, except those which regard the Service and Adoration of God Almighty, they are either to be lamented or laughed at, and Man is always a Fool, except in Misery, which is a Whet-Stone of Judgment."

One might put such remarks aside as the conventional and proverbial moralizing characteristic of so much of the per-

sonal correspondence of the time. But there are reasons why such thoughts of Drummond's must be taken as something more than mere nods to convention. They would seem rather to reflect an attitude that was a settled part of his temperament. Some light is thrown on this aspect of Drummond's character by an examination of the lists of readings for these years. He was not merely concerned with poets and writers of pastoral romance. Scattered through the lists one finds such serious fare as the *Moralia* of Plutarch, a series of ethical and historical essays; the *De varietate rerum* of Cardanus; orations against Ramus's own *De religione*; treatises on the Eucharist and the primacy of the Pope; and an exposition on the Apocalypse. These show clearly enough his interest in religious and philosophical questions. But there are also devotional works which would seem to indicate something more than a purely intellectual interest in such matters. The list for 1606, for example, shows such titles as *The Anatomy of Sin and the Genealogy of Virtue*, *The Holy Love of Heavenly Wisdom*, and *The Sanctuary of a Troubled Soul*. These devotional works indicate something more in the young poet than a concern with the external beauties of life and art and something more than a preoccupation with the pleasures of the life of the mind. They point to the fact that here was a man who was interested in the welfare of his own soul. Whether because of his early training or because of something innate in his own temperament, he could not give himself fully and freely to the restless and eager life which crowded in upon him. One part of him rushed out to meet it; another part of him held up the finger of caution and retired behind the disturbing questions "Why?" and "For what?" It is this second part that kept looking for security in a world of bewildering change and for faith in a world of warring opinions. For this conflict Drummond could find no resolution so long as he was actively involved in the affairs of men, and yet he was to all intents and purposes destined for the deepest

kind of involvement in the world by his practice of the law. It is one of the ironic touches in his life that the solution should have been presented by an event which would normally have been an occasion only of sorrow and unhappiness—the death of his father.

According to Bishop Sage, Drummond had studied his profession “with great Diligence and Applause, and brought Home not only the Dictates of the Professors, but also his own Observations on them ; which the Worthy, Learned and Judicious President *Lockhart* seeing, said, That if our Author had followed the Practice, he might have made the best Figure of any Lawyer in his Time.”<sup>31</sup> But the legal profession was not to have the benefit of Drummond’s talents and learning. Shortly after he returned to England, his father, Sir John, died, leaving him the estate of Hawthornden and a substantial fortune. Freed of the necessity of having to make his own living in the harsh world, Drummond thereupon retired to his country seat and took up again his beloved study of the classics and of poetry. Here he lived out the rest of his life, “Farre from the madding Worldlings hoarse Discords.”<sup>32</sup> In this very act, it seems, there is an indication of the struggle that was going on in Drummond and an indication, too, of his attempt to resolve that struggle in the choice of a life of withdrawal and contemplation, as against a career of involvement and activity in an uncertain world.

Even in Hawthornden, however, his life was not entirely free of complications, for “Love stole in upon him, and did intirely captivate his Heart.”<sup>33</sup> He fell in love with Mary Cunningham and soon they were engaged. Out of his love grew some of his very best sonnets and madrigals, but even they, as we shall see, reveal a somber and moralizing strain in his nature that is more than the conventional despair of the sonneteering lover. Even in his most joyous moods one feels a restraint, a certain distrust of the transience and instability of mortal affairs. Then, just before they were to be

married, Miss Cunningham died, and with her died most of Drummond's poetic fire. He writes a few more sonnets in praise of his dead mistress, but finally that love is renounced, and he lifts his thoughts to a spiritual and lasting love. This renunciation is clearly apparent in such sonnets as Sonnet xiii of the *Poems*, the Second Part, and Sonnet ii of "Urania."

Of course, such forswearings were not unknown in sonnet literature. Sidney denied his earthly love in the beautiful, "Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust." Spenser had longings for a higher bliss in Sonnet lxiii, "After long stormes and tempests sad assay." In Sonnet clii, Shakespeare surely expresses doubts about the happiness that earthly love can bring. And of course Petrarch renounced his earthly love for Laura long after her death, and Dante's Beatrice became a spiritual guide to lead him from the traps and snares of his earthly passion to a more perfect love. All these examples provided Drummond with precedent enough for his own renunciation. But one has the feeling that it was not just a literary convention that he was following. His action was the culmination of a long series of such actions which came from a basic quality of his temperament. It represents the not-too-happy resolution of the conflict which had troubled him since his twenty-first year.

With this resolution Drummond turns, with some few exceptions, to the writing of religious poetry. He writes "Forth Feasting" to welcome James to Edinburgh in 1617, and *The Entertainment* as an official tribute to Charles in 1633. Some minor occasional pieces occur as late as the 1640's. But with the publication of his *Flowres of Sion* in 1623, the springs of his poetic inspiration seem to have dried up. He had forsworn any serious attempts at poetry as well as the active life. Ten years later, in his dedication of his *History of the Five Jameses*, he can speak of himself as one "who the most part of my Life, have been writing about small Things, in Verse."<sup>34</sup> This change from a writer of small things to a

person of more solemn and serious interests is a change of one world for another, of the world of the Renaissance for the world of ascetic forbearance and denial. It is a change which will, perhaps, become more apparent as we examine the poetry in some detail.

## Chapter II

### THE SONNETS

#### OF YOUNG LOVE

A FIRST READING of the fifty-five sonnets in the *Poems*, the First Part, reveals even to the most casual observer the marks of the true Petrarchist. The constant theme is love—love which has few joys for the hapless, hopeless lover except those that come from martyrdom and self-sacrifice in the service of the fair but heartless beloved; love which demands so much and gives so little in return; love which is more cruel than all recorded sufferings of man; love which hates the days and fears the nights; love which fries when the fair is absent and freezes when she is present—frantic, frenzied love. Such cries and protestations, of course, had been ringing out all over Europe ever since Petrarch had sonneted his love for Laura more than a century earlier. The love sonnet had spread rapidly throughout Italy, swept over France, touched Spain, and finally after being quietly introduced by Wyatt and Surrey, had burst upon England during the 1590's.

The vogue had fallen into some disrepute, but it had not entirely spent its force by the summer of 1606, when Drummond, on his way to study law in France, stopped off in London. His diversions during the visit were the pageants and jousts and spectacles staged for the entertainment of Christian IV of Denmark, but his serious concern was with literary matters. He was avidly reading the plays and poetry of the great Elizabethans. It would be pleasant to know that he had become personally acquainted with some of them, but there is no record of his having met any of the noted writers of the day during this early period of his life; his acquaintance with

Ben Jonson and Sir William Alexander came years later. Donne was known to him only through his writings, and we know by his own statement that he never met Michael Drayton face to face, although the two struck up a friendship by means of letters and mutual friends later on. His early literary associations seem to have been entirely through books, but those he read and absorbed thoroughly. During this and the next few years, as we have seen, he read nearly all the important sonnet collections, English and continental, of the sixteenth century, and it is not at all surprising to learn that Drummond emerged from this reading as a sonneteer of the true Petrarchan mold.

It is admittedly treacherous business to try to draw autobiographical materials from the average Elizabethan sonnet sequence, but there seems little reason to doubt that the sonnets in the First Part of Drummond's *Poems* are a record of his unfortunate love affair with Mary Cunningham of Barns. They were certainly written between 1610, the date of his retirement to Hawthornden, and 1615, the probable year of Miss Cunningham's death, and in all probability the time can be narrowed to the years 1613-1615, after the appearance of his first published poem, *Teares on the Death of Moeliades*, 1613. It was during this period, according to the tantalizing account of one early biographer, that

Love stole in upon him, and did intirely captivate his Heart: For he was on a sudden highly Enamour'd of a fine Beautiful young Lady, Daughter to *Cunninghame* of *Barns*, an Ancient and Honourable Family. He met with suitable Returns of chaste Love from her, and fully gain'd her Affection.<sup>1</sup>

It was the most natural thing in that Renaissance world that having fallen in love, Drummond should turn to songs and sonnets in order to record, examine, and enjoy his love. This he does with an apologetic backward glance at his earlier attempts at poetry.

In my first Yeeres, and *Prime* yet not at Hight,  
When sweet Conceits my Wits did entertaine,  
Ere *Beauties* Force I knew or false Delight,  
Or to what Oare shee did her Captiues chaine;  
Led by a sacred Troupe of *Phoebus* Traine,  
I first beganne to reade, then Loue to write,  
And so to praise a perfect Red and White,  
But (God wot) wist not what was in my Braine:  
*Loue* smylde to see in what an awfull Guise  
I turn'd those *Antiques* of the Age of Gold . . .

That "sacred Troupe" of Sidney, Spenser, Petrarch, Tasso, and all the others had given him sweet conceits enough to entertain his wits, but he had succeeded only in turning them into "an awfull Guise." There is something very charming about this estimate of his own work. It is self-conscious and contrived, perhaps, but there is a glint of humor in it. He can look at his childish efforts to write of love, and smile—and Love smiles with him. And if, as seems likely, his early efforts in writing of love be represented by the madrigals and epigrams which appear in the 1616 edition of the poems, we can understand his smiling at himself. For in them one finds more often than not the conceit used for the sake of the conceit, the device for the sake of the device, and the theme of love simply as an excuse for writing verse. They are often labored, sometimes impertinent and even crude, and almost always an exercise of wit rather than an expression of feeling.

When, however, he finds himself possessed of a genuine emotion which he longs to express, he discovers that the cleverness which had served him in former days is wholly inadequate and that perhaps most of the conventions of sonnet-love are a bit absurd. This would seem to be indicated in Sonnet iii.

Yee who so curiously doe paint your Thoughts,  
Enlightning eu'rie Line in such a Guise,  
That they seeme rather to haue fallen from Skies,

Than of a humane Hand bee mortall Draughts;  
 In one Part *Sorrow* so tormented lies,  
 As if his Life at eu'ry Sigh would parte,  
*Loue* here blindfolded stands with Bow and Dart,  
 There *Hope* lookes pale, *Despaire* with rainie Eyes:  
 Of my rude Pincell looke not for such *Arte*,  
 My Wit I finde now lessened to deuise  
 So high Conceptions to expresse my Smart,  
 And some thinke *Loue* but fain'd, if too too wise:  
 These troubled Words and Lines confus'd you finde,  
 Are like vnto their Modell *my sicke Minde*.

This appears to be more than the conventional apology for the poet's poor powers, too feeble to compass the graces and beauties of Chloris or Phyllis or whomever. Drummond has a keen awareness of an altered purpose. The extravagances and inventions of the sonneteers have their delights as pastimes for wits, but now that his heart is involved, he finds his wit less fertile in word-play and conceits. The sickness of his mind will not permit the juggling and gymnastics which were once his sports. Now he must write of a love whose depth and power are beyond the comprehension of wit alone. There would seem to be honest intention, at least, in the statement.

And yet when we turn to his own love sonnets we find them heavily decorated with the sweet conceits of which he professes himself to be incapable. Of tormented Sorrow there is an abundance. He wishes that his love might see "the blacke *Mappe* of all my Woe" (Son. x) ; he is so grievously torn that his bed becomes a grave, a very hell (Son. xi) ; his grief "euen Reach of Thought transcends" (Son. xxiv) ; and even the echoes are wearied with his groans (Son. liii). And what of the god of love? He dwells in familiar haunts.

Who gazeth on the Dimple of that Chinne,  
 And findes not *Venus* Sonne entrench'd therein,  
 Or hath not Sense, or knowes not what is *Loue*.  
 (Son. xx)

He performs familiar tricks; the lady's hairs are

Strings, deadly Strings, with which *Loue* bends his Bowes.

(Son. xlviij)

And when the lady sought to bind Cupid with a hair from  
her golden locks, the boy

At her Approach sprang swiftly in the Aire,

And mounting farre from Reach look'd backe and said,

Why shouldst thou (Sweet) me seeke in Chaines to binde,

Sith in thine Eyes I dayly am confinde.

(Son. xlii)

Drummond's Hope is as pale as that of the most hopeless of  
the "sacred Troupe of Phoebus Traine." He pleads with his  
burning thoughts for some hope, even though it be false, to  
lodge within his breast (Son. xli). He likens himself to "that  
subtile Worme on Earth" as he feeds "on fading Leaues Of  
*Hope*, which me deceaues" (Mad. i). His is a fugitive hope.

O Cruell Beautie, Meekenesse inhumaine,

That Night and day contend with my Desire,

And seeke my Hope to kill, not quench my Fire,

(Son. xxxiv)

And the "rainie eyes" of despair are not unfamiliar either.

Weepe Soule, weepe plaintfull Soule, thy Sorrowes know,

Weepe, of thy Teares till a blacke Riuer swell,

Which may *Cocytus* be to this thy Hell.

(Son. xxxiii)

These sonnets, the monument of his woe, are "with the  
mourning *Muses* Teares besprent" (Son. xxxi). The tears  
are many, but the lady has a most miraculous effect on them.

*Faire Nymphes*, say all these Streames are but my Teares,

And if Shee aske you how they sweet remaine,

Tell that the bittrest Teares which Eyes can powre,

When shed for Her doe cease more to be sowre.

(Son. xxii)

In such passages in Drummond we have abundant repetition of many of the more banal and commonplace conceits of the sonnet tradition. The tiresome hyperboles, the plainings, pleas, and personifications, the classical allusions—all are here in a degree to make the reader a bit restless and bored if they were all. And in too many cases they have served merely to conceal the vein of rich ore that runs through Drummond's work.

There are some good reasons for Drummond's writing in this manner. In the first place, during the comparatively short but intense history of the sonnet, the art of writing about love had become almost a science in which technique was more highly regarded than the passion itself. After all, the same things were being said over and over again, and in the repetition the manner in which a thing was said and the formulas which were used became of equal importance with the thing itself. Certain ideas and images came to be common property with which each sonneteer started, and these ideas and images were expected to be used in a particular way. They had specific meanings and, perhaps, overtones which our modern ears can no longer catch. The pride and disdain of the lady, the sodden sorrow of the lover, the sympathetic role of turtle dove or nightingale, the contest of rose and lily in the lady's cheek were the common clay which the poet was expected to use, just as a scientist might use the same basic materials and equipment in conducting various kinds of experiments. And so in a sense Drummond was merely taking up the materials of his profession when he used certain conceits and allusions which to us are merely hackneyed and threadbare.

Unfortunately for the sonnet tradition and for us, however, there were too many mediocre people who used the same materials and came out with the same dull answers; too many who lacked the imagination to combine new ingredients with the old so as to produce new and surprising results. And

no matter how adept one may become at manipulating the tools of his trade, he cannot expect to be very interesting if the same routine is repeated too frequently. But to Drummond the Renaissance love sonnet was a new and exciting discovery on the widening horizon in 1606. He was clearly delighted with the intricacies of its wit, with the sudden turns of phrase, and with the learned and veiled allusions which were sprinkled so liberally through it and gave it its sprightly character. And after a novitiate spent in assiduous study of the rituals and symbolism of the cult, he must have felt himself finally ready for initiation into the "sacred Troupe of Phoebus Traine." He therefore begins to speak and act as they did, not realizing that the ritual and the symbols had become weakened and worn in the hands of profane pretenders. Not only did he adopt the manner and matter of the priests older and more experienced than he; he also, as Ward and Kastner have pointed out, took over bodily whole lines and even poems, translated them into his own tongue, and sent them forth as his own. Here was at least an ardent, if somewhat limited and timid devotee of love.

If Drummond had gone so far and no farther, he would be remembered today only as a curiosity, as one more of the versifiers who had been deceived by a literary fad that flared briefly in England and as suddenly died. But he was too good a poet to be satisfied by fulfilling the requirements of a form or by aping a manner. He had thoughts and feelings which had to be expressed, and expressed in his own way. And as one reads through these first sonnets there are three features that stand out, giving the poetry real distinction and life. The first is the melody and felicity of the lines themselves. It is the trait that has led critics to speak so fully of his "sweetness." This is allied, to be sure, with the gentleness of his temper and mood, but apart from the cast of thought and attitude, there is a harmony of sound and a flow of line that is at once subtle and striking.

I know that all beneath the *Moone* decayes,  
 And what by Mortalles in this World is brought,  
 In *Times* great Periods shall returne to nought,  
 That fairest States haue fatall Nights and Dayes:

What Cause faire *Iris* hath, and Monsters seene  
 In Aires large Fields of Light, and Seas profound,  
 Did hold my wandring Thoughts . . .

The Winds with Sighes haue solemniz'd my Mones  
 Mong Leaues, which whisper'd what they could not say.

If this vaine World bee but a sable Stage  
 Where slaue-borne Man playes to the scoffing Starres.

What sweet Delight a quiet Life affords,  
 And what it is to bee of Bondage free,  
 Farre from the madding Worldlings hoarse Discords,  
 Sweet flowrie Place I first did learne of thee.

There is no original thought here; it is all familiar and reminiscent. But there is beautiful control over the movement of the lines, a masterful blending of sound and sense which is so successful that it could slip by unnoticed on casual reading. The contrast between the fading softness of "Mong leaues, which whisper'd what they could not say" and the pounding disdain of "Where slaue-borne Man playes to the scoffing Starres" or the ruggedness of "Farre from the madding Worldlings hoarse Discords" is by no means accidental. A finely attuned ear controlled the writing of those lines. Such examples could be multiplied any number of times from almost any area of Drummond's work. And the places where he stumbles are few. Occasionally a line wrinkles the smooth surface of his sonnet or falters in the midst of graceful flight, as in Sonnet li of the First Part, ll. 9-11.

Thus doth mine euill transcend both *Life* and *Death*,  
 While no *Death* is so bad as is my *Life*,  
 Nor no *Life* such which doth not ende by *Death*.

Line 10 is utterly prosaic. The "such which" of line 11 is awkward and cacophonous. Sometimes one is painfully conscious of a tortured inversion of the normal word order, as in the last line of Sonnet lii: "So thou by Her, shee by thee liue shall *Fame*." Such lapses are so rare, however, that one's confidence in Drummond's control over rhythm and melody is never shaken.

The second striking quality of these early sonnets is the genuineness and intensity of the emotional experience which produced them. It seems evident that when Drummond first retired to the quietness of Hawthornden, he was under the sweet spell of the sixteenth-century sonneteers and was intoxicated with the very idea of love. As we have seen, he had read widely in the literature of the cult and was eager to try his hand at hymning the mysteries of the blind god. The chief mystery at that time, however, was verbal—how to control word and phrase so that his wit and cleverness might appear to best advantage; how to manipulate old conceits so that his sophistication and experience would be apparent. It was to him a matter of intellectual skill rather than of emotional experience. A rapid glance at the madrigals and epigrams, almost certainly his earliest poems, will reveal only a superficial treatment of his favorite theme, although there is already present some of the facility and skill of phrase that characterizes his more mature work.

But with the very first of the *Poems*, the First Part, there appears a more personal note. No longer does he write of Phillis or Chlorus, Thaumantia or Campaspe, Dametas or Alcon. Now he speaks of himself and of the wonders which his first taste of love has brought to him. Sonnet i is an apology for his earlier poetic efforts, but it also reveals his discovery of "so faire a *Volumne*," a "living Booke," which is something quite new in his experience. The following twelve sonnets describe the surprise, the pain, and the delight of this

new sickness which has seized him. Many of them are derivative and imitative in idea and expression, but they do represent Drummond struggling to give expression to a new emotional experience. His uncertainty is reflected in the very extent to which he relies on time-tested devices and ideas. For instance, the antithesis which had been employed by every sonneteer since Petrarch appears in Sonnet iv.

Faire is my Yoke, though grievous bee my Paines,  
 Sweet are my Wounds, although they deeply smart,  
 My Bit is Gold, though shortned bee the Raines,  
 My Bondage braue, though I may not depart:  
 Although I burne, the Fire which doth impart  
 Those Flames, so sweet reuiuing Force containes,  
 That (like *Arabias* Bird) my wasted Heart  
 Made quick by Death, more liuely still remaines.  
 I joye, though oft my waking Eyes spend Teares,  
 I neuer want Delight, euen when I grone,  
 Best companied when most I am alone,  
 A Heauen of Hopes I haue midst Hells of Feares:  
 Thus euery Way Contentment strange I finde,  
 But most in Her rare Beautie, my rare Minde.

The idea of the superiority of the lady's beauties over those of the world of nature is picked up from Luigi Groto, among others, and set forth a bit awkwardly in Sonnet vi.

Vaunt not, faire *Heauens*, of your two glorious Lights,  
 Which though most bright, yet see not when they shine,  
 And shining, cannot shew their Beames diuine  
 Both in one Place, but parte by Dayes and Nights,  
*Earth*, vaunt not of those Treasures yee enshrine,  
 Held only deare because hidde from our sights,  
 Your pure and burnish'd Gold, your Diamonds fine,  
 Snow-passing Iuorie that the Eye delights:  
 Nor *Seas* of those deare Wares are in you found,  
 Vaunt not, rich Pearle, red Corral, which doe stirre  
 A fond Desire in fooles to plunge your Ground;  
 Those all (more faire) are to bee had in Her:

Pearle, Iuorie, Corrall, Diamond, Sunnes, Gold,  
Teeth, Necke, Lips, Heart, Eyes, Haire, are to behold.

There are conventional apostrophes to the moon (Son. x) and to the sun (Son. xi), carrying with them echoes of both French and Italian poets who had written long before on the same subjects. In these particular poems one is more aware of technique than any real passion, more conscious of a kind of careful groping than of any welling up of true feeling.

But there are examples even among these early sonnets of Drummond's happy blending of control with a delicate wit and emotion. His sonnet to Sleep, though suggestive of many other such invocations, stands among the best of its kind.

*Sleepe*, *Silence* Child, sweet Father of soft Rest,  
Prince whose Approach Peace to all Mortalls brings,  
Indifferent Host to Shepherds and to Kings,  
Sole Comforter of Minds with Griefe opprest.  
Loe, by thy charming Rod all breathing things  
Lie slumbring, with forgetfulnesse possest,  
And yet o're me to spred thy drowsie Wings  
Thou spares (alas) who cannot be thy Guest.  
Since I am thine, O come, but with that Face  
To inward Light which thou art wont to show,  
With fained Solace ease a true felt Woe,  
Or if *deafe God* thou doe denie that Grace,  
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,  
I long to kisse the *Image of my Death*.

One of the best of these early sonnets is one in which Drummond's so-called Platonism is first shown. Without, for the moment, going into the question of the extent of that Platonism, we merely note what has been regarded as the Platonic cast to the young poet's mind and temper.

That learned *Graecian* (who did so excell  
In Knowledge passing Sense, that hee is nam'd  
Of all the after-Worlds *Diuine*) doth tell,  
That at the Time when first our Soules are fram'd,

Ere in these Mansions blinde they come to dwell,  
 They liue bright Rayes of that *Eternall Light*,  
 And others see, know, loue, in Heauens great Hight,  
 Not toylde with ought to *Reason* doth rebell;  
 Most true it is for straight at the first Sight  
 My Minde mee told, that in some other Place  
 It elsewhere saw the *Idea* of that Face,  
 And lou'd a Loue of heauenly pure Delight.  
 No Wonder now I feele so faire a Flame,  
 Sith I Her lou'd ere on this *Earth* shee came.

In the first thirteen of these sonnets, however, there is little specific evidence that they were written about a particular experience. We might offer as criticism the very remarks which Drummond directed to Drayton: "[he] seemeth rather to have loved his Muse than his mistress, by I know not what artificial similes; this showeth well his mind, but not the passion."<sup>2</sup> If these were all we had to go on, we could not but conclude that here was a young man who was in love with love and the sound of his own lute. The imagery, the themes, and the forms are too conventional and reminiscent to admit much of the truly personal or unique. True, he does say that he had felt something new and wonderful and overwhelming happen to him, but that, too, was the conventional and proper thing for a sonneteer to say. At most, one can only sense a seriousness and a tenderness in these first sonnets which might indicate that the lady was a particular person and that Drummond was actually deeply involved with her.

With Sonnet xiv, however, we begin to get more specific information. In a catalogue of rivers from all the known world, he cites as the fairest and finest of them all the "Ora, where this *Northerne Phenix* stayes." This is a reference to the Ore Water, a stream not far from the seat of the Cunningham family at Barns in Fifeshire, across the Firth of Forth from Edinburgh and Hawthornden. Masson states<sup>3</sup> that

Drummond first saw his Fair on the banks of this stream ; in the highly ornate Song i Drummond seems to be describing his first encounter with the lady as having taken place along the Ora. It does seem probable that he met Mary Cunningham while he was on a visit to his brother-in-law, John Scot, who lived in Fifeshire not far from Barns. Whatever the actual circumstances of the meeting may have been, however, there seems little doubt that the sonnets were written to celebrate Drummond's love for the very real Miss Cunningham of Barns.

It is an interesting fact that the only time in all his poetry when Drummond applies a name to his love is in Sonnet xviii, where he praises her green eyes.

When *Nature* now had wonderfully wrought  
 All *Auristellas* Parts, except her Eyes,  
 To make those Twinnes two Lamps in *Beauties* Skies,  
 Shee Counsell of her *starrie Senate* sought.  
*Mars* and *Apollo* first did Her aduise  
 In Colour Blacke to wrappe those Comets bright,  
 That *Loue* him so might soberly disguise,  
 And vnperceiued Wound at euery Sight.  
 Chaste PHEBE spake for purest azure Dyes,  
 But IOVE and VENUS greene about the Light  
 To frame thought best, as bringing most Delight,  
 That to pin'd Hearts *Hope* might for ay arise:  
*Nature* (all said) a *Paradise* of Greene  
 There plac'd, to make all loue which haue them seene.

Ward was the first to notice <sup>4</sup> the similarity of the name to that of Sidney's mistress, Stella, and it is not unlikely that both the name of the lady and the general idea of the sonnet were derived from the seventh sonnet in *Astrophel and Stella*. One can only surmise why Drummond used the name just this once and no more, or why the conventional use of a pastoral name was so unsatisfactory to him. But to me it

seems another indication of the depth and intensity of his feeling for the lady. The affectation of regarding his love as a pastoral shepherdess did not suit with the genuineness of his devotion or with the clear image he had of Mary Cunningham. She was not just an idea, a vision formed of fancy, but a very real person toward whom his feeling was warm and intimate and particular. And the deep personal feeling comes out more and more fully as his confidence in his control of poetic form increases.

Biographical material about this period of Drummond's life is discouragingly scant, but certain of these early sonnets undoubtedly commemorate specific events in his courtship of Mary Cunningham. Such a one is Sonnet xxiii, in which he bemoans the shyness which had come over him during one of their meetings.

Then is Shee gone? O Foole and Coward I!  
 O good Occasion lost, ne're to bee found!  
 What fatall Chaines haue my dull Senses bound  
 When best they may that they not *Fortune* trie?  
 Here is the flowrie Bed where Shee did lie,  
 With Roses here *Shee* stellified the Ground,  
*Shee* fix'd her Eyes on this (yet smyling) Pond,  
 Nor Time, nor courteous Place seem'd ought denie.  
 Too long, too long (Respect) I doe embrace  
 Your Counsell, full of Threats and sharpe Disdaine;  
 Disdaine in her sweet Heart can haue no Place,  
 And though come there, must straight retire againe:  
     Hencefoorth *Respect* farewell, I oft heare tolde  
     Who liues in Loue can neuer bee too bolde.<sup>5</sup>

There is no mistaking the genuineness of the lover's cry here at having let slip a golden opportunity to declare his passion to the lady. One can sense the frustration he feels at not having had the courage to speak out when circumstances were so propitious. And he must continue to sing his song only to himself. This mood of despondency and despair continues

through the next twelve sonnets, but there is a sudden change in tone in Song ii, which follows Sonnet xxxv. Now there seems to be a promise of another visit by the lady, and immediately Drummond's muse begins to sing in a major, happy key. Instead of the hardness of the lady's heart and the transitory quality not only of love but of life itself, her beauties and the eternity of love become the themes of his song. Instead of speaking only about the lady, he speaks to her.

That Heauen, and Earth, and Seas are faire is true,  
Yet true that all not please so much as you.

(Son. xxxviii)

And in Sonnet xxxix there is an invocation to the Firth of Forth to treat kindly the boat in which she will cross the water.

Slide soft faire FORTH, and make a christall Plaine,  
Cut your white Lockes, and on your foamie Face  
Let not a Wrinkle bee, when you embrace  
The Boat that *Earths Perfections* doth containe.  
*Windes* wonder, and through wondring holde your Peace,  
Or if that yee your Hearts cannot restraine  
From sending Sighes, *mon'd by a Louers Case*,  
Sigh, and in her faire Haire your selues enchain:  
Or take these Sighes which Absence makes arise  
From mine oppressed Brest and waue the Sailes,  
Or some sweet Breath new brought from *Paradise*:  
*Flouds* seeme to smile, *Loue* o're the Winds preueails,  
And yet hudge Waues arise, the Cause is this,  
The *Ocean* striues with FORTH the Boate to kisse.

Kastner makes clear <sup>6</sup> that the idea used in this sonnet is not unlike the ideas of Sidney and Tasso, both of whom celebrated their mistresses sailing on rivers. But this event was nonetheless real in Drummond's life, it being apparently the occasion of Mary Cunningham's visiting either Edinburgh, or perhaps even Hawthornden, for in Song ii he says:

This is the Morne should bring unto this Groue  
My loue, to heare, and recompense my loue.

(22-23)

"This Groue" probably refers to Hawthornden rather than to the city.

The joy of the lady's presence is such that the poet is released into a mood of wit and playfulness:

I die (deare Life) vnlesse to mee bee giuen  
As many Kisses as the *Spring* hath Flowrs,  
Or as the siluer Drops of *Iris* Showrs,  
Or as the Starres in all-embracing Heauen,  
And if displeas'd yee of the Match complaine,  
Yee shall haue leaue to take them backe again.

(Son. xl)

And he can even make light of the grief and sorrow that love has visited upon him.

Is't not enough (aye mee) mee thus to see  
Like some Heauen-banish'd Ghost still wailing goe?  
A *Shadow* which your Rayes doe only show,  
To vexee mee more, vnlesse yee bid mee die?  
What could yee worse allotte vnto your Foe?  
But die will I, so yee will not denie  
That Grace to mee which mortall Foes euen trie,  
*To chuse what sort of Death should ende my Woe.*  
One Time I found when as yee did mee kisse,  
Yee gaue my panting Soule so sweet a Touch,  
That halfe I own'd in midst of all my Blisse,  
I doe but craue my Deathe Wound may bee such:  
For though by Griefe I die not and Annoy  
Is't not enough to die through too much Ioy?

(Son. xlii)

But Drummond is not at his best as a poet when he becomes playful. After the wonderful opening lines of Sonnet xlii:

Shee whose faire flowrs no *Autumne* makes decay,  
Whose Hue celestially, earthly Hues doth staine,

Into a pleasant odoriferous Plaine  
 Did walke alone, to braue the Pride of *Maye*:

he succumbs to a banal Cupid-conceit and wastes the sonnet:

And whilst through chekred Lists shee made her Way,  
 Which smil'd about her Sight to entertaine,  
*Loe* (vnawares) where *Loue* did hid remaine  
 Shee spide, and sought to make of him her Prey:  
 For which of golden Lockes a fairest Haire  
 (To binde the Boy) shee tooke, But hee afraid  
 At her Approach sprang swiftly in the Aire,  
 And mounting farre from Reach look'd backe and said,  
 Why shouldst thou (Sweet) me seeke in Chaines to binde,  
 Sith in thine Eyes I dayly am confinde.

But the general tone of these sonnets is one of gaiety and lightheartedness induced by the presence of Mary Cunningham.

His happiness, however, is shortlived. The lady departs—apparently never to be seen by him again—and he is left to muse alone on his loss. The world becomes “this colde World of Ours” (Madrigal vi), even in spring, and his song becomes one of lamentation for his loneliness.

Sith gone is my Delight and only *Pleasure*,  
 The last of all my Hopes, the chearfull *Sunne*  
 That clear'd my Lifes darke Day, Natures sweet *Treasure*,  
 More deare to mee than all beneath the *Moone*,  
 What resteth now, but that upon this *Mountaine*  
 I weepe, till Heauen transforme mee in a *Fountaine*?  
 (Sextain ii)

Now his only joys consist in viewing the window in which she sat (Son. xlv), the banks and meadows where she walked (Son. xlv), and the lock of hair that she had left behind as a memento of her visit (Son. xlviii).

However much we may sympathize with Drummond in his bereavement, we must grant that the lady's going was not

an unrelieved loss, for out of the melancholy state into which he was plunged came two of his finest sonnets. One was a very personal poem addressed to his good friend, Sir William Alexander, whose pastoral name was Alexis.

*Alexis*, here *shee* stayed among these Pines  
 (*Sweet Hermitresse*) *shee* did alone repaire,  
 Here did *shee* spreade the Treasure of her Haire,  
 More rich than that brought from the *Colchian* Mines.  
*Shee* set Her by these musket Eglantines,  
 The happie Place the Print seemes yet to beare,  
 Her Voyce did sweeten here thy sugred Lines,  
 To which Winds, Trees, Beasts, Birds did lend their Eare,  
 Mee here *shee* first perceiu'd, and here a Morne  
 Of bright *Carnations* did o'respreade her Face,  
 Here did *shee* sigh, here first my Hopes were borne,  
 And I first got a Pledge of promis'd Grace:  
     But (*ah*) what seru'd it to bee happie so?  
     Sith passed Pleasures double but new Woe.

From the reference to "thy sugred Lines" we may assume that one of the recreations of the lovers had been reading sonnets from Sir William's sequence, *Aurora*, published in 1604. The other sonnet deals with the eternal problem of time and space.

How many times *Nights silent Queene* her Face  
 Hath hid, how oft with Starres in siluer Maske  
 In Heauens great Hall shee hath begunne her Taske,  
 And chear'd the waking Eye in lower Place:  
 How oft the *Sunne* hath made by Heauens swift Race  
 The happie Louer to forsake the Brest  
 Of his deare Ladie, wishing in the West  
 His golden Coach to runne had larger Space:  
 I euer count, and number, since alas  
 I bade Farewell to my Hearts dearest Guest,  
 The Miles I compasse, and in Minde I chase  
 The Flouds and Mountaines holde mee from my Rest:

But (woe is mee) long count and count may I,  
Ere I see Her whose Absence makes mee die.  
(Son. 1)

Drummond wrote only four more sonnets to Mary Cunningham while she was alive, all of them bewailing the pain and despair of his separation from his love. There is something of a premonition of the tragedy to come in Sonnet lii, where he admonishes Fame to sound abroad the virtues of his Fair, concluding with:

And when *shee* from this mortall Globe shall flie,  
In thy wide Mouth, keepe long long keepe her Name,  
So thou by Her, shee by thee liue shall *Fame*.

When read in their entirety at one sitting, the sonnets of the *Poems*, the First Part, clearly appear to be the story of the inception and development of Drummond's love for Mary Cunningham. It was a real attachment, not something trumped up out of idea and fancy, and it gives to the poems a depth and intensity which lift them above the level of the conventional exercise of poetic wit. Of quaint conceits and trite expressions there are a-plenty, of borrowings and adaptations and translations there are more than enough, but these are all used to portray a vivid and moving experience and they are transformed by the touch of the poet into things of life and beauty.

In addition to the felicitous flow of line and the strong personal emotion that characterize these early sonnets, there is a third quality which is, perhaps, more important than either of them in determining the dominant tone of the whole body of Drummond's poetry. When Masson speaks of it as the "metaphysical mood," he means

that mood which, however rich and splendid be the image formed of the whole physical Universe in which man lives, and which rolls itself for ever round him in diurnal and nocturnal

show, yet will always be thinking of it as only a painted phantasmagory hung in an infinite unknown, and will always be tending towards the utmost verge of this phantasmagory, wondering what bounds it in and what lies eternally beyond.<sup>7</sup>

And he goes on to make a bold comparison.

The mood, I think, does not differ much from that discernible so continually in Shakespeare. But in Drummond (and this is really curious) it is associated with a definite optical imagination of "the All," a definite visual cosmology, which cannot be called Shakespearian, but is more like an anticipation of Milton's boldness in astronomical diagram. Through Drummond's poems, as afterwards through Milton's there runs a constant fancy of the whole physical frame of things, according to the strict teachings of the Ptolemaic or Alphonsine astronomy, or to such renderings of these in vision as a poet might adopt.<sup>8</sup>

These statements would seem to imply that the chief object of Drummond's speculative wonder was the world in space, or perhaps even space itself. And it is true that his mind did go knocking about the visible bounds of the universe, striving to penetrate the veil which cuts us off from vistas of breathtaking magnitude and splendor. He constantly speaks of "this All," of "Aires large Fields of Light," of the vasty heavens, and of the wide-turning spheres. One of the earliest of these sonnets, Sonnet v, "How that vaste Heauen intitl'd *First* is rold," is a beautiful expression of this very preoccupation with space. But it would be a mistake to limit his metaphysical mood to a concern with spatial matters. It was even more concerned to ponder the great problem of time and change. This appears quite clearly in the second sonnet of this series.

I know that all beneath the *Moone* decays,  
And what by Mortalles in this World is brought,  
In *Times* great Periods shall returne to nought,  
That fairest States haue fatall Nights and Dayes:  
I know how all the *Muses* heauenly Layes,

With Toyle of Spright which are so dearely bought,  
 As *idle Sounds* of few, or none are sought,  
 And that nought lighter is than airie Praise.  
 I know fraile *Beautie* like the purple Flowre,  
 To which one Morne oft Birth and Death affords,  
 That Loue a Iarring is of Mindes Accords,  
 Where *Sense* and *Will* inuassall *Reasons* Power:  
 Know what I list, this all can not mee moue,  
 But that (*o mee!*) I both must write, and loue.

Here the concern is primarily with the mystery and pathos of change, with the impermanence of human affairs, and with the conflict of sense and reason. Not only is the physical universe a painted phantasmagory but the whole web of human emotional and intellectual experience as well is illusion which lasts but for a short while and then dissolves in the wide seas of time. It is this sense of the brevity and insubstantiality of mortal affairs that gives to so much of Drummond's poetry its tone of gentle pessimism eventually relieved by Christian hope.

In view of the fact that these early sonnets were written in the first flush of Drummond's budding love, there is a remarkable amount of somber philosophical reflection in them. He sees his ways as folly, and yet exults in them in a sonnet which in spirit and form is reminiscent of Shakespeare.

In Minds pure Glasse when I my selfe behold,  
 And viuely see how my best Dayes are spent,  
 What Clouds of Care aboue my Head are roll'd,  
 What comming Harmes, which I can not preuent:  
 My begunne Course I (wearied) doe repent,  
 And would embrace what *Reason* oft hath told,  
 But scarce thus, thinke I, when Loue hath controld  
 All the best *Reasons Reason* could inuent.  
 Though sure I know my Labours End is Griefe,  
 The more I striue that I the more shall pine,  
 That only Death can be my last Reliefe:  
 Yet when I thinke vpon that Face diuine,

Like one with Arrow shot in Laughters Place,  
 Malgre my Heart I ioye in my Disgrace.

Defiance of reason is there, but the predominant feeling is that man is the slave of time, do what he will. The contemplation of the loved one is only a temporary relief in a world where eventually all will come to nothing. Drummond must even admonish his love against placing any reliance in her great beauty, not with the usual *carpe diem* theme in mind, but with the grim reminder that death does not spare even beauty in this mortal world. Knowing that her death was to occur not much more than a year after this sonnet was written, we may find the warning additionally morbid.

Trust not sweet Soule those curled Waues of Gold  
 With gentle Tides which on your Temples flow,  
 Nor Temples spread with Flackes of Virgine Snow,  
 Nor Snow of Cheekes with *Tyrian* Graine enroll'd.  
 Trust not those shining Lights which wrought my Woe,  
 When first I did their burning Rayes beholde,  
 Nor Voyce, whose Sounds more strange Effects doe show  
 Than of the *Thracian* Harper haue beene tolde:  
 Looke to this dying *Lillie*, fading *Rose*,  
 Darke *Hyacinthe*, of late whose blushing Beames  
 Made all the neighboring Herbes and Grasse reioyce,  
 And thinke how litle is twixt Lifes Extreames:  
     The cruell Tyrant that did kill those Flowrs,  
     Shall once (*aye mee*) not spare that Spring of yours.

To be sure, the central idea of the sonnet is not distinctively Drummond's. Poets long before this had reminded their mistresses that time would corrupt and despoil their beauties. But this sonnet, taken with so many others, illustrates the poignant minor key in which Drummond's muse wrote. He is, if anything, less cheerful about his own lot.

What cruell *Starre* into this world mee brought?  
 What gloomie Day did dawne to giue mee Light?  
 What vnkinde Hand to nourse mee (*Orphane*) sought,

And would not leaue mee in eternall Night?  
 What thing so deare as I hath Essence bought?  
 The Elements, drie, humid, heaueie, light,  
 The smallest liuing things by *Nature* wrought,  
 Bee freed of Woe if they haue small Delight.  
*Ah* only I, abandon'd to *Despaire*,  
 Nail'd to my Torments, in pale *Horrours* Shade,  
 Like wandring Clouds see all my Comforts fled,  
 And Euill on Euill with Hours my Life impaire:  
     The Heauen and *Fortune* which were wont to turne,  
     Fixt in one Mansion staye to cause mee mourne.

And he seems to be in the very blackest depths of despair when he writes Sonnet xxxii, and again it is the despair born of the realization of the inevitable passing of time.

If crost with all Mis-haps bee my poore Life,  
 If one short Day I neuer spent in Mirth  
 If my Spright with it selfe holds lasting Strife,  
 If Sorrowes Death is but new Sorrowes Birth?  
 If this vaine World bee but a sable Stage  
 Where slaue-borne Man playes to the scoffing Starres,  
 If Youth bee toss'd with Loue, with Weaknesse Age,  
 If knowledge serue to holde our Thoughts in Warres?  
 If *Time* can close the hundreth Mouths of *Fame*,  
 And make what long since past, like that to bee,  
 If *Vertue* only bee an *idle Name*,  
 If I when I was borne was borne to die?  
     Why seeke I to prolong these loathsome Dayes,  
     The fairest *Rose* in shortest time decayes?

It is not too surprising to find a Renaissance lover dejected and bewailing the hardships imposed on him by the combined efforts of the lady and the god of love. Torrents of tears had drenched Europe from the time the sonnet sequence had become the popular medium for the expression of love's woes. But in these sonnets of Drummond there is much more than the complaint of the star-crossed lover against the fate that in the first place doomed him to love and in the second place

decreed that he should love a heartless and indifferent lady. He has a larger grasp of the tragic results of time operating in human affairs. Time not only limits love to a tragically brief career, but it blights with a period every effort of man's hand or mind or spirit. His empires, his philosophies, his strivings after the good are all fatally infected with mortality and at best afford him only a false sense of achievement and a fleeting happiness. It is this deep and pervasive awareness of time that produces in much of Drummond's poetry the brooding melancholy of the philosophical or metaphysical mood. He is conscious of the vastness of the setting in which the tragedy is enacted, but his thoughts are occupied much more with an almost Shakespearian sense of the dream-like quality of human life and all that it contains or contemplates. And the greater the involvement in the phantasmagory, the greater man's unhappiness is bound to be.

What is the solution for this unhappy dilemma? Wherein does man's greatest hope for some peace and contentment lie? It lies in retirement from the discords of the human struggle and in keeping oneself free from the entanglements of the world. Fortunately for Drummond, the circumstances of his life made it possible for him to withdraw to the solitude of Hawthornden when he was only twenty-five years old. Even there, he did not manage to escape all the snares and pitfalls of this world, as we have seen. Love invaded even that sanctuary, and later on the clashes and clamors of the religious wars were to disturb his quiet. But at least he could observe such absurdities from a distance and contemplate human follies with a degree of calm. His feeling for Hawthornden and the pleasures it gave him is best expressed in Sonnet xliii.

Deare Wood, and you sweet solitarie Place,  
Where from the vulgare I estranged liue,  
Contented more with what your Shades mee giue,  
Than if I had what *Thetis* doth embrace:

What snakie Eye growne iealous of my Peace,  
Now from your silent Horrors would mee driue?  
When Sunne progressing in his glorious Race  
Beyond the *Twinnes*, doth neare our Pole arriue.  
What sweet Delight a quiet Life affords,  
And what it is to bee of Bondage free,  
Farre from the madding Worldlings hoarse Discords,  
Sweet flowrie Place I first did learne of thee:

Ah! if I were mine owne, your deare Resorts  
I would not change with *Princes stately Courts*.

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the solution which Drummond found for the problem of living. The important thing is his awareness of the nature of the problem. This awareness did more to give a distinctive tone and temper to his poetry than did, perhaps, any other single element in the poet's consciousness. The weight of it becomes heavier as Drummond continues to write under the blows that life dealt him, but even at this early period we can see his strong natural bent toward the somber, reflective spirit which pervades his poetry and gives it its particular cast of thought.

#### EARLY SORROW

Drummond is reported to have said "that he was the First in the Isle that did Celebrate a Mistress dead, and Englished the Madrigal."<sup>9</sup> Death or absence had been enough to stop the flow of sonnets from the pens of other English writers of sequences although there are many examples of occasional sonnets written to commemorate the deaths of both men and women. When Mary Cunningham died, however, probably in 1615, Drummond followed the great Italian masters of the sonnet in continuing to write of his mistress dead. The memories of Beatrice and Laura had been celebrated by their poet-lovers in elegiac sonnets, and Drummond displayed further his reliance on Italian models by following their example.

In the Second Part of the *Poems* of 1616 there are thirteen

sonnets which deal directly with the death of Mary Cunningham and with the effects of the loss on the poet. The occasion must have been one of great shock and grief to Drummond, but even in the stress of the emotional experience, his rhetoric becomes all the more florid and his imagery loses none of the elements of Marinism which had always characterized it. One might expect to find expressions that came more simply and directly from the heart, but the imprint of the schools was too deep to be erased by even such a moving experience as the death of his love. His borrowings and adaptations are as numerous as ever, there being only two of these sonnets which have not been traced to an Italian or French source or to Sidney. But one still comes away from the poems with the feeling that this is the real Drummond speaking, who has taken materials from here and there and made them into an individual expression of grief and disillusion with the world. The rhetoric and the somewhat florid quality are seen in the first sonnet of this series.

Of mortall Glorie O soone darkned Raye!  
 O posting Ioyes of Man! more swift than Winde,  
 O fond Desires! which wing'd with Fancies straye,  
 O traitrous Hopes! which doe our Iudgements blinde:  
 Loe, in a Flash that Light is gone away,  
 Which dazell did each Eye, Delight each Minde,  
 And with that *Sunne* (from whence it came) combinde,  
 Now makes more radiant Heauens eternall Day.  
 Let *Beautie* now be blubbred Cheekes with Teares,  
 Let widow'd *Musicke* only roare, and plaine,  
 Poore *Vertue* get thee Wings, and mount the Spheares,  
 And let thine only Name on Earth remaine.

*Death* hath thy Temple raz'd, *Loues* Empire foylde,  
 The World of Honour, Worth, and Sweetnesse spoylde.

There is a trifle too much of everything in this piece. The rhetorical exclamations of the first quatrain are carried a little too far and are too neatly patterned to convey whatever

pathos the poet may have intended. The third quatrain presses a bit too hard the extent of the world's loss. The grief is intellectualized and therefore not as moving as it might be. And yet the feeling of sorrow and melancholy does hang over the sonnet. It is not the choking, sickening sorrow of purely personal loss. It has been widened into brooding reflection on the sad state of the whole world. This tendency to enlarge the scope of his observation from the events of his immediate experience to universal qualities of human life is one that becomes more marked in Drummond as time goes on. We have seen traces of it in his earlier sonnets, but from the time of the death of Mary Cunningham his poetry moves into the deeper shades of philosophic pessimism and eventually into the pale but clearer light of religious contemplation.

Drummond, of course, does not neglect completely the particular graces and beauties which are lost to him. He must lament

Those Eyes, those sparkling Saphires of Delight,  
Which thousand thousand Hearts did set on fire,  
Which made that Eye of Heauen that brings the Light  
(Oft jealous) staye amaz'd them to admire.  
That liuing Snow, those crimson Roses bright,  
Those Pearles, those Rubies, which did breede Desire,  
Those Lockes of Gold, that Purple faire of *Tyre*,  
Are wrapt (*aye mee!*) vp in eternall Night.

In such an inventory as this, one feels that his model, Marino, has misled him into thinking more of his conceits than of his grief. Such conventional descriptions are fitting for the living, but not so apt for the dead.

In Sonnet iii he returns to a protest against fate and the nature of things. The sight of youthful beauty slain and consigned to dust evokes thoughts that are reminiscent of the writer of Ecclesiastes.

*Ah!* did I liue for this, *ah!* did I loue?  
For this and was it shee did so excell?

That ere shee well Lifes sweet-sowre Ioyes did proue,  
 Shee should (too deare a Guest) with *Horrou* dwell?  
 Weake Influence of Heauen! what faire yee frame,  
 Falles in the Prime, and passeth like a Dreame.

The best of life's pleasures are but sweet-sour, and Heaven itself seems powerless to preserve the good which it has created. This is but a woeful life, a fragile boat which is doomed to be wrecked in a rocky sea.

O! now I finde for Mortalls what is best:  
 Euen, sith our voyage shamefull is, and short,  
 Soone to strike Saile, and perish in the Port.

And in Sonnet v there is an hysterical outburst of defiance and scorn against the world for its poverty and false delights, now that "The Sunnes bright *Sunne* is set."

Control returns, however, and with it a mood of genuine tenderness and pathos that is not far removed from the spirit of some of the elegiac sonnets of Petrarch.

Sweet Soule, which in the Aprill of thy Yeares  
 So to enrich the Heauen mad'st poore this Round,  
 And now with golden Rayes of Glorie crown'd  
 Most blest abid'st aboue the Spheare of Spheares;  
 If heauenly Lawes (*alas*) haue not thee bound  
 From looking to this Globe that all vpbeares?  
 If Rueth and Pittie there aboue bee found?  
 O daigne to lend a Looke vnto those Teares.  
 Doe not disdaine (deare Ghost) this sacrifice,  
 And though I raise not Pillars to thy Praise  
 Mine Offerings take, let this for mee suffice,  
 My Heart *a living Piramide* I raise:

And whilst Kings Tombes with Lawrels flourish greene,  
 Thine shall with Mirtles, and these Flowrs bee seene.

Although Drummond used Marino as a model for this sonnet, it comes as close to having what might be called the authentic Drummond feeling and spirit as anything he ever wrote. Here is the gentleness and the grace that is so charac-

teristic of the Scottish Petrarch, here the elevated calm in the vision of his beloved crowned with glory and abiding in blessedness above the highest spheres. The "Rueth and Pittie" for which he asks are the very qualities which temper and soften his own attitude toward mankind. There are signs here that he is working away from a concern for his own personal griefs and misfortunes toward a larger view of man and his world.

He does not divest himself of his introspective and egotistical attitude all at once, however. He still insists that the beauties and pleasures of the earth are nothing to him, since he has died with his hopes (Son. vii); that his notes are no longer pleasing notes and his lute should therefore remain silent.

My Lute, bee as thou wast when thou didst grow  
With thy greene Mother in some shadie Groue,  
When immelodious *Windes* but made thee moue,  
And *Birds* on thee their Ramage did bestow.

(Son. viii)

that the beauties of spring and nature, of sun and moon are lost on him, since he no longer can enjoy them with his beloved (Sonnets ix and x). He writes a tearful tribute to a napkin requesting that it might be a shroud for his face (Son. xi), and he produces a rather disjointed, punning sonnet revolving around the idea that since Death has enfolded his mistress in "his grimme mistie Armes," he has also deprived Love of his arms, and along with that, Love's power to harm the world (Son. xii).

The Platonism of the Renaissance held that the highest end of all earthly love was that it should lead to love of the eternal beauty. Human beauty of body or mind was but the imperfect expression of a universal beauty which was inevitably allied with goodness. It was right and natural that one should be attracted by the beauty of a mistress, but one should not be deluded into thinking that the beauty had its

true source in the body. The beauty of the lady must be recognized to be only a part of that universal beauty which exists above the world of the senses and of time. Its true purpose should be to lead the beholder by degrees to a contemplation of and love for the unchanging and perfect beauty of the ideal.

That Drummond uses some of the platonic doctrine—or at least adopts some of the vocabulary—we have seen in Sonnet vii, the First Part, “That learned *Graecian* (who did so excell,” where he sets up echoes of the *Phaedrus* in describing the existence of souls in the intelligible world and of his recollection of the Idea of the face of his beloved. This Platonism, now tinged by Christian thought, again appears as the high note of the culminating sonnet to this series celebrating his dead mistress.

Sith it hath pleas'd that First and *onlie Faire*  
 To take that Beautie to himselfe againe,  
 Which in *this World of Sense* not to remaine,  
 But to amaze, was sent, and home repaire,  
 The Loue which to that Beautie I did beare  
 (Made pure of mortall Spots which did it staine,  
 And endlesse, which euen *Death* cannot impaire)  
 I place on him who will it not disdaine.  
 No shining Eyes, no Lockes of curling Gold,  
 No blushing Roses on a virgine Face,  
 No outward Show, no, nor no inward Grace,  
 Shall Force hereafter haue my Thoughts to hold:  
     Loue heere on Earth hudge Stormes of Care doe tosse,  
     But plac'd aboue, exempted is from Losse.

In addition to pointing out the distinction of this world as a world of sense from that of the world of the spirit or the intelligible world, Drummond here uses another principle of Christian Platonism—that of identifying God with the absolute beauty of which the beauty of the world is but a shadow or reflection. He is “that First and onlie Faire” of which the beauty of his lady had been a part, but only a part. And now

that that beauty has been recalled to its true home, the love which it had called forth in the poet's heart is drawn to God Himself. Henceforth none of the graces of feminine beauty shall have the power to command his love. His heart is to be set only on that eternal and changeless beauty which alone grants true happiness.<sup>10</sup>

The sonnet contains so many ideas and implications that are peculiarly Drummond, that it might be taken as the touchstone of all his poetry. In the first place there is the perfectly sure control of line and phrase which marks all his best work. The idea is developed uniformly throughout the poem and is summed up concisely in the final couplet. A purist might criticise the irregularity of the rhyme scheme in the second quatrain and even object to the presence of the final couplet itself, but this would be carping criticism. A more valid objection could be raised to the rather moralizing tone of the last two lines. But it is one of the characteristic touches of Drummond that he so often works from the particular to the general and often conveys the impression of intoning moral principles.

Here, too, one feels the quiet conviction of the poet. There is something personally and intensely alive in the statement of the idea. The form is conventional and even the ideas and figures are familiar to one who is well acquainted with the lyric poetry of sixteenth and seventeenth century England. But the sonnet is touched with the glow that comes only from a profound and moving experience. It is Drummond speaking, and could not be just anyone else. And our impression of the sincerity of his conclusion is confirmed by the fact that the great bulk of his later poetry was directed to the "First and onlie Faire," and is strongly religious and other-worldly.

This leads us to a third important feature of the poem. It expresses in clear and decisive form the strong tendency which we have already seen in Drummond to turn from the observation of this life to a contemplation of a higher, more

constant existence. It is the expression of the metaphysical mood which leads him in his highest moments from that which *seems* to that which *is*. The phantasmagory of this world was to him entrancing and exciting, but at the same time unsatisfying. The vast seas of light, the wide sweeps of the spheres in their motions, the silent, remote beauty of the stars in their courses were all subject to the tyranny of time. Man's feeble strivings were all vanity, and human life as insubstantial as a bubble blown up by sporting children's breath. Out of this profound distrust of the world Drummond sought for that which would be secure and faithful. His wandering thoughts were diverted temporarily by the immediate phenomenon of the beauty of his mistress, but when that was taken from him he strove with all the greater urgency to find the reality beyond the phenomena of this time-ridden world. And the Platonic imagery of Ficino and others of the Italian Renaissance was blended with Christian thought to provide an answer. All of this beauty which draws us so strongly and which fades before we can hold it is but a pale reflection of an absolute beauty which exists beyond the world of sense. Far from being evil, it is but a part of the only true good, and is therefore to be loved. It is the means whereby we may free ourselves of the domination of the temporal and come to that which is real and eternal. Drummond's constant attention, it will be noticed, is directed to the beautiful. Beauty in all its forms held an irresistible attraction for him. But on the highest level of being, the beautiful and the good were one and the same thing. As he turns then from the love of his fair to the love of the "onlie Faire," he is not forswearing beauty; that would have been to forswear his own nature. He is rather asserting his triumph over time and change by rising to the level of the intelligible world where the passing beauties of the mortal world are seen to be but shadows of the absolute Beauty, and the absolute Beauty to be one with the Highest Good.

## SPIRITUAL AND OCCASIONAL SONNETS

Drummond's announcement of his intention to transfer his love from things of this earth to things divine and eternal not only serves as the conclusion to his first unfortunate experience with love, but also sounds the keynote for most of his subsequent poetry. From this time forward it is a "heavenly muse" that inspires his poetry and a divine love that is celebrated in his verse. The sudden end of his hopes had confirmed his distrust of the world and its pleasures, and in poetry, at least, he withdrew more and more from it. He followed this series of elegiac sonnets with a group called "Urania, or Spirituall Poems," most of which are included with some alterations in his *Flowres of Sion*, published first in 1623 and again in 1630.

The nine sonnets of "Urania" represent a deepening of the mood of disillusion and melancholy reflection which had been foreshadowed in the poems of the First Part and openly expressed in the previous sonnets of the Second Part. They represent Drummond as thrusting from him all the joy and glory of the pleasures of this life and turning his attention solely to matters of the spirit. He looks about him at the world of human struggle and finds that the only constant in a world of change is change itself.

All only constant is in constant Change,  
What done is, is vndone, and when vndone,  
Into some other Fashion doth it range:  
Thus goes the floting World beneath the *Moone*,  
Where for (my Minde) aboue Time, Motion, Place,  
Thee raise, and Steps vnknowne to *Nature* Trace.  
(*"Urania,"* Son. i)

He looks back at his former life with regret at having followed "fond Desire" for so long, and even that high love which he had felt for Mary Cunningham is now assessed at nothing.

Ah! when I had what most I did admire,  
 And seene of Lifes Delights the last Extreames  
 I found all but a Rose hedg'd with a Bryer,  
 A Nought, a thought, a Show of mocking Dreames.  
 ("Urania," Son. ii)

He is still aware of the beauties of the world—of the azure canopy of heaven, of the "Spanges of Gold," of the harmony of the heavenly bodies, and of the choice delights of "This Pallace visible, which *World* we name." But from those he turns himself almost by force to consideration of the wonders of the Incarnation or of the possible splendors of heaven, and earthly beauties come off very badly by comparison. He rues the fact that he had been born "In these vnhappie Times, and dying Dayes" when virtue is scorned and the vices are accorded the praise. He celebrates the happiness of the retired life far from the courts and cities of a world "full of Horrors, Falsehoods, Slights." He warns worldlings of the brittle frailty of earthly honor, urging them to look homeward to the heavenly city where true honor dwells, and he bewails the fact that goodness is so impotent and so lightly held by the men of the times.

Except for two references to the Crucifixion and one to the Incarnation, the sonnets cannot be said to be marked by thought or feeling that is particularly Christian in character. The moral reflections on the vanity of life are such as may be found in any number of pagan philosophers, especially the Stoics. The tone is consistently dignified and reserved, the admonition is gently persuasive, but he does go beyond this to a kind of mystical rapture with the vision of the beauties and blisses of a higher world. The general excellence is marred somewhat by the floriate trickery of Sonnet iv.

Come forth yee *Empyrean* Troupes, come forth,  
 Preserue this sacred Blood, which Earth adornes,  
 Gather those liquide Roses from his Thornes,  
 O! to bee lost they bee of too much Worth:

1            2            3                            1  
 For Streames, Iuice, Baulme, they are, which quench,  
       2            3  
       killes, charmes,  
       1            2            3            1            2            3  
 Of God, Death, Hell, the Wrath, the Life, the Harmes.

In using *vers rapportés* he was, of course, only following the example of French and Italian sonneteers and more immediately of Sidney and Alexander. A modern reader, however, finds it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to derive any pleasure from such poetry, which must of necessity sacrifice feeling to the strict demands of device and technique.

As one reads further into the sonnets of the *Flowres of Sion* one finds the same themes repeated with some elaboration. There are two clear types: those dealing with specifically Christian ideas or events and those which condemn and renounce the things of this present world. Drummond's Christianity is neither intellectual nor theological. It deals more with myth and legend than with doctrine, as in Sonnet vii, "The Miserable Estate of the World before the Incarnation of God," where he presents the old belief that the pagan deities were silenced at the birth of Christ. In Sonnet viii, "The Angels for the Natiuitie of Our Lord," one feels that conceit and paradox are more important to the poet than the Nativity itself.

Rvnne (Sheepheards) run where Bethleme blest appeares,  
 Wee bring the best of newes, bee not dismay'd,  
 A Sauior there is borne, more olde than yeares,  
 Amidst Heauens rolling hights this Earth who stay'd;  
 In a poore Cotage Inn'd, a Virgine Maide  
 A weakling did him beare, who all vpbeares,  
 There is hee poorelie swadl'd, in Manger lai'd,  
 To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Spheares:  
 Runne (Sheepheards) runne, and solemnize his Birth,  
 This is that Night, no, Day growne great with Blisse,

In which the power of Sathan broken is,  
 In Heauen bee glorie, Peace vnto the Earth.  
 Thus singing through the Aire the Angels swame,  
 And Cope of Starres re-echoed the same.

There is another on the Nativity in which the shepherds are represented as singing "vnto the Soundes of oaten Reed," till nature responded "And Springs ranne Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees." Sonnet xiv, "For the Passion," represents Christ as the Pelican who poured out his blood in order that his "younglinges" might be restored to life. And Drummond displays his virtuosity in versification by writing a whole sonnet with only two rhyme words, "life" and "death."

Life to giue life depriued is of *Life*,  
 And Death displai'd hath ensigne against *Death*;  
 So violent the Rigour was of *Death*,  
 That nought could daunt it but the Life of *Life*;  
 No Power had Pow'r to thrall Lifes pow'r to *Death*,  
 But willingly Life hath abandon'd *Life*,  
 Loue gaue the wound which wrought this work of *Death*,  
 His Bow and Shafts were of the Tree of *Life*.

And so forth. Such things had been done before. Kastner points out <sup>11</sup> that Du Bellay has a sonnet in which the same two words are similarly used. A *tour de force* of this kind may well show the poet's dexterity and facility with words, his love of pun and paradox, but it can hardly be taken as a moving expression of religious feeling. Drummond may have turned his back upon the false shows and delights of the world of honor and ambition, but he has not freed himself from the verbal tricks and trifles of the sonnet tradition.

He writes a group of three sonnets celebrating characters who appear in the New Testament. For the most part these pieces are so overwrought and rhetorical that little passion is to be discerned in them. But again Drummond was following bad models. Kastner labels the one on the Prodigal Son

(Son. xiii) as a translation from Marino.<sup>12</sup> Sonnet xii, "For the Magdalene," written in the vein of erotic mysticism, rivals Crashaw in some of his weaker moments.

These Eyes (deare Lord) once Brandons of Desire,  
Fraile Scoutes betraying what they had to keepe,  
Which their owne heart, then others set on fire,  
Their traitrous blacke before thee heere out-weepe:  
These Lockes, of blushing deedes the faire attire,  
Smooth-frizled Waues, sad Shelfes which shadow deepe,  
Soule-stinging Serpents in gilt curles which creepe,  
To touch thy sacred Feete doe now aspire.

Such pieces as these make one a little wary of speaking of Drummond's "Christianity," at least as it is given expression in his poetry. The flowers of rhetoric and the sweet conceits pretty well cover up whatever feeling there may be. He is still the poet of Marino's stamp, and although he may have changed the actual subjects of his writing, the spirit and the style have altered little from the time when he was celebrating a carnal love in hyperbole and gorgeous metaphor.

This feeling is confirmed when one examines the surprisingly few specific references to God and Christ in these avowedly religious sonnets. There is no attempt to wrestle with the intricate problem of the identity of or the distinctions between these two members of the Trinity. To Drummond, God is Christ and Christ is God, as in Sonnet x of *Flowres of Sion*:

To spread the azure canopie of Heauen  
And make it twinkle with those spangs of Gold,  
To stay this weightie masse of Earth so euen,  
That it should all, and nought should it vp-hold;  
To giue strange motions to the Planets seuen,  
Or Ioue to make so meeke, or Mars so bold,  
To temper what is moist, drie, hote, and cold,  
Of all their Iarres that sweete accords are giuen:

Lord, to thy Wisedome nought is, nor thy Might;  
 But that thou shouldst (thy Glorie laid aside)  
 Come meanelie in mortalitie to bide,  
 And die for those deseru'd eternall plight,  
     A wonder is so farre aboue our wit,  
     That Angels stand amaz'd to muse on it.

God is "The Architect of this great Round," the bright sun of Heaven, the true Beauty (*Flowres*, Son. xviii). He is "an eternall Sunne," and the "Soueraigne Blisse" of heavenly spirits (*Flowres*, Son. xx). He is "the great Writer," who did frame and who corrects "this faire Volumnie which wee World doe name" (*Flowres*, Son. vi). At other times He is Heaven's King, or the world's great King, a sun invisible, a flaming avenger of sin, the good Creator, and the leader of an immortal train in fellowship. Only once is He spoken of as "Eternall Loue" (*Flowres*, Son. xxii).

Christ is referred to in much the same manner. He is "that King which all this All commands" (*Flowres*, Son. xv) and "mine onelie Good" (*Flowres*, Son. v). He too is a Sun which makes the sun of this world look like a shadow, and as the Incarnate God he is "That Heauen-sent Yongling, holie-Maide-borne Wight" (*Flowres*, Son. ix). He is a Savior, "that Soueraigne Good," and our Pelican (*Flowres*, Son. xiv). In this list of traditional titles and phrases there is nothing that stands out as a mark of any profound experience in Drummond. He does not rise to the tortured intensity of either a Herbert or a Donne, nor to the clear mystic vision of a Vaughan or a Crashaw. It is hard to escape the feeling that in spite of all his protestations and vows Drummond is still a poet of this world to whom the tenets of the Christian faith are but the commonplace retreats from the wounds of time and the wrongs of unjust men.

Drummond reaches his highest level in this series of sonnets when he is writing of the old familiar themes of the fleeting beauty of the world, of time, and the instability of mortal

glory. This is a "restlesse World beneath the Moone," a "sillie Mansion but of dying Wights," but the poet can never bring himself to ignore its beauties. It is at the same time a "faire Volumne" with "colour'd Velame, Leaues of Gold, Faire dangling Ribbones." He finds delight in the azure canopy of heaven twinkling with "spangs of gold," he marvels at the delicate balance of the ponderous globe of earth hung in space, and at the constant motions of the planets in their spheres. And the strangely harmonious blending of contradictory and opposing forces in the universe is an expression of the might and wisdom of God. The earth is "this great Round," set in the wide spaces of "all this great Alls vaste hights." But the earth is also a place of "Faire Seasones, budding Sprayes, Sweet-smelling Flowers," of rocks and springs and rills and leafy bowers which proclaim the Creator's goodness. It is a "stately Stage" which man defiles with his base actions.

· Over all this stirring beauty, however, hangs the dark shadow of time, bringing with it a deep sense of the urgency of finding that which will not fade and pass into darkness and oblivion. Drummond expresses this beautifully in Sonnet iii of *Flowres of Sion*.

Looke how the Flowre, which lingringlie doth fade,  
The Mornings Darling late, the Summers Queene,  
Spoyl'd of that Iuice, which kept it fresh and greene,  
As high as it did raise, bowes low the head:  
Right so my Life (Contentments beeing dead,  
Or in their Contraries but onelie seene)  
With swifter speede declines than earst it spred,  
And (blasted) scarce now showes what it hath beene.  
As doth the Pilgrime therefore whom the Night  
By darknesse would imprison on his way,  
Thinke on thy Home (my Soule) and thinke aright,  
Of what yet restes thee of Lifes wasting Day:  
Thy Sunne postes Westward, passed is thy Morne,  
And twice it is not giuen thee to bee borne.

His imagination is stirred by the physical changes which time has brought on the face of the earth.

That space, where raging Waues doe now diuide  
 From the great Continent our happie Isle,  
 Was some-time Land, and where tall Shippes doe glide,  
 Once with deare Arte the crooked Plough did tyle:  
 Once those faire Bounds stretcht out so farre and wide,  
 Where Townes, no, Shires enwall'd, endeare each mile,  
 Were all ignoble Sea, and marish vile  
 Where *Proteus* Flockes danc'd measures to the Tyde.  
 So Age transforming all still forward runnes,  
 No wonder though the Earth doth change her face,  
 New Manners, Pleasures new, turne with new Sunnes,  
 Lockes now like Gold grow to an hoarie grace;  
 Nay, Mindes rare shape doth change, that lyes despis'd  
 Which was so deare of late and highlie pris'd.

(*Flowres*, Son. xix)

Our wealth is devoured by "Bankrout Time," and the years hold our joys "in their cankring hands." Only in a kind of Stoic steadfastness of mind can man rise above the "Spoile, Disgrace, and Wrake, That Time, the World, and Death could bring combind," and he is happy that "Amidst that Masse of Ruines they did make, Safe and all scarrelesse yet remains my Minde." And he exhorts his mind to go beyond the ways of nature, or change, to that which is more durable.

Wherefore (my Minde) aboue Time, Motion, Place,  
 Thee raise, and Steppes, not reach'd by Nature trace.

When he contemplates the moral state of the world, he sees even more to repel and disgust him. True honor for which men strive so hard is not to be found here, and all our glory and wealth and knowledge are tainted by lust and greed. Just as the mind overcomes the world of nature and change by rising to contemplation of true Beauty, so man defeats the slings and arrows of fortune by retreating from the world,

and there is a note of quiet triumph as he writes from the seclusion of Hawthornden.

The wearie Mariner so fast not flies  
 An howling Tempest, Harbour to attaine,  
 Nor Sheepheard hastes, when frayes of Wolues arise,  
 So fast to Fold to saue his bleeting Traine:  
 As I (wing'd with Contempt and just Disdaine)  
 Now flie the World, and what it most doth prize,  
 And Sanctuarie seeke, free to remaine  
 From wounds of abject Times, and Enuies eyes.  
 Once did this World to mee seeme sweete and faire,  
 While Senses light Mindes prospectiue kept blind,  
 Now like imagin'd Landskip in the Aire,  
 And weeping Raine-bowes, her best Ioyes I finde:  
 Or if ought heere is had that praise should haue,  
 It is a Life obscure, and silent Graue.

(*Flowres*, Son. iv)

He reiterates his pleasure in the delights of country life in a melodious translation of one of Marino's sonnets.

Thrice happie hee, who by some shadie Groue,  
 Farre from the clamorous World, doth liue his owne,  
 Though solitarie, who is not alone,  
 But doth conuerse with that Eternall Loue:

The World is full of Horrors, Troubles, Sights,  
 Woods harmelesse Shades haue only true Delightes.

This strong tendency toward withdrawal and retreat from the world had as a concomitant a great preoccupation with the subject of death. We have seen in his early love poems that death was looked on as the end of the pain and torture of sad lovers. It was the only certain cure for the miseries of being in love with a heartless lady. This attitude was merely the reflection of the traditional Petrarchan attitude toward death. But once the lady herself had been claimed by death

and Drummond turned to the comforts of philosophy and religion, death came to mean a blessed release from the web of illusion and desire with which this world seeks to ensnare her children. In Sonnet vi of "Urania" he had prayed Heaven to "take mee soone from this." Now it is "wisest Death" that helps us to know our errors, and a silent grave that is to be praised. The death of Christ, of course, is the highest blessing that Heaven has bestowed on man. And the last two sonnets of the *Flowres of Sion* are meditations on death. In Sonnet xxv he recalls a recent experience of serious illness when he had seen the face of death, reminding him that life is not to be trusted and that virtue alone can quell the power of death.

I am that Monarch whom all Monarches feare,  
 Who hath in Dust their farre-stretch'd Pride vproll'd  
 All all is mine beneath Moones siluer Spheare,  
 And nought, saue Vertue, Can my power with-hold:  
 This (not belieu'd) Experience true Thee told,  
 By Danger late when I to Thee came neare.

And in the following sonnet his thought is of the blessedness which comes to the faithful by death. Compared to the best that life can offer, the fruits of death are to be fervently desired.

Let vs each day enure our selues to dye,  
 If this (and not our Feares) be truly Death;  
 Aboue the Circles both of Hope and Faith  
 With faire immortall pinniones to flie?  
 If this be Death our best Part to vntie  
 (By ruining the Iaile) from Lust and Wrath,  
 And euery drowsie languor heere beneath,  
 It turning deniz'd Citizen of Skie?  
 To haue, more knowledge than all Bookes containe,  
 All Pleasures euen surmounting wishing Powre,  
 The fellowship of Gods immortall Trainee,  
 And these that Time nor force shall er'e deuoure?  
 If this be Death? what Ioy, what golden care  
 Of Life, can with Deaths ouglinesse compare?

This is but a poetic version of many of the thoughts that find fuller expression in *A Cypresse Grove*, his well-known prose meditation on the same subject. But in the sonnets alone one finds enough eulogizing of death to see that to Drummond's philosophical mind it had lost its terror, that it was merely the final step in his emancipation from a world that was all show and seeming, and that it was therefore a good to be desired, a revealer of errors, and a gateway to the only true happiness within man's hope.

A final view of these "Spiritual Poemes" reveals little of the specifically "religious" in them. The themes of the Incarnation and the Crucifixion are given almost perfunctory treatment as if they were duties to be discharged rather than profound truths deeply perceived. In dealing with such subjects he falls back on conventional concepts and language even more than he had in writing of his love for his mistress. One misses the fire and the freshness, the intensity and the individuality which appear when Drummond is writing from very personal conviction and experience. His best sonnets, in this as in other groups, are written out of a brooding reflection on beauty which fades in the holding, on joys that endure but an hour, and on death which destroys and delivers. Such meditations are as old as human self-awareness, but with Drummond they receive grave and noble expression. They spring naturally and honestly from the pensive spirit of the poet and one feels the sincerity of his "sweet-sad" songs. There are few changes rung on the basic theme, and one may feel with Masson that "there is a certain monotony in the total effect,"<sup>13</sup> but that basic theme is played with an authority and with a delicacy of touch that lift it to the level of true poetic song.

The occasional and miscellaneous sonnets that are now part of the Drummond canon cover a wide range in subject matter, in tone, and in quality. Those of undoubted authorship are an even fifty in number, but of these fifty only

eighteen appeared in print during the lifetime of the poet. Thirty-one of the remaining sonnets, recovered by scholars and editors from the Hawthornden MSS and other sources, have appeared in various editions, from Phillips' of 1656 to Kastner's of 1913. The thirty-second has never appeared in any edition so far as I know.<sup>14</sup> The sonnets which appeared in posthumous editions of Drummond's poetry add little to his stature as a poet. In most cases we feel that his self-criticism might have been treated with more respect and the efforts which he rejected allowed to remain quietly hidden away in manuscript.

Of the occasional sonnets, the most numerous are the elegiac pieces. As we have seen, the subject of death had a particular fascination for Drummond. Besides the series of sonnets written on the occasion of Mary Cunningham's death, there are several sonnets among the spiritual poems which are meditations on the subject of death itself. It is not surprising, then, to find Drummond writing sonnet-epitaphs on the death of several persons of national note and others of his own acquaintance. One of the earliest as well as the best of these is a sonnet written on the death of Prince Henry in 1612.<sup>15</sup> It first appeared in the 1613 edition of *Mausoleum*, a book of elegiac pieces, "The Choicest Flowres of the Epitaphs written on the Death of the neuer-too-much lamented Prince Henrie," and subsequently in Drummond's own *Tearcs on the Death of Moeliades*, published at Edinburgh by Andro Hart in 1614.

A Passing *Glance*, a *Lightning* long the Skies  
 That vsh'ring Thunder dies straight to our Sight,  
 A *Sparke*, of Contraries which doth arise,  
 Then drownes in the huge Depthes of *Day* and *Night*:  
 Is this small-Small call'd *Life*, held in such Price  
 Of blinded *Wights*, who nothing judge aright,  
 Of *Parthian* Shaft so swift is not the *Flight*  
 As *Life*, that wastes it selfe, and liuing dies.  
 O! what is humane *Greatnesse*, *Valour*, *Wit*?

What fading *Beautie, Riches, Honour, Praise?*  
 To what doth serue in *golden Thrones* to sit,  
 Thrall *Earths vaste Round*, triumphall *Arches* raise?  
 All is a *Dreame*, learne in this *Princes* Fall,  
 In whome (*saue Death*) nought mortall was at all.

Here is an early foreshadowing of the melancholy and disillusion with the frailty of mortal affairs which was to become so prominent in Drummond's later work. Here is the statement of the dream-like quality of human life, the vanity of all human achievement. It is this rising from the circumstances of the actual event itself to philosophical reflection on the condition of all men that lifts the sonnet above the level of merely occasional verse. His sympathy is not just for the tragic fate of Prince Henry, but for the general lot of humanity, and the sonnet therefore provides a reflection of one important facet of human experience.

Another sonnet written on the same subject is less successful for the reason that it fails to look beyond the immediate incident which called it forth.

Stay *Passenger*, see where enclosed lyes,  
 The *Paragon* of Princes, fairest *Frame*,  
*Time, Nature, Place*, could show to mortal *Eyes*  
 In *Worth, Wit, Vertue, Miracle* to *Fame*:  
 At lest that Part the *Earth* of him could clame,  
 This *Marble* holds (*hard like the Destinies*)  
 For as to his braue *Spirit*, and glorious *Name*,  
 The One the *World*, the other fills the *Skies*.  
 Th'immortall *Amaranthus*, princely *Rose*,  
 Sad *Violet*, and that *sweet Flowre* that beares,  
 In SANGVINE SPOTS the Tenor of our Woes,  
 Spred on this *Stone*, & wash it with thy Teares,  
 Then go and tell from *Gades* vnto *Inde*,  
 Thou saw where *Earths Perfections* were confinde.<sup>16</sup>

Here the gaze is never lifted from the tomb of the prince, and the chief interest in the sonnet lies in lines 10-11 which recall

Milton's line in *Lycidas*, "Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe." One is so conscious of the effort to set forth the virtues of the subject of the piece that one can feel little of the grief which should come from such a sad ending. The same is true of a sonnet "To the obsequies of the *blessed Prince*, Iames, King of great Britaine," entitled "Let holie *David*, *Salomon* the Wise,"<sup>17</sup> in which the extravagance of the praise completely out-weighs the pathos of the event. Drummond finds it difficult to attain simplicity in the presence of royalty.

One of the best of these elegiac sonnets is that "To the Memorie of the *most excellent Ladie*, Iane Countesse of *Perth*."

This Beautie, while pale *Death* in Dust did turne,  
And clos'd so soone within a Coffin sad,  
Did passe like Lightning, like to Thunder burne;  
So little Life so much of Worth it had!

Heauens but to show their Might heere made it shine,  
And when admir'd, then in the Worlds Disdaine  
(O Teares, O Griefe!) did call it backe againe,  
Lest Earth should vaunt Shee kept what was Diuine.

What can wee hope for more? what more enjoy?  
Sith fairest Thinges thus soonest haue their End;  
And, as on Bodies Shadowes doe attend,  
Sith all our Blisse is follow'd with Annoy?

Shee is not dead, Shee liues where shee did loue,  
Her Memorie on Earth, Her Soule aboue.<sup>18</sup>

There is dignity, restraint, and elevation of thought in this sonnet. Again Drummond rises from the immediate occasion of the piece to the larger experience of the race, and one feels the sadness of the individual caught in the toils of a larger order of change which abbreviates the highest of our joys and gathers the fairest beauties from earth's fields. The mood is not completely sustained through the final couplet, but the total impression of the sonnet is that of nobility and calm of mind.

Of the other elegiac sonnets only one appeared during Drummond's lifetime. It was prefixed to the *Miscellanea Poemata* of an obscure person named Godefrid Vander Hagen, who, according to Kastner,<sup>19</sup> was a student at the University of St. Andrews in 1617. The sonnet is marked by smoothness and by an adroitness in turn of phrase and idea, but there is more of cleverness than of real emotion in it. One would find it hard to believe that Drummond was very deeply touched by the event of the young man's death. The remaining sonnets first appeared in Phillips' edition of the poems, in 1656. "Far from these Banks," written to commemorate the death of a lady (possibly Lady Isabel, Countess of Lauderdale)<sup>20</sup> is a bit labored with conventional conceits and fancies and heavy with learned allusions. "Like to the Gardens Eye," written in memory of Lady Jane Maitland, is a touching tribute to the goodness and beauty of its subject. It has a simplicity and directness that would come from a personal share in the loss of the young lady. These two sonnets were written about 1631-33, when Drummond's poetic powers were still strong. There is a considerable gap between them and three sonnets to the memory of John Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, which must be among the last poems that Drummond wrote, since the Earl died in 1645. These sonnets<sup>21</sup> show almost no trace of the Petrarchan-Sidneian influence which had been so strong in earlier times. They do show, however, some of the effects of Drummond's having been through the religious and political unrest that filled Scotland during the 1640's. They are filled with biting scorn for the religious innovations and the strange laws that had been imposed on the land. Justice and virtue are subdued and "sad yokes of Tyrannie" are imposed upon good men. And there seems to be a reference to the execution of King Charles in the third sonnet of this group. James I had written an epitaph for the Earl's father, Sir John Maitland, first Lord Maitland of Thirlstane, Chancellor of Scotland, which had been en-

graved on his monument. Drummond writes of this in lines 5–8 of the sonnet.

The wisest Prince e're manag'd Brittaines state  
 Did not disdaine in numberes cleare and braue  
 The vertues of thy syre to celebrate,  
 And fixe a rich Memoriall ou'r his Graue.

He then goes on to state why the present Earl cannot have a like memorial.

Thou didst deserue no lesse, and heere in iet,  
 Gold, Brasse, Touch, Porpherie, the Parian stone,  
 That by a princes hand no lines are set  
 For Thee; the cause is now this land hath none:  
 Such giant moodes our paritie forth brings,  
 We all will nothing be or all be kinges.

The reference would point to the year 1649, when the land truly had no prince and it would seem to a good royalist like Drummond that certain of the rebellious elements were bent on being either nothing or kings. The sonnets show a lack of interest in the purely literary sonnet, which Drummond had written in his earlier years. The satiric spirit overrides any concern for literary qualities, and the poems are interesting only for reflecting the attitude of the old man toward a world which had gone beyond his sympathy or comprehension.

Drummond's commendatory sonnets as a whole do not attain a very high literary level. They are subject to the ills that threaten all such verses. Some of them <sup>22</sup> are filled with forced and extravagant praise; others <sup>23</sup> are complicated by intricate, learned allusions and high-flown rhetoric; still others <sup>24</sup> are merely witty compliments, graceful, polished, and passionless. The best of these tributes is one which Kastner reprints from the *Transactions* of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. It bears the simple title, "Sonnet before a poeme of *Irene*."

Mourne not (faire Grece) the ruine of thy kings,  
 Thy temples raz'd, thy forts with flames deuour'd,  
 Thy championes slaine, thy virgines pure deflowred,  
 Nor all those griefes which sterne Bellona brings:  
 But mourne (faire Grece) mourne that that sacred band  
 Which made thee once so famous by their songs,  
 Forct by outrageous fate, haue left thy land,  
 And left thee scarce a voice to plaine thy wrongs;  
 Murne that those climates which to thee appeare  
 Beyond both Phoebus and his sisteres wayes,  
 To saue thy deedes from death must lend thee layes,  
 And such as from Museus thou didst heare;  
 For now Irene hath attaind such fame,  
 That Heros Ghost doth weep to heare her name.

The poem which the sonnet celebrates has never been identified, but it seems probable that the sonnet is far better than its own subject. The idea that Greece's greatness lay, not in her warriors or her military might, but in her poets has great dignity and seriousness. The conception is beautifully controlled and is presented in a stately procession of quatrains to the final couplet which sums up in a restrained and fitting manner the whole matter of the sonnet. This is certainly the best of Drummond's dedicatory sonnets and deserves to be better known.

A little-known commendatory sonnet of Drummond is one which he wrote on Sir William Alexander's *Monarchicke Tragedies*.<sup>25</sup> It appears in Drummond's own hand on the flyleaf of a copy of the 1607 edition of Sir William's work, now in the National Library in Edinburgh.

#### TO THE AUTHOR

Whiles dark, unknowne, neglectd your Glorie  
 Immortall Mortalls who with conquering armes  
 Vermillion'd all those Greenes that Phoebe warmes  
 And grav'd your Trophees in the ycie Sea;

Loe, a delicious Spright with sacred charmes  
 From Stygian Shades doth draw you to the Daye,  
 And where yee ensignes never durst displaye  
 Makes Fame amazed at your lowd alarmes.  
 O happy Ghosts! what all those firie climes  
 And pregnant Ages past you did refuse  
 Our Articke yeeldeth, and these golden times,  
 Even equal to your greatest deeds a Muse.

That worlds shall doubt which greater praise doth bring,  
 Heroicklie to acte or sweetlie sing.

The volume must have belonged to Drummond at one time, for it has many marginal notes in his hand, quoting sources from Sidney, Du Bartas, Tasso, Ariosto, Montemayor, and Jacques de la Taille, who had written a tragedy of Darius. The sonnet is one of several that sprang from the friendship that existed between Drummond and Sir William. It is by no means the best of the group, but it is certainly superior to some of those that appear in editions of Drummond's work and deserves to take its place in the canon. The central idea of the sonnet is clearly and progressively developed through the three quatrains to the incisive statement of the final couplet. The praise given to Alexander is on the extravagant side, as is common with such poems, and the language is a bit heavy, but there is a majestic tread, too, which fits the grand purpose of a work dealing with the tragedies of ancient monarchies.

Of the complimentary sonnets, Drummond published four in his lifetime. Three of them are on a portrait of Jean, daughter of Robert Ker, first Earl of Roxburgh, and wife of John Drummond, second Earl of Perth, according to Kastner.<sup>26</sup> The sonnets are not very successful even as courtly compliments. They are filled with too-familiar classical allusions, of which Drummond was so fond, especially in his youth, and the extravagance of the praise offered to the young lady sounds forced and swollen. Her beauty is twice as fair

as that of Aphrodite; her form is such as that which Virtue might assume were she to appear to mortal eyes; her eyes are orbs moved by Beauty; the red of her cheeks is from the morn; the white of her brow is from the Milky Way; and so forth. There is little that is original or distinctive in any of the three. The fourth sonnet appeared in *The Muses Welcome to the High and Mightie Prince Iames*, Edinburgh, 1618, as a preface to Drummond's poem, "Forth Feasting," included in that volume.

If, in this Storme of joy and pompous Throng,  
 This *Nymph*e (great King) come euer Thee so neare  
 That Thy harmonious Eares Her Accents heare,  
 Giue Pardon to Her hoarse and lowlie Song:  
 Faine would Shee Trophees to Thy *Vertues* reare,  
 But for this statlie Task Shee is not Strong,  
 And Her defects Her high Attempts doe wrong,  
 Yet as Shee could shee makes Thy Worth appeare.  
 So in a Mappe is shoven this *flowrie Place*;  
 So wrought in Arras by a Virgines Hand  
 With Heauen and blazing Starres doth *Atlas* stand,  
 So drawn by Chare-coale is *Narcissus* Face:  
     Shee maye *Aurora* be to some bright *Sunne*  
     Which maye perfect the *Day* by her begunne.

One could apply to this the remark of Ward about "Forth Feasting," that "the beauty of the verse is exceeded only by the rankness of the adulation."<sup>27</sup> Besides, there is a kind of obsequiousness in the flattery tendered to James I which lowers the tone of the sonnet. With his strong royalist feelings, Drummond can never be trusted as a poet when he is writing of royalty.

Of the three complimentary sonnets which Kastner prints for the first time, there is one juvenile attempt apparently directed to Pierre de Ronsard.<sup>28</sup> It is marked by Scotticisms and peculiar spellings which are characteristic of the youthful work of the poet. The praise is extravagant and shot through

with classical references. The sonnet is interesting mainly for showing the poet's open acknowledgment of his dependence on the French writer. Another in this group, "Great Queene whom to the liberall Heauens propine," has a strange note for Drummond. After likening the "Great Queene" to Hera (?), Venus, and Athena, he stops short.

But now I feare my flatric floures to farre;  
Three Goddesses in one are rarelie seene,  
Nor can a goddesse be vngrate—you are.  
What rests then but, a Woman, and a Queene:  
A Woman in vnconstancie and change,  
A Queene because so statlie & so strange.

The identity of the subject has never been determined. It seems unlikely that Drummond would write thus of a real queen; his respect for royalty was too great to allow that. But it is strange also to find him resorting to the satiric touch in the last four lines. The last in this group is one "To my Ladye Mary Wroath," a niece of Sir Philip Sidney, who had written a prose romance, *Urania*, 1621, much in the manner of Sir Philip's *Arcadia*. The sonnet has the ring of sincerity about it. It is not marred by the classical allusions and tiresome metaphors of most of the kind, but has a grace and polish and a comparative simplicity which make the compliment appear to spring from a genuine regard and admiration for the lady.

To one who has read the *Poems*, the First Part, and *Poems*, the Second Part, there is not much that is new in the love sonnets which are scattered through the miscellaneous poetry of Drummond. They are for the most part conventional exercises in the Petrarchan strain. What seems to be the earliest of these efforts was recovered from the Hawthornden MSS by Kastner: "Or the vinged boy my thochts to the made thral." <sup>29</sup> It is interesting mainly as an example of Drummond's juvenile attempts at poetry. The spellings and the Scotticisms indicate that it comes from a very early period in

his life. It is not a good sonnet, being too tortured in expression and cloudy in idea. A curious question hangs over one of them beginning, "*Aye me*, and am I now the Man whose Muse." The sonnet revolves around the commonplace idea that he used to laugh at love, but that now he is himself a victim of that strange power. It is neither a very good nor a very bad sonnet, but after printing it in the earliest edition of his *Poems* (1614?), Drummond suppressed it in the 1616 edition of *Poems* as well as in the second impression of the same year. It never appeared again in his lifetime. Just why this one should have been withheld, whereas others of much the same kind were reprinted, is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps he felt it was a bit too abandoned, in the light of his serious affair with Mary Cunningham. We know that Drummond carefully edited his work and that he must have had a good reason for suppressing this particular sonnet, along with some other slighter madrigals and epigrams.

An interesting group of sonnets, printed for the first time in Phillips' edition, is called, "Five Sonnets for Galatea." There is a satiric note in all of them, holding up to scorn the typical wailer-lover who loves more by his wits than with his heart. In the first, the lady tells the lover :

I thinke not loue ore thee his wings hath spred,  
Or if that passion hath thy soule opprest,  
Its onlie for some Grecian Mistresse dead,  
Of such old sighs thou doth discharge thy brest.

. . . . .

I can not thinke thou art tane with my looks;  
Thou did but learne thy loue in louers books.

And in the next she exhorts him :

No more with sugred speach infect my eares,  
Tell me no more how that yee pine in Anguish,  
And when yee sleepe no more saye that yee languish,  
And in delight no more tell yee spend teares.

The lover's woes are but a "faigned smart," and he seems "not halfe too wise" in praising so highly the cruelty of chaste ladies, when there are others who will have more pity. "To cruell Nymphes your lines doe fame afford, of many pitifull scarce halfe a word." And the lady very realistically states that since all things in nature do change, so love and lovers "Into decadence fall," and she will therefore not yield unto the lover's will.

The ocean waues tumultuoslie which flow  
Till they embrace the banks, then rune awaye:  
So is't with loue. . . .

This lampooning of the typical Petrarchan lover and his conception of love comes like a refreshing breeze in the midst of all the sonnet literature. It recalls some of Sidney's sonnets in *Astrophel and Stella* in which he ridicules the conventions of sonnet-lovers. As a whole, however, these sonnets have a certain awkwardness of expression which would seem to mark them as translations or paraphrases, but Kastner has been able to cite only one, "D," as being "probably" from Desportes.<sup>30</sup>

The best of these miscellaneous love sonnets is one which he addresses "To his amorous Thoughts."

Sweet wanton thought which art of Beautye borne,  
And which on Beautye feedst & sweet Desire,  
Who like the Butterflye dost endlesse turne  
About that flame that all so much admire;  
That heauenlye face which doth outblush the Morne,  
Those yuoryd hands, those Threeds of golden wyre,  
Thou still surroundest, yet darst not aspire  
To vew Mynds beautyes which the rest adorne.  
Sure thou dost well that place not to come neare,  
Nor see the maiestye of that faire court;  
For if thow sawst the vertues ther resort,  
The pure intelligence that moues that spheare,

Like soules departed to the Ioyes aboue,  
 Backe neuer wouldst thou come, nor thence remoue.

There is little here that one could regard as personal or unique. It probably represents Drummond soberly trying his hand at the expression of a more serious side of the philosophy of love. The sonnet is not without some dignity, but on the whole it falls below the level of the poetry which Drummond published, and one can understand why he did not include it among those he printed.

Another, which Kastner discovered in the Hawthornden MSS, shows Drummond as an almost purely imitative poet.

Ah! eyes, deare eyes, how could the Heuens consent  
 To giue to you occasion of those teares?  
 Brest, sugred Brest that Globes of Beautie beares,  
 With sighes why should yee swell—with teares be sprent?  
 Hair, that in spight of griefe art excellent,  
 What haue you done? That hand you wronglie teares;  
 Voice, through deare portes of perle and rubies sent,  
 Why should yee moane? mor fit to tune heauens spheares.  
 Foule Grief, the scourge of life, from heauen exild,  
 Child of Mishap, the Hells extreame disgrace,  
 Brother to paine, Mans weaknesse, forster child,  
 How did thou mount to so diuine a place?  
 Yet Grief, come there, so stranglie she thee turnes,<sup>31</sup>  
 That thou seemst Joy, while shee thus sweetlie murnes.

This is all very familiar in idea and in phraseology. Such things had been written all too often by too many writers for them to have much value as poetic compositions. Realizing this, Drummond may have been quite content to leave it among his other exercises in manuscript.

The *Transactions* of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland contain some interesting examples of the ways in which Drummond made his translations.<sup>32</sup> Under the heading, "Sonnet qu'un poet[e] Italien fit pour vn bracelet de cheveux qui

lui auoit este donne par sa maistresse," appears the following sonnet:

O chiome, parte de la treccia d'oro  
 Di cui fè amor il laccio, oue fui colto  
 Qual semplice augelletto, e da qual sciolto  
 Non spero esser mai piu, si pria non moro;  
 Io vi bacio, io vi stringo, io vi amo e adoro,  
 Perche adombrasti gia quel sacro volto  
 Che a quanti in terra sono il pregio ha tolto,  
 Ne lascia senza inuidia il diuin choro:  
 A voi dirò gli affanni, e i pensier miei,  
 Poi che lungi è mia donna, e parlar seco  
 Mi nega aspra fortuna, e gli empi diei.  
 Lasso! guarda se amor mi fa ben cieco,  
 Quando cercar di scioglierme io dovrei,  
 La rete porto e le catene meco.

Following this Drummond has a version which he labels "In the same sort of rime." This description is not quite accurate, however, for the rhyme scheme is not exactly followed. In the second quatrain Drummond's rhyme is *a-c-c-a* rather than *a-b-b-a*. Otherwise the two agree. He follows this with a version "In frier sort of rime," which is free indeed, being in couplets. Finally he has a version "Paraphrasticalie translated," in which he takes considerable liberty with the idea, phraseology, and the rhyme scheme.

Hair, suet haire, tuitchet by Midas hand  
 In curling knots, of vich loue makes his nets,  
 Vho when ye loosest hang me fastest band  
 To her, vorlds lilie among violets;  
 Deare fatall present, kissing I adore yow,  
 Because of late ye shade gaue to these roses  
 That this earths beautie in ther red encloses;  
 I saw vwhile ye them hid thay did decore yow:  
 I'l plaine my voes to yow, I'l tel my thocht,  
 Alas! since I am absent from my juel,  
 By vayvard fortune and the heauens more cruel.

Vitnesse be ye vhat loue in me hath vrocht,  
 In steed to seeke th'end of my mortall paines,  
 I take delyt to veare his goldin chaines.

The spellings here—the v's for w's and the cht's for ght's—are the marks of Drummond's early writing. The exercise is certainly one of his youth. And yet we can see already how widely he may range from his original. But the Italian model was not the only one that Drummond was following. The French heading of the group was taken bodily from Estienne Pasquier, who introduced this very sonnet into his *Recherches de la France* and followed it with three versions of his own. So we have the spectacle of Drummond imitating a Frenchman who was translating an Italian! Kastner has identified the Italian sonneteer as Antonio Tebaldeo.<sup>33</sup> Drummond follows Pasquier still further in doing the same sort of thing to a sonnet of Bembo. It is little wonder that the problem of sources, borrowings, and plagiarism in sixteenth-century sonnet literature is such a complex affair. One recalls Sir Sidney Lee's statement that "The typical collection of Elizabethan sonnets was a mosaic of plagiarisms, a medley of imitative studies."<sup>34</sup> Drummond has at least two other sonnets which are openly acknowledged as translations or paraphrases.<sup>35</sup> A third, labeled in the Hawthornden MSS "Essay out of the Italien," has never been traced to any specific source.<sup>36</sup> It seems to be a twin tribute to both James VI and Sir William Alexander.

Melpomene in Athenes neuer song  
 More sueter Accents, nor a more sad dittie,  
 Nor neare made harts bleed with a greater pitie,  
 Vher Tyber playes his floury banks along,  
 Then vhen she weeping daigned by Forth to sing,  
 Forth vhere thy heuenlie suannet loues to dwel,  
 Forth that may claime the name of that faire vel  
 Vhich Horses haue from flintie rocke mad spring.  
 But Medwaye, Seuern, Tames vil not consent.

To Monarks fals if y'il not giue such praise,  
 Yet grant at least to them, in sueet sad layes  
 Vho help faire Sions virgins, to lament.

And if these trumpets yeilds not schrillest sounds,  
 Forth boasts of him who song the Turkish vounds.

As Kastner points out, the "heuenlie suannet" is King James, who wrote a poem on the battle of Lepanto and made a translation of the Psalms of David in collaboration with Sir William Alexander. "To Monarks Fals" is a clear reference to Alexander's *Monarchicke Tragedies*. Drummond has adapted the poem so completely to fit the Scottish setting that it is hard to imagine what the Italian original might have been. He is very seldom a slavish imitator, even when he sets his model before us, and we are inclined to agree with Ward's statement that "what he took from others he had made already his own by sympathy and delight."<sup>37</sup>

The religious sonnets which have appeared in various editions since Drummond's time might well take their place alongside those which he himself published. One, which first appeared in the 1711 folio, is entitled "Peter, after the Denial of his Master" and would seem to have been originally intended as a part of the series on New Testament figures which occurs in the *Flowres of Sion*.<sup>38</sup> Three of these sonnets deal with the familiar idea of the opposition of nature and grace. We are not surprised to find him bemoaning the frailty of human affairs, the tragedy of time and motion, and his guilt at being held in the web of illusion of this world.

O Tymes, O Heauen that still in motion art,  
 And by your course confound vs mortall Wights!  
 O flying Dayes! O euer-gliding Nights,  
 Which passe more nimble than wind or archers dart!  
 Now I my selfe accuse, excuse your part,  
 For hee who fixd your farr-off shining lights,  
 You motion gaue, and did to mee impart  
 A Mind to marke and to preuent your slights,

Lifes web yee still weaue out, still (foole) I stay,  
 Malgrè my iust Resolues, on mortall things.  
 Ah! as the Bird surprisd in subtile springs,  
 That beates with wing but cannot flye away.  
 So struggle I, and faine would change my case,  
 But this is not of Nature, but of grace.<sup>39</sup>

Another, "Rise to my soule, bright Sunne of Grace, o rise!" is much the same in tone and utterance. They breathe the same air of conviction and devotion as that which moves through the sonnets of the *Flowres of Sion*, and it would seem probable that they were written about the same time. Just why Drummond did not include them with the group he published in 1623 is not clear. In one of them, "Our faults thy wrath deserued haue," the flow of line is not as smooth as in most of the ones he published, and it may be that he was saving them for further polishing. But whatever his reason for withholding them, we can be grateful to those who have rescued them from the manuscripts. They are a not-inconsiderable addition to the body of Drummond's spiritual poems.

One other religious sonnet requires notice. Phillips first printed it in his edition of 1656.

First in the orient raig'n'd th'assyrian kings,  
 To those the sacred persian prince succeeds,  
 Then he by whom the world sore-wounded bleeds,  
 Earths crowne to Greece with bloodie blade he brings;  
 Then Grece to Rome the Raines of state resignes:  
 Thus from the mightie Monarche of the Meeds  
 To the west world successiuelie proceeds  
 That great and fatall period of all things;  
 Whilst wearied now with broyles and long alarmes,  
 Earths maiestie her diademe layes downe  
 Before the feet of the vnconquered crowne,  
 And throws her selfe (great Monarch) in thy armes.  
 Here shall she staye, fates haue ordained so,  
 Nor has she where nor further for to goe.<sup>40</sup>

Kastner comments: "This sonnet was evidently written in allusion to *The Monarchicke Tragedies* by Sir William Alexander."<sup>41</sup> Perhaps Drummond did have Sir William's work in mind when he wrote these lines, although that is by no means certain. What is much more important is Drummond's sense of the sweep of history as it flowed from East to West, there to find its culmination in earth's acceptance of "the vnconquered crowne," the symbol of Christ's Kingdom. This was written in the days when great and significant changes were taking place in religious as well as in national affairs. There were many who were looking forward to a new order when Christ would truly be King and the great conflicts among religions and between the world and the Church would be resolved in the triumph of Christ over all his enemies. Milton had the hope and the vision in that eloquent passage in *Animadversions*:

. . . seeing the power of thy grace is not past away with the primitive times, as fond and faithless men imagine, but thy Kingdome is now at hand, and thou standing at the dore. Come forth out of thy Royall Chambers, O Prince of all the Kings of the earth, put on the visible roabes of thy imperiall Majesty, take up that unlimited Scepter which thy Almighty Father hath bequeath'd thee; for now the voice of thy Bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh to bee renew'd.<sup>42</sup>

Drummond does not have the fire and the passion that burned in Milton. He thinks little in terms of vigorous action on the part of individuals and groups. His mind is drawn more to the conception of "that great and fatall period of all things" which moves ponderously but inexorably toward the promise of destiny. The broils and tumults of the 1630's must have appeared to him as the final struggles of an evil world to exert its control over the souls as well as the bodies of men. And now it would seem that the wearied world must be ready to cast down its crowns and throw itself on the mercy of the Great Monarch. This hope is the burden of the sonnet,

and it springs from the same mood that prompted his renunciation of the world and his wish for death. The poem is a solemn and moving expression of that hope. The second and third quatrains provide a clear development of the idea suggested in the first, and the poem moves majestically to its climax. The one weakness may be considered to lie in the final couplet, which does not quite measure up to the stateliness of the sonnet as a whole.

There are only a few sonnets remaining in this miscellaneous group. Two of them belong with the poems of disillusion, several of which appeared in *Poems*, the Second Part, in "Urania," and in *Flowres of Sion*. They indulge in bitter castigation of the times in which the poet was living.

All good hath left this age, all trackes of shame,  
 Mercie is banished and pittye dead,  
 Justice from whence it came to heauen is fled,  
 Relligion maim'd is thought an idle Name.  
 Faith to distrust and malice hath giuen place,  
 Enuie with poysond teeth hath friendship torne,  
 Renowned knowledge lurkes, despisd, a scorne,  
 Now it is euill all euill not to embrace.  
 There is no life saue vnder seruile Bandes,  
 To make Desert a Vassail to their crimes  
 Ambition with Auarice ioyne Handes;  
 O euer-shamefull, O most shamelesse Tymes!  
 Saue that Sunnes light wee see, of good heare tell,  
 This Earth wee courte so much were verye Hell.<sup>43</sup>

The other sonnet, "Doth then the world goe thus," a translation from Sannazaro, is on the same general theme. This idea of the moral decadence of the present world was familiar in the Renaissance. It was even extended to include the deterioration of the physical world itself. To a person of Drummond's temperament the conception was especially congenial. From his retirement at Hawthornden he looked out on a world where virtue seemed overwhelmed by the forces of

evil and where only those men were advanced who used power and violence under a hypocritical cloak of goodness. Another more personal sonnet deals with the same idea.

I feare to me such fortune be assign'd  
 As was to thee, who did so well deserue,  
 Braue Hakerstowne, euen suffred here to sterue  
 Amidst basse minded friends, nor true, nor kind.  
 Why were the fates and furies thus combind,  
 Such worths for such disasters to reserue?  
 Yet all those euills neuer made the suerue  
 From what became a well resolued mind;  
 For swelling Greatnesse neuer made the smyle,  
 Dispising Greatnesse in extreames of want;  
 O happy thrice whom no distresse could dant!  
 Yet thou exclaimed, o Time! o Age! o Isle!  
     Where flatterers, fooles, baudes, fidlers, are rewarded,  
     Whilst Vertue sterues vn timerous, vnregarded.

Kastner names Colonel James Halkerston as the subject of the poem,<sup>44</sup> but it is clear that Drummond identifies himself with his subject as being victimized by the treachery and corruption of the times. Conventional and worn as the theme may be, there is a deep undercurrent of sincerity and conviction as Drummond states it. It stands as one of the dominant themes in his later poetry.

The last of Drummond's sonnets in the "Madrigals and Epigrams" of the edition of 1616 is one with the heading "Erycine at the departure of Alexis."

And wilt thou then, Alexis, mine, depart?  
 And leaue these flowrie Meads, and christall Streames?  
 These Hills as greene as great with Gold and Gemmes,  
 Which courte thee with rich Treasure in each Part?  
 Shall nothing hold thee? not my loyall Heart,  
 That burstes to lose the Comfort of thy Beames?  
 Nor yet this Pipe which wildest Satyres tames?  
 Nor Lambkins Wayling? nor old Dorus Smart?

O ruethlesse Shepheard, Forrests strange among  
What canst thou else but fearfull Dangers finde?  
But ah! not thou, but Honour doth me Wrong;  
O cruell Honour! Tyrant of the Mind,  
This said sad Erycine, and all the Flowres  
Empearled as shee went, with Eyes salt Showres.<sup>45</sup>

It occurs at the end of a group of conventional pastoral poems dealing with stock characters and stock situations, and immediately follows one such poem called, "THAVMANTIA at the departure of IDMON." There would seem to be little reason to assume that it is any more personal than any of the others in the group. Ward, however, identifies the Alexis of the sonnet with Sir William Alexander,<sup>46</sup> and Kastner merely echoes Ward's statement.<sup>47</sup> The identification seems to rest mainly on the fact that in the 1616 edition of the *Poems* the sonnet is followed by one from Alexander to Drummond, in which the pastoral names Alexis and Damon are used for the two poets. Then, of course, there are difficulties in the way of accepting the sonnet as a personal plea of Drummond's. The most obvious is that the sentiments are those of a pastoral shepherdess, Erycine, not those of Damon, although there is always the possibility, at least, that Drummond was expressing his feelings through the words of a sad shepherdess. The fact that the sonnet is immediately preceded by another "departure" poem which is obviously not autobiographical or personal makes one a bit wary of assuming that the present sonnet is, just because the fairly common name Alexis appears in it. It seems much more probable that the sonnet grew out of Drummond's exercises in conventional pastoral poetry and only incidentally could be considered to be a personal sonnet to Alexander. He did the same sort of thing with many madrigals and sonnets that appear in the First Part of the *Poems* of 1616, which is intended to chronicle his love for Mary Cunningham.

About another sonnet, however, there is no doubt of the autobiographical note. It appeared appended to the 1623 edition of *Flowres of Sion*, which included *A Cypresse Grove*.

Though I haue twice beene at the Doores of *Death*,  
 And twice found shoote those Gates which euer mourne,  
 This but a lightning is, Truce tane to Breath,  
 For late borne Sorrowes augure fleete returne.  
 Amidst thy sacred Cares, and courtlie Toyles,  
*Alexis*, when thou shalt heare wandring Fame  
 Tell, *Death* hath triumph'd o're my mortall Spoyles,  
 And that on Earth I am but a sad Name;

If thou e're helde mee deare, by all our Loue,  
 By all that Blisse, those Ioyes Heauen heere vs gaue,  
 I conjure Thee, and by the Maides of *Ioue*,  
 To graue this short Remembrance on my Graue.

Heere *Damon* lyes, whose Songes did some-time grace  
 The murmuring *Eske*, may Roses shade the place.

The sonnet is a record of his thoughts during a long and serious illness in the fall of 1620. A letter to Alexander, bearing the date November, 1620, describes something of the details of that sickness.

These months by past, as to some great states, to me too have been fatal; for these eight weeks I have been languishing in sickness, and that more by the ignorance of physicians (which, being nowhere good, are here naught) than by any defect of nature: for, my disease being a pain of the side, they cannot tell to what to ascribe the cause, nor how to help me. If it shall happen me now to die, ye have lost a great admirer of your worth; and the greatest conquest I have made on earth is that I am assured ye love my remembrance.<sup>48</sup>

The sonnet was probably written about the same time as the letter. The two do much to explain Drummond's preoccupation with the subject of death. It was not something which he theorized about or learned of from books. It was something which had come perilously close to him in the thirty-

fifth year of his age, and when he wrote of it he was writing from vivid experience. Earlier in the same year Sir William had been seriously ill of tertian ague, and Drummond must have faced the possibility that he would lose his dearest friend. In the light of two such narrow escapes plus the tragic experience with Mary Cunningham, it is not surprising that Drummond wrote with a pathos and depth of feeling that are shown in few of the other subjects on which he wrote.

The sonnet is certainly among the best of all of Drummond's poems. It has a gravity and high seriousness about it that come from a happy blending of the idea with appropriate language. The statement is condensed and concise, and yet there is the feeling that the expression is full and complete. This can come only when the poet has absolute control of his form. The development of the sonnet is clear, dividing naturally into three quatrains and a final couplet that is comprehensive and yet marked by quiet restraint and simplicity. The whole sonnet breathes an air of Stoic resignation and dignity. There is no wailing here; there is only the modest request, so moving in its simplicity and direct appeal, that he be spared oblivion. It is good to know that the epitaph of his own devising finally appeared on a memorial tablet marking his tomb, although it came almost two hundred and fifty years after his death.

This completes the full list of Drummond's sonnets. The sonnet was the form in which he achieved his highest level of expression. His technical skill enabled him to meet the rigorous demands of the form with seeming ease, and his sure control over ideas made it possible for him to infuse the short poem with rounded and provocative thought. His imagery is richly sensuous, arising from his keen delight in the glories of this mortal round, even when with his mind he was forswearing its volatile joys for the pleasures of a higher world of mind and spirit.

Drummond's faults arise chiefly from two sources. The

first was his overenthusiastic devotion to a school or style of poetry which by the extravagance of its principles and practices was limited in its appeal. It was a school that eventually exalted wit even above experience and feeling, and as the tendency grew more pronounced it produced from lesser writers poetry that was shriveled and sapless. It sacrificed content to the externals of form and diction. We know that much of Drummond's poetry sprang from deep conviction and intense personal experience, but often the rigid form into which it was compressed and his respect for a devitalized tradition almost stifled the life which was struggling for expression. At his best, however, he rose above the limitations of the tradition and achieved poetry which is simple, sensuous, and passionate.

The second fault is one of language. Drummond was not in the direct current of classical literary English, and it was only by assiduous study and by imitation of his illustrious forerunners that he achieved control of his medium. His earlier efforts are marked by unnatural constructions and Scotticisms that often sound barbarous to a trained ear. But even his more mature poetry is not entirely free from such flaws. Occasional inversions twist his line into a stiff and tortured form. Sometimes an archaic word or form of a word will betray the student still striving for naturalness and ease in the language. Such handicaps, however, only make his achievement all the more remarkable, for he finally attained the company of those poets who contributed to that stream of graceful, polished "literary" English, whose fountainhead was Edmund Spenser.

From a purely technical point of view, Drummond uses a great amount of freedom, if not license, in constructing his sonnets. They seem to hang between the English form, established by Shakespeare, and the Italian form, which stems primarily from Petrarch. Almost invariably they end with a final couplet, which is the mark of the English form, and more

often than not they divide themselves into three quatrains and a couplet rather than into the traditional octave and sestet of the Italian model. As for rhyme, Drummond has no practice which might be taken as standard. In the first quatrain he shows a slight preference for the *a-b-b-a* pattern, but the preference is not very marked. His second quatrains have every conceivable variation—*a-b-b-a*, *b-a-a-b*, *a-b-a-b*, *b-a-b-a*, *c-d-d-c*, *c-d-c-d*, and so forth. The third quatrain usually has a rhyme of its own, but again it is in no standard order. Apparently Drummond used the rhyme scheme that was most convenient at the moment, and did not allow a rigid system to cramp his freedom of expression in any way. A critic such as T. W. H. Crosland <sup>49</sup> would label this freedom as license and would call such irregularities flaws.

The pause or turn has been a much-discussed point in sonnet criticism. In the purest Italian form the turn came at the end of the eighth line. In other words, the octave presented a single thought or emotion which reached a nominal degree of completeness within the confines of the eight lines. Then came a natural and logical pause, followed by the sestet, which presented an extension or development of the thought. When this organization is developed to its fullest, the two divisions of a single sonnet can stand alone as complete poems. In the English form of the sonnet, the division tends to fall after each quatrain, with the final couplet gathering up the idea in somewhat epigrammatic fashion. It is still true, however, that in hundreds of Elizabethan sonnets the final couplet does not separate itself quite so clearly from the sestet, but is rather a part of it grammatically and materially. In the case of Drummond the pause does not occur at any fixed place. On the whole he does have a grammatical pause at the end of the eighth line, but as often as not the break is more a matter of punctuation than of idea. In this respect Mr. Crosland would be forced to discard many of Drummond's poems that have always passed as sonnets, simply

because they do not have the pause or turn at the right place. He is quite clear about it.

We say that the principal test of the sonnet should be its structure in poetic, and that a fourteen line poem in decasyllables, however so strictly rhymed, is not a sonnet unless the octet and the sestet are so distinguishably separable as to constitute independent (though related) poems of and in themselves.<sup>50</sup>

This seems a little unnecessarily rigid, especially in view of the fact that the great masters of the sonnet—Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth—have not felt themselves bound by any such strictures as the 8-and-6 construction. But it is clear that Drummond lays himself open to formal criticism by playing fast and loose with both organization and rhyme scheme in his sonnets.

In conclusion, it may be said that the qualities that set Drummond apart as a sonneteer of excellence are: first, his metrical skill, which produced lines of the smoothest lyrical beauty; secondly, his great love of beauty, which expressed itself with great emotional intensity and a passion that was often in conflict; and thirdly, the grave and heightened mood of his reflective moments, when he rose above the mundane and trivial incidents of life to a contemplation of the whole order of existence. It is this philosophical tendency that gives to the poetry of the Laird of Hawthornden its most distinctive tone and lifts him to the company of those who have made of the sonnet a poetic vehicle of great dignity and worth.

## *Chapter III*

### MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS

#### MADRIGALS

THE MADRIGAL as a poetic form is surrounded by a great deal of vagueness and uncertainty. Few critics will venture much further than to say it is a short lyric poem of irregular length, rhythm, and rhyme scheme dealing usually with amatory subject matter. In the earlier stages of its development in Italy it seems ordinarily to have had the form of from six to thirteen short iambic lines employing three rhymes. These characteristics, however, never reached the status of rigid requirements, as did certain characteristics of the sonnet. They are simply the features which appeared most frequently in the earlier madrigals, and departures from them were many. From speaking specifically of one of the madrigals of Cassola, Edward Bliss Reed goes on to state general characteristics of the madrigal.

Here is graceful flattery, the characteristic trait of these madrigals, for they do not, so often as the sonnets, affect a high and passionate strain. In other respects their subject-matter is similar; they sing of pastoral life, of beauty and its brief moment, of love with its many sorrows. Precisely as we have elegiac and religious sonnets, so we have madrigals written on the death of friends, madrigals that are prayers to Christ or the Virgin. In technique the sonnet and madrigal do not approach each other; the madrigal form was not a fixed one either in its rhyme scheme or in the number of its verses.<sup>1</sup>

For their secular songs, Italian musicians of the sixteenth century were largely dependent on church music or on music composed on the same polyphonic principles that controlled church music. Originally this music was simply set to secular

words and put to purely social uses, and the madrigal was the result. These songs were short polyphonic compositions arranged for from two to five voices. They had only one movement and were therefore brief and concise. The literary madrigal was a form which satisfied the requirements of the composers of such songs, and as the popularity of the musical madrigal grew, the demand for literary madrigals increased to such an extent that they became a favorite form of poetic composition. Petrarch, Tasso, Guarini, and Cassola are Italian poets who used the form extensively.

In the year 1588 the word "madrigal" was introduced into England with the publication of Nicholas Yonge's *Musica Transalpina; Madrigals translated*. In the same year appeared William Byrd's first book of songs, *Psalmes, Sonnets and Songs of Sadness and Pietie*, which is actually a book of madrigals, although they are not called by that name. Yonge's volume is simply a collection of Italian madrigals for which he or a collaborator paraphrased the Italian lyrics. The lyrics have almost no literary merit, being rigidly controlled to meet the demands of the music. Byrd, however, composed his own music, although on Italian models, and used English lyrics gathered from the miscellanies of the time. Not finding enough English lyrics of the right brevity and literary quality, he sometimes used only a part of a longer lyric or sonnet and sometimes spread a long lyric over two or more madrigals. The success of these first collections of madrigals was immediate. The following year Byrd published his second book, *Songs of Sundry Natures*. In 1590 appeared Thomas Watson's *Italian Madrigals Englished*, and over the period of the next twenty or thirty years there were numerous song books published to satisfy the apparently boundless English appetite for vocal music.

English poets were not slow to capitalize on this great popularity of the musical madrigal. They began to write their own lyrics for the madrigal composers, and among the results

are some of the most delightful lyrics of the English language. Sometimes the same man acted as composer and lyricist, as in the case of Thomas Campion, who was perhaps the most accomplished of these poet-musicians. Gradually the madrigal, both as musical genre and poetic type, became naturalized in its new setting, and the English school of madrigal composers is recognized as having a character and tone of its own.<sup>2</sup>

Although originally the literary madrigal was primarily designed for a musical setting, many such poems were written for their own sake. As the quality of the lyrics rose, it tended to separate them from the music, to be appreciated and enjoyed for themselves. John Erskine has noted the interesting fact that as verse attains more of the quality of music it becomes more independent of music itself. He says:

. . . it will be seen that the artistic quality of the words and of the music of the madrigals was quite distinct; the words maintain a lightness and speed, not with the help of the music, but in spite of it. The fact that from the recognized musical qualities of these songs men have ascribed to them a setting far daintier than they really had, tends to prove the assertion . . . that verse, when it attains great verbal melody, parts company with music, and can best be appreciated alone.<sup>3</sup>

There can be little doubt that the music deeply influenced the form of the lyrics. The very shortness of the musical form demanded a lyric that was concise and pointed and terse. In order to achieve complete statement within the brevity of the madrigal, the strictest economy of phrase was required, and such discipline helped to impart the bright finish which characterizes so many of the lovely lyrics of the Elizabethan period. Having benefited from this close association with music, however, the lyric set out on a career of its own, and many of them were written, not for the prime purpose of being set to music, but for the purpose of imparting delight as poetry. And so we have many madrigals and songs being written that

were never intended to be sung to the accompaniment of lutes and soft recorders.

One of the most prolific of these madrigal writers was William Drummond. There are about sixty-five such pieces in the 1616 edition of his poems, and forty-five or fifty that appear elsewhere. In all there are well over a hundred, but the exact number is difficult to determine, since many of them rest on that indistinct line between madrigals and epigrams. Most of them would seem to come from his early years, when he was so thoroughly under the influence of Italian, French, and a few English poets. Unfortunately for Drummond, he turned his hand to madrigal writing when the fashion was on the wane, for early in the reign of the Stuarts taste began to shift from the graceful, pastoral madrigal to the sprightlier, more polished lyric of two or more stanzas, represented by the productions of Jonson and the Caroline poets. But Drummond's face was turned toward the past, and his pieces are modeled on those of the Italian and French poets of the sixteenth century.

The largest single group of Drummond's madrigals appeared in the 1616 edition of *Poems* in a section following the sonnets and spiritual songs. Most of them were almost certainly written earlier than the sonnets, and in literary merit they are inferior. The theme of these madrigals is invariably love and its attendant joys and sorrows. The pastoral element is strong, and his shepherds and shepherdesses are called by classical names. Thaumantia, Chloris, Camilla, Phillis, Idmon, Daphnis, Lilla, and Anthea move through these pieces in company with the conventional goddesses and legendary figures. "A Louers Plaint" may be taken as representative of the wailing madrigal.

In midst of silent Night,  
When Men, Birds, Beasts, doe rest,  
With Loue, and Feare possesst  
To Heauen, and Flore, I count my heaueie Plight.

Againe with roseate Wings  
When Morne peepes forth, and Philomela sings,  
Then Voyde of all Reliefe,  
Doe I renew my Griefe:  
Day followes Night, Night Day, whilst still I proue,  
That Heauen is deafe, Flore carelesse of my Loue.

This, of course, differs only in form from many of the Petrarchan sonnets of the period. The theme and the mood are commonplaces of the sonnet tradition. Even the rewards of love are of doubtful value, as we see in "The qualitie of a Kisse."

The Kisse with so much Strife,  
Which I late got (sweet Heart)  
Was it a Signe of Death, or was it Life?  
Of Life it could not bee,  
For I by it did sigh my Soule in thee,  
Nor was it Death, Death doth no Ioy impart:  
Thou silent stand'st, ah! what thou did'st bequeath,  
To mee a dying Life was, liuing Death.

This kind of play on words, the rhetorical question and the witty reply, was also used by the sonneteers of the period. But there is a lightness of touch in these madrigals which the sonnets seldom attained. For one thing, the use of short lines relieves the solemnity and heaviness that often accompanied the uninterrupted march of pentameter lines in the sonnet. They give an air of gaiety and flippancy which no amount of protestation and avowal can dampen. The poet, of course, never intended that these light amatory pieces should be taken with any great seriousness. The attainment of verbal melody and witty compliment was his intention, rather than the statement of a deep and abiding passion. One has but to run down the list of the titles to see that these madrigals are content to play with superficial aspects of love: "Of Thaumantia, beholding her selfe in a Marble," "Loue suffereth no Parasol," "Of her Dog," "The Happiness of a Flea," "Love

naked," and so forth. No lover's grief could last for long in such company as this.

Wit becomes one of the strongest supports of the poet's suit in these madrigals. Devotion and tearful pleading are merely tiresome in the game being played here, and the lover's cleverness will get him further than will his abject slavery. One has the feeling that such an artful request as that in "Kisses desired" would be hard for the lady to refuse.

Though I with strange Desire  
To kisse those rosie Lips am set on Fire,  
Yet will I cease to craue  
Sweet Touches in such store,  
As hee who long before  
From Lesbia them in thousands did receaue;  
Heart mine, but once mee kisse,  
And I by that sweet Blisse  
Euen sweare to cease you to importune more,  
Poore one no Number is:  
Another Word of mee yee shall not heare,  
After one Kisse, but still one Kisse, my Deare.

Courtly compliment and graceful flattery are generously bestowed in these lyrics, but the extravagance of the praise is tempered by the very spirit of playfulness in which the compliment is offered.

Those Eyes, deare Eyes, bee Spheares,  
Where two bright Sunnes are roll'd,  
That faire Hand to behold,  
Of whitest Snowe appeares:  
Then while yee coylie stand,  
To hide from mee those Eyes,  
Sweet, I would you aduise  
To choose some other Fanne than that white Hand:  
For if yee doe, for Trueth most true this know,  
That Sunnes ere long must needes consume warme Snow.

One cannot fear that the poet is in any grave danger when he fears the brightness of his lady's eyes, nor does one question

the strange chemistry by which the nymph's ice kindles a consuming fire in the lover. Such attitudes and miracles are conventional features of the poetic game.

Not always was the lover content to conduct his suit by the oblique method of flattery and protestation. He sometimes used the direct approach, which is at least as old as Catullus, and had been employed by many of the more emancipated Renaissance poets. *Vivamus, mea Lesbia* had been translated in numerous ways, and Drummond has his own version.

Come, let us liue, and loue,  
 And Kisse, Thaumantia mine,  
 I shall the Elme bee, bee to mee the Vine,  
 Come let vs teach new Billing to the Doue:  
 Nay, to augment our Blisse,  
 Let Soules euen other kisse,  
 Let Loue a Worke-man bee,  
 Vndoe, distemper, and his Cunning proue,  
 Of Kisses three make one, of one make three:  
 Though Moone, Sunne, Starres, bee Bodies farre more bright,  
 Let them not vaunt they match vs in Delight.

The invitation might at times be clothed in a light disguise, but it is nonetheless unmistakable.

See Chloris, how the Cloudes  
 Tilt in the azure Lists,  
 And how with Stygian Mists  
 Each horned Hill his giant Forehead shroudes,  
 Loue thundreth in the Aire,  
 The Aire growne great with Raine,  
 Now seems to bring Deucalions Dayes againe:  
 I see thee quake, come, let vs home repaire,  
 Come hide thee in mine Armes,  
 If not for Loue, yet to shunne greater Harmes.

And there is something of the cavalier in Drummond's admonition to the lady who is distressed at the fortunes of love.

My Wanton, weepe no more  
 The losing of your Cherries,

Those, and farre sweeter Berries,  
Your Sister in good store  
Hath, spred on Lips, and Face:  
Be glad, kisse but with me, and hold your peace.

It does not require a trained musician to detect in the lines of these madrigals a skillfully manipulated rhythm and verbal melody which would immediately suggest the musical madrigal as a close relation. We do not know certainly whether Drummond intended these songs to be put to musical settings. We are not even sure how much knowledge he had of the music of the time. Bishop Sage merely says:

He was not much taken up with the ordinary amusements of Dancing, Singing, Playing, etc. tho' he had as much of them as a well bred Gentleman should have; and when his Spirits were too much bended by severe Studies, he unbended them by playing on his Lute, which he did to Admiration.<sup>4</sup>

One cannot be sure just how much music was becoming to a gentleman in the opinion of the Bishop. It is probable, however, that Drummond was familiar with the musical currents that flowed through England in the early years of the seventeenth century. He had certainly been much impressed with the amount of music and pageantry that filled the streets during the festive time when King Christian of Denmark visited England. It seems unlikely that one who knew so well two of the finest lyric writers of the time—Jonson and Drayton—and who had read so closely the works of others—Donne, Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare—could have been unaware of the importance of music in the social life of the period. In addition to all this, he had the writings of Tasso, Marino, Moro, and Guarini before him, with their numerous madrigals and songs to provide models. Whether or not he wrote his own to be set to music, he was well aware of the close relationship between the musical and literary madrigal, and he wrote his lyrics with the idea of capturing the lilting rhythm and

the melodic flow of the musical compositions themselves.<sup>5</sup>

Two of these madrigals, however, seem almost certainly to have been written directly for musical setting. The first is called "A Kisse."

Harke happie Louers, harke,  
This first and last of Ioyes,  
This Sweetner of Annoyes,  
This Nectare of the Gods,  
Ye call a Kisse, is with it selfe at ods:  
And halfe so sweet is not  
In equall Measure got,  
At Light of Sunne, as it is in the Darke,  
Harke, happie Louers, harke.

Here the variety of the phrasing, the tripping quality of the short lines, and the repetition of the first line almost demand that the lyric be sung. The second example is called "Change of Loue."

Once did I weepe, and grone,  
Drinke Teares, draw loathed Breath,  
And all for Loue of one  
Who did affect my Death:  
But now (Thankes to Disdaine)  
I liue relieu'd of Paine,  
For Sighs, I singing goe,  
I burne not as before, no, no, no.

This use of repetition of a key word or vowel was a favorite device of the Elizabethan lyrists. It gave the musicians a fine opportunity to point their songs and bring them to an emphatic close. And in this particular case there seems little reason for the repetition unless it is for the pleasure of the composer and his audience.

John Erskine has noted that as early as 1593, when Thomas Morley issued his *Canzonets, or Little Short Songs to Three Voices*, the English literary madrigal was developing in two directions.

On the one hand it lent itself to idyllic treatment; it tended to express a single exquisite picture, finished like a cameo, whose subject, originally a pastoral incident, in time was taken from any region of life. . . . The other tendency was toward epigram. Perhaps because of Wyatt's example in *Tottel's Miscellany*, short lyrics in the Elizabethan period were often touched with the epigrammatic quality. The madrigal, ending like the English sonnet, in a couplet, offered every temptation to this intellectual mannerism.<sup>6</sup>

The pastoral element in the madrigals of Drummond has been noted. It is seen in his affecting flocks and fields, swains and shepherds and milkmaids, in his recounting the woes and delights of love. But it was only to be expected that when the attitude toward the subject was so light and debonaire, there should appear songs which were designed primarily as witty, or humorous, or even cynical treatments of the theme. The shading is gradual, and it is not always easy to tell when the madrigal goes over into the field of the epigram. An example of the first type of which Mr. Erskine speaks is one called "Of Phillis," a madrigal which Drummond translated from Marino.

In Peticote of Greene,  
Her Haire about her Eine,  
Phillis beneath an Oake  
Sate milking her faire Flocke:  
Among that strained Moysture (rare Delight!)  
Her Hand seem'd Milke in Milke, it was so White.

The joy is in the simple, momentary glimpse of rural life. There is innocent delight in the charming picture of Phillis attending to one of her pastoral duties. It has nothing to do with life, but that does not mar the delicate beauty of the scene. Another, called "Vnpleasant Musicke," starts out apparently in the same vein, but the result is utterly different.

In Fields Ribaldo stray'd,  
Mayes Tapestry to see,

And hearing on a Tree  
 A Cuckooe sing, hee sigh'd, and softly said,  
 Loe, how (alas) euen Birds sit mocking mee.

Here we are led innocently enough down the familiar pastoral path, but the real point of the madrigal comes as a sudden and witty surprise in the last line. Another, called "Cornucopia," has even more of the epigrammatic quality.

If for one only Horne  
 Which Nature to him gaue,  
 So famous is the noble Vnicorne?  
 What Praise should that Man haue,  
 Whose Head a Ladie braue  
 Doth with a goodlie Paire at once adorne?

The form is that of a madrigal, but the light treatment of the unfaithfulness of women and the clever turn in the last line place the lyric clearly in the category of the epigram. The gay spirit and wit of the poet are much more important than any consideration of amatory matters. It is not without significance that Drummond mingles his madrigals and epigrams almost without distinction. In his own mind they seem to have belonged to the same type of verse—the light, the gay, the pretty, the witty, and the inconsequential.

On only two occasions does Drummond strike a serious note in these early madrigals. The one on Icarus is a sober treatment of the subject of fame, but even here there is nothing particularly profound.

Whilst with audacious Wings  
 I sprang those airie Wayes,  
 And fill'd (a Monster new) with Dread and Feares,  
 The feathered People, and their Eagle Kings:  
 Dazel'd with Phoebus Rayes,  
 And charmed with the Musicke of the Spheares,  
 When Pennes could moue no more, and Force did faile,  
 I measur'd by a Fall those lofty Bounds;  
 Yet doth Renowne my Losses counteruaile,

For still the Shore my braue Attempt resounds:  
 A Sea, an Element doth beare my Name,  
 Who hath so vaste a Tombe in Place, or Fame?

The poet cannot forego the chance to consider with some wit the fate of the legendary figure who first tried his wings. The second madrigal, however, is a full-hearted tribute to Virgil. It is one of the few poems, if not the only one, in which Drummond celebrated the genius of the writers of classical antiquity. The title reads: "Vpon a *Baye* Tree, not long since growing in the Ruines of Virgils Tombe."

Those Stones which once had Trust  
 Of *Maros* sacred Dust,  
 Which now of their first Beautie spoylde are seene,  
 That they due Praise not want,  
 Inglorious and remaine,  
 A *Delian* Tree (*faire Natures* only Plant)  
 Now courtes, and shadowes with her Tresses greene:  
 Sing *Io Paeon*, yee of *Phoebus* Traine,  
 Though *Enuie*, *Auarice*, *Time*, your Tombes throw downe,  
 With Maiden Lawrells *Nature* will them crowne.

The wording of the title and the deep feeling that pervades the madrigal would seem to imply more than superficial or vicarious experience by the poet. It may very well be that during his travels on the continent Drummond had visited the tomb of the Roman poet and actually seen the bay tree which grew over the ruins. In "not long since growing" he seems to be saying that at least it was there some months or years ago when he had seen it.

With the exception of these last two poems, the madrigals here presented may be taken as typical of those which Drummond published under the heading Madrigals in the 1616 edition of *Poems*. The theme is almost invariably love, but it is considered with attitudes ranging from the mock-serious to the out-and-out ribald. The foibles and follies of lovers are treated with a light humor and gaiety which make them the

sport of the poet. Kastner has indicated that nearly half of these madrigals come from Italian or French sources—Marino, Tasso, Guarini, Moro, and Passerat being the chief contributors. But Drummond's lyrics have a charm and merit all their own. His skillful control of long and short lines with their varied run and pause, his achievement of great verbal melody, with its clear suggestion of song, give considerable meaning to the statement attributed to him by Bishop Sage that "he was the First in the Isle that did Celebrate a Mistress dead, and Englished the madrigal."<sup>7</sup> It is true that he was not the first to write English madrigals, but he was certainly among the first who naturalized the madrigal and made of it a familiar and useful form for English poetic expression.

The light-heartedness and irresponsibility of these early madrigals give way to something more somber and serious in the madrigals of the *Poems*, the First Part. The sonnets, songs, and madrigals which compose the body of this section of the 1616 volume, it will be remembered, are meant to record the progress of his love for Mary Cunningham. In the sonnets which we have studied there seems to be a clearly discernible autobiographical strain which traces the course of his love from the early days of his complete idolatry to the mood of utter despair when he is forced by circumstances from his lady's side. These sonnets have their lighter, brighter moments, but for the most part they reflect a languid melancholy, which comes to be their dominant note. Of course the mores of the tradition demanded that the lover be a woeful and unhappy creature. The uncertainties of a sonnet love affair were too great to allow anything but the most ephemeral joy, and even when those brief flashes of happiness did come, they were darkened by the clouds of impending misfortune which constantly loomed on the lover's horizon. But in Drummond's case the attitude of somber reflection is more than a mere pose. The intensity of feeling and the depth

of experience somehow mellow and sadden the poet's song. And the same atmosphere of earnest effort and serious purpose subdues somewhat the merry sparkle of the earlier pieces. No longer is the madrigal the pert and saucy thing it once was in his hands; it now becomes an instrument for the expression of matters of a higher mood.

There are ten madrigals scattered among the sonnets of the First Part. They deal with the usual subjects—praise of the lady's beauties, wailings of his lot, and statements of his love. But even the contemplation of beauty does not elicit the gay song that one might expect.

When as shee smiles I finde  
 More light before mine Eyes,  
 Now when the Sunne from *Inde*  
 Brings to our World a flowrie Paradise:  
 But when shee gently weepes,  
 And powres foorth pearlie Showres,  
 A sweet Melancholie my Senses keepes.  
 Both feede so my Disease,  
 So much both doe me please,  
 That oft I doubt, which more my Heart doth burne,  
 Like *Loue* to see her smile, or *Pitie* mourne.

Here is praise, indeed, but it is a sober praise that would require a gentle melody for its proper setting. One feels the seriousness of the poet as he celebrates an actual love. The heart is involved here, whereas wit and a keen ear were all that were needed to do justice to the fair Chloris or Phyllis or Thaumantia. When Drummond celebrates his lady's breast and lips, his song is weighted with a heaviness of learning.

Sweete Rose whence is this Hue  
 Which doth all Hues excell?  
 Whence this most fragrant Smell?  
 And whence this Forme and gracing Grace in you?  
 In flowrie *Paestums* Field (perhaps) yee grew,  
 Or *Hyblas* Hills you bred,

Or odoriferous *Ennas* Plaines you fed  
 Or *Tmolus*, or where Bore yong *Adon* slew,  
 Or hath the Queene of Loue you dy'd of new  
 In that deare Bloud, which makes you looke so red?  
 No, none of those, but Cause more high you blist,  
 My Ladies Brest you bare, and Lips you kist.

He translates a madrigal from Marino to express the utter hopelessness of his case ("A Dedale of my Death"), and he converts Tasso's praise of his lady's blue eyes into a song in praise of the green eyes of his own mistress ("To the delightfull Greene"). To explain a period of unseasonably warm weather in the spring he uses the labored conceit that the spring, having gazed on his fair's eyes unveiled, had burned so that it had turned into summer ("On this Colde World of Ours"). Rather than face the day when he must be parted from his love, he pleads for an eternal night ("Vnhappie Light, Doe not approach to bring the wofull Day"). But when that day comes and he is left alone, he knows that fortune can have nothing worse in store for him.

I Feare not hencefoorth Death,  
 Sith after this Departure yet I breath,  
 Let Rocks, and Seas, and Wind,  
 Their highest Treasons show,  
 Let Skie and Earth combinde  
 Strive (if they can) to end my Life and Woe:  
 Sith Griefe can not, mee nothing can o'rethrow,  
 Or if that ought can cause my fatall Lot,  
 It will be when I heare I am forgot.

In Madrigal ix, "The Iuorie, Corall, Gold," he toys with the idea that since his dreams of his fair are so pleasant, and if death is sleep's brother, then he could wish that he might die in order to have such dreams constantly. The last madrigal in this section is the only one with a clearly autobiographical suggestion. In it he sends his love to Mary Cunningham on the banks of the Ore Water.

*Tritons*, which bounding diue  
 Through *Neptunes* liquide Plaine  
 When as yee shall arriue  
 With tilting Tides where siluer *Ora* playes,  
 And to your King his watrie tribute payes,  
 Tell how I dying liue,  
 And burne in midst of all the coldest Maine.

Throughout the madrigals of the First Part, then, there is an unrelieved strain of intensity and seriousness that one does not ordinarily associate with the madrigal form. The musical quality is there, but it is a music of heavy shadings and strong insistence. Even the conventional conceits and attitudes cannot conceal the real passion that runs through these songs. And as the emotional involvement of the poet becomes greater, the quality of the madrigal changes from that of an airy and tripping song for wit and recreation to that of an ode of solemn declaration. F. A. Cox says, in fact, that "Drummond's so-called 'Madrigals,' for instance, are simply brief irregular odes,"<sup>8</sup> and this may be taken to be true not only because of their irregular verse form but also because of the serious mood and tone which they reflect.

Some interesting questions arise over a group of lyrics that first appeared in what Kastner calls the 1614 edition of the *Poems*,<sup>9</sup> and were then suppressed by Drummond. They do not occur in any other edition published during his lifetime. There are eighteen of these pieces, containing one sonnet, seven madrigals, and a number of epigrams. Most of them add nothing to Drummond's reputation or our delight, and we can well understand why the poet would not care to have them appear again under his name. One of the madrigals, however, ranks among his best. It would seem to have been written after the death of Mary Cunningham.

Trees happier farre than I,  
 Which haue the Grace to heaue your Heads so hie,  
 And ouer-look those Plaines;

Grow till your Branches kisse that lofty Skie  
Which her (sweet Her) contains.  
There make her know mine endlesse Loue, and Paines,  
And how these Teares which from mine Eyes doe fall,  
Helpt you to rise so Tall:  
Her tell, as once I for her sake lou'd Breath,  
So for her sake I now court lingring Death.

The poem occurs in this early edition among other songs and sonnets that celebrate his grief for his dead mistress. Most of these pieces are reproduced in the 1616 edition of the *Poems*, but this madrigal does not reappear. All the textual evidence would indicate that it was written after Mary Cunningham's death. But the most reliable biographers of Drummond, Masson and Ward, give 1615 as the probable date of that unhappy event. Masson says that "the terrible blow of her death must have occurred in or near 1615."<sup>10</sup> On the basis of an entry in the *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland* that would seem to indicate that Drummond and John Scott of Scotstarvet were spending the Lenten season of 1615 together in somewhat festive manner, Ward says, "I should be inclined to put the death of Miss Cunningham later in the year."<sup>11</sup> If we accept these statements, then we are forced to conclude that the earliest edition of the poems which celebrate her death was published no earlier than 1615, which Kastner allows only as a possibility,<sup>12</sup> and perhaps even in the early part of 1616.

Whatever the bibliographical considerations may be, however, our chief interest in the present madrigal lies in the fact that it is one of the first of a third type of madrigal which Drummond wrote. We have seen already the clever and melodic but passionless madrigals that came from his pen before he met Miss Cunningham. Then came the group of ten more somber and stately madrigals that sing of his love. After her death he continued to write madrigals, but they, along with the sonnets of the same period, take on an even

heavier tone than those of the second type. The effect of the great loss was to bring into full prominence in his poetry the heavy, philosophical mood which pervades nearly all of his work from this time on. This madrigal partakes of that mood in expressing his grief and the still lingering love which he feels. His concern is primarily with his own emotions; he has not yet begun to turn to the spiritual and philosophical considerations of some of the later madrigals. But even with the slower pace and solemn note, there is no lessening of the melodic quality. The melody is merely the richer for having the mournful subject. The emotional involvement of the poet has not shaken his control over form and language.

The rest of the madrigals in this group have little to distinguish them from hundreds of other amatory lyrics that had belabored the subject of love. They handle in a sprightly and amusing manner the loves of Narcissa and Aurora, Nais and Dorus, but their charm lies in their melodic brightness rather than in their matter.

As might be expected, the five madrigals of the *Poems*, the Second Part, are grieving lyrics which have a peculiarly haunting note running through them. There is almost no bitterness in his sorrow. Rather, he is passively resigned and a little incredulous too.

The Beautie and the Life,  
 Of *Lifes*, and *Beauties* fairest Paragon  
 (O Teares! O Griefe!) hang at a feeble Thread,  
 To which pale *Atropos* had set her Knife,  
 The Soule with many a Grone  
 Had left each outward Part,  
 And now did take his last Leave of the Heart,  
 Nought else did want, saue *Death*, euen to be dead:  
 When the afflicted Band about her Bed  
 (Seeing so faire him come in Lips, Cheekes, Eyes)  
 Cried, *ah!* and can *Death* enter *Paradise*?

He joins the turtle dove in mourning the loss of love ("Poore Turtle, thou bemonest"), and he now explains the blackness of the night by the fact that "those matchlesse Eyes" no longer shine on the earth. In only one of these madrigals does he rise from the particular experience to general observation.

This Life which seemes so faire,  
Is like a Bubble blowen up in the Aire,  
By sporting Childrens Breath,  
Who chase it euery where,  
And striue who can most Motion it bequeath:  
And though it sometime seeme of its owne Might  
(Like to an Eye of gold) to be fix'd there,  
And firme to houer in that emptie Hight,  
That only is *because it is so light*,  
But in that Pompe it doth not long appeare:  
For euen when most admir'd, it in a Thought  
As swell'd from nothing, doth dissolue in nought.

The figure is taken from a madrigal of Guarini,<sup>13</sup> but the development and statement are Drummond's own. It is one of the ideas which is most often expressed in the later work of the poet, and nowhere is it expressed with more felicity than in this figure. After the death of Mary Cunningham, the world did crumble for Drummond, and one of the basic principles of his view of life was the illusory and corrupt quality of earthly existence. From this negative statement he progresses to a more positive attitude in later poetry, but his initial reaction was one of disenchantment and deprecation.

One of the last cries of his purely personal grief is found in the last madrigal of this section of his poetry. It is a graceful blending of his despair with the world and tender tribute to his love.

My Thoughts hold mortall Strife,  
I doe detest my Life,

And with lamenting Cries  
 (Peace to my Soule to bring)  
 Oft calles that Prince which here doth Monarchise,  
 But Hee grimme-grinning King,  
 Who Catiues scornes, and doth the Blest surprise  
     Late hauing deckt with *Beauties* Rose his Tombe,  
     Disdaines to croppe a Weede, and will not come.

With this song of sorrow Drummond frees himself of any morbid preoccupation with his own personal tragedy. In none of his later poems do we find him dwelling on the death of Mary Cunningham as a person. Her fate becomes symbolic of a larger fate which overcomes man and all things mortal. The events which had befallen him are seen to be but part of a larger pattern, and his view of that pattern is most clearly set forth in the spiritual songs of "Urania" and *Flowres of Sion*.

Religious and moral themes had not been wanting in madrigal literature from the early days of its appearance in Italy. Nearly all the Italian madrigalists had written songs on the moral state of the world, or songs to the Virgin and the Son, or praises to the Father. The subject-matter of these lyrics was not exclusively amatory. It will be remembered that when the madrigal came to England, one of the first songbooks to appear was William Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonnets and Songs of Sadness and Pietie*, in 1588. It is true that the madrigal was used primarily in England as a form for the expression of light and amorous matter, but there were many examples of the more serious madrigal which dealt with moral and religious themes. Drummond, therefore, was not stepping outside the madrigal tradition when he chose the madrigal as one of the forms in which to express the deep change of thought and attitude which came over him in 1615.

Drummond's madrigals of this period are few in number, but they are uniformly excellent. The poet is in full command of his powers, and besides, the poems have a depth of feeling

and conviction which adds to the poignant melodic beauty of them. In only one is there a trace of bitterness or harshness, and that one is an adaptation from Marino.

*Astrea* in this Time  
 Now doth not liue, but is fled up to Heauen;  
 Or if shee liue, it is not without Crime  
 That shee doth use her Power,  
 And shee is no more Virgine, but a Whoure,  
 Whoure prostitue for Gold:  
 For shee doth neuer holde her Ballance euen,  
 And when her Sword is roll'd,  
     The Bad, Injurious, False, shee not o'rethrowes,  
     But on the Innocent lets fall her Blowes.

The indignation here is a little strong for the madrigal, and Drummond omitted it from the *Flowres of Sion*, which came out seven years after "Urania," of the 1616 *Poems*. The five which appear in the *Flowres* express more clearly the gentleness of the Drummond temper and the other-worldly quality of his thought. The first one in the series is close in mood to an earlier madrigal, "This Life which seemes so Faire."

Life a right shadow is,  
 For if it long appeare,  
 Then is it spent, and Deathes long Night drawes neare;  
 Shadows are mouing, light,  
 And is there ought so mouing as is this?  
 When it is most in Sight,  
 It steales away, and none can tell how, where,  
 So neare our Cradles to our Coffines are.

A sterner view of the nature of the life of this world is given in a madrigal which is taken from one of Valerio Belli's, the Italian text of which appears in Drummond's own hand in the Hawthornden MSS.<sup>14</sup>

This world a Hunting is,  
 The Pray poore Man, the *Nimrod* fierce is Death,  
 His speedie Grei-hounds are,

Lust, sicknesse, Enuie, Care,  
 Strife that neere falles amisse,  
 With all those ills which haunt vs while wee breath.  
 Now, if (by chance) wee flie  
 Of these the eager Chase,  
 Old Age with stealing Pace,  
 Castes vp his Nets, and there wee panting die.

But even here the grimness of the picture is tempered somewhat by a strange air of resignation to the fact as well as by the rhythmic flow and variety of the lines. In all these madrigals one has the feeling that it is the music which is the most important feature. Dark and melancholy as their subjects may be, there is yet a pleasing and soft delight in the sheer melody of the lyrics. They sing with dying falls, perhaps, and in minor keys, but there is still music of a pure and quiet beauty.

When the love of Mary Cunningham was denied him, Drummond forswore all the claims that other earthly beauties might make on him, but he did not deny the power of all love. His loyalty was merely redirected from temporal love to that eternal love which only the blest could know. Disillusioned as he was by his own bitter experience, he was only the more impressed with what the joy must be of a love which knew not time or change, but was ever full and constant.

Loue which is heere a Care,  
 That Wit and Will doth marre,  
 Vncertaine Truce, and a most certaine Warre;  
 A shrill tempestuous Winde,  
 Which doth disturbe the minde,  
 And like wilde Waues our designs all commoue:  
 Among those Powres aboue,  
 Which see their Makers Face,  
 It a contentment is, a quiet Peace,  
 A Pleasure voide of Griefe, a constant Rest,  
 Eternall Ioy, which nothing can molest.

It is this eternal joy which becomes Drummond's constant concern in these spiritual poems. The plan of preparation for the life of heaven had all been made clear and accessible to man. The death of Christ had made possible the eternal life of the soul, but belief in such a doctrine required an act of faith rather than an effort of the reason.<sup>15</sup> As he sees all the world changing about him and the time growing short, he exhorts his soul to bethink itself of its final destiny.

New doth the Sunne appeare,  
The Mountaines Snowes decay,  
Crown'd with fraile Flowres foorth comes the Babye Yeare.  
My Soule, Time postes away,  
And thou yet in that Frost  
Which Flowre and fruit hath lost,  
As if all heere immortall were, dost stay:  
For shame thy Powers awake,  
Looke to that Heauen which neuer Night makes blacke,  
And there, at that immortall Sunnes bright Rayes,  
Decke thee with Flowers which fear not rage of Dayes.

On this deeply religious note Drummond closes his period of madrigal composition. He has come a long way from the days when he wrote entirely of idyllic scenes of a rural life that never was and held up to playful ridicule the weaknesses and deceits of lovers everywhere. But in some things he has been constant. He has never lost his musical touch, his sure command over cadence, or his skillful fitting of idea to form. It may be felt that the grave matter of the later madrigals is a bit heavy for this light structure of the madrigal form, but even at his most serious Drummond never forgets that the madrigal is an instrument of song.

About thirty-five madrigals have appeared in editions of Drummond's works which came out after his death. Edward Phillips obtained ten from manuscript and other sources; the 1711 folio contains one; David Laing produced fourteen

from the Hawthornden MSS and published them in *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*; <sup>16</sup> and Kastner culled nine more from the manuscripts in preparing his edition of the poetical works. All of them are included in Kastner's edition, which is the most comprehensive to appear so far. There are still others in the Hawthornden MSS, but few of them are worth exposing to the light of day.<sup>17</sup>

In general, these posthumous madrigals have little in them that deserves comment. The great majority of them are on conventional and outworn themes of love and dalliance. For the most part they are inferior in quality to those which Drummond himself saw through the press, and it would appear that Drummond exercised sound critical judgment in his selection of songs for publication. There are only three which deal with more serious subjects. One is an uninspired defense of the good life; <sup>18</sup> a second, an adaptation from the French poet Jodelle, observes the transitory quality of earthly beauty; a third is a somber but beautiful statement on the sadness of this world.

Hard Laws of mortall Life!  
To which made Thrales, we come without consent  
Like Tapers lighted to be early spent,  
Our Griefes are alwaies rife,  
When joyes but halting march, and swiftly fly  
Like shadows in the Eye:  
The shadow doth not yeeld unto the Sun,  
But Joyes and Life do waste even when begun.

To Drummond, then, the madrigal was not just a light song to be used to voice his gladness and joy in love and nature. Most of his madrigals are of this type, and many of them are of great delicacy and wit and grace. But by temperament he did not move easily in this field. Most of these lighter madrigals are the products of his youth, when he was yet an apprentice in the art of versifying. As he grew older and as life molded his character and temper into clearer and more

definite lines, the madrigal became for him, as did the sonnet, an ode and a hymn for the expression of the more philosophic and religious bent of his nature. We love the ripple and sparkle of the early love lyrics, but we have in its place a richer, mellower music that is even more satisfying, because it comes as a fuller expression of the poet himself.

### EPIGRAMS

The epigram as a literary type is one of the more difficult genres to reduce to a particular definition or even to an accepted set of characteristics. It is generally regarded as being a short poem, highly polished, dealing with a single thought or subject and ending with a witty and usually satiric point or thrust. But historically, at least, such limitations are hardly warrantable. From the early simplicity of the Greek inscriptions composed for monuments or tombstones or votive offerings, the epigram of the Greek Anthology had developed into a literary form of considerable flexibility and sophistication. Although brevity and conciseness remained as characteristics, it tended to grow beyond the usual couplet of an inscription. As living persons and present scenes were celebrated, the spirit became lighter and the subjects broader, until we find in the Anthology epigrams ranging from the lightest humor to bitter invective or dignified praise. The collection is predominantly made up of graceful reflections on love and beauty, life and death, soft cries of sorrow and bereavement, and sweet songs of the present pleasures of the world, but the epigrams contained there are by no means confined to such subjects or moods. The variety of the lyrics, even at this early period, makes it difficult to establish a definition of the form.

In the hands of the Latin epigrammatists of the first century of the Christian era, the epigram became even broader in scope and style. Martial, probably the greatest single name in the history of the epigram, used it both as a club and as a

rapier in writing of the affairs of the more sophisticated circles—literary, political, social—in Rome. With a nearly faultless skill in the form and style of language and with a wit that could be witheringly acute and unprincipled, he exposed to the cold gaze of a pitiless world the foolishness and foppery, the vanities and vagaries of the muddy life that flowed about him. No vice was too perverted or mean for his attention; as a result many critics have been revolted by his coarseness and obscenity. Petty literary quarrels, physical deformity, infidelity, poverty, knavery, beggary, and buggery—all were skewered on the keen point of his wit and held up wriggling for a fascinated public to see. But the bitterly satiric and malicious epigram does not represent Martial fairly or fully. He included in his range the innocent jest and pun, expressions of full-hearted devotion to friends and lovers, warming vignettes of the simple pleasures of country life, and extravagant flattery of the emperors under whom he lived. He has a refreshing objectivity about himself and about the very social mores and customs which he accepted and by which he was governed. His range is wide, indeed, but he dwells for the most part on the lusty, the earthy, the realistic aspects of life in Rome. Since the pointed satiric epigram preponderates in his work, his influence has been almost entirely in the direction of the witty and sharp thrust at the eccentricities and manners of men and society. In fact, the differences between the Greek and the Latin epigrammatists are so pronounced that they represent two distinct streams of influence on later epigrammatic literature. T. K. Whipple summarizes the differences between Martial and the Greek Anthology in this way:

In spite of the fact that Martial's epigrams and the Anthology have much in common, it is not at all difficult, in practice, to distinguish their respective influences. Generally speaking, in comparison with Martial, the Anthology deals less with the details of city life, inclines less to social satire, in style is less per-

sonal and individual, less colloquial, less heightened with rhetorical devices. It is more imaginative and emotional—in short, more poetic. It is especially characterized by a lively play of poetic fancy, and abounds in *jeux d'esprit* dealing with mythology, works of art, and natural curiosities. Containing less of the satirical, it inclines rather to the purely humorous, to the epigram which recounts a funny story or a clever bit of repartee. The gnomic element in the Anthology is larger than in Martial; he, to be sure, often points an epigram with an aphorism, but he infrequently gives us an epigram that is sententious throughout. Martial, though he felt the city-dweller's liking for country life, was less keenly alive than the Greek epigrammatists to the beauties of nature. Finally, love-poems—almost altogether absent from Martial's work—constitute one of the largest classes in the Anthology.<sup>19</sup>

He goes on to point out that in addition to the body of classical epigrammatic literature, other sources of influence on English writers of epigrams were the numerous collections of medieval and post-medieval *exempla*, *fabliaux*, jestbooks, and sentences which attacked vices and types of men and pointed moral lessons; the neo-Latin epigrams of the Renaissance, which drew more heavily on Greek and medieval sources than on Martial; and finally the continental vernacular lyric, which gathered many of its words and ideas from classical and renaissance epigrams and tended thereby to blur the distinctions between the lyric and the epigram.<sup>20</sup>

With this great diversity of subject matter, style, and source for the epigram, it would require a hardy soul indeed to venture a definition of the type. The definition would be either broken by the wide variety of examples that could be brought to it or so hedged about with conditions and exceptions as to make it nearly useless. Paul Nixon has sifted the facts about as thoroughly as anyone and has come up with a pitifully small residue.

What, then, is the epigram? . . . It would be delightful if this long discussion inevitably led to a really adequate epigrammatic

definition of the epigram, complete, yet compact. But it does not. In Greek, Latin, and modern literature, in all three, though in varying proportions, the epigram may be the solemn epitaph or some savage travesty; it may be a neat compliment or a satirical thrust; it may be, in content, a dainty love poem, an elegy, an amusing incident, a moral or philosophical reflection, a fugitive piece, an occasional poem on "some single striking idea or circumstance," often hardly to be distinguished from the lyric. But no matter what be its content, we may usually expect it to be reasonably short and to end with some graceful, ingenious, pointed, weighty, witty, or satirical turn of thought to which its preceding lines lead up; we may always expect it to end with at least some rather special emphasis. . . .<sup>21</sup>

We are left, then, clutching rather pathetically to the two facts that the epigram is usually, but not always, a short poem, and that it ends "with at least some rather special emphasis." These observations do not give us much that is useful in distinguishing between epigrams and other poetic types, but they are at least sound observations.

When the epigram begins to appear in English, in the works of Wyatt, Surrey, Grimald, and Turberville, the main discernible influences are continental vernacular lyrics, medieval aphorisms and sentences, and, through the writings of the neo-Latin epigrammatists of the Renaissance, the Greek Anthology. There are bits of Martial scattered through these early writers, but for the most part they lean toward the reflective and sententious type of epigram, which is more closely akin to medieval and Greek sources. The first appearance in force of Martial is in Thomas Kendall's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, in 1577. Not only does Martial supply the bulk of the originals for the translations in the volume, but he is acknowledged in the preface to be the most excellent of the epigrammatists. The Anthology and the Renaissance Latinists are also represented in the book, but Martial far outweighs them in the number of poems supplied as well as in the importance accorded him as a writer of epigrams. But

Martial was not immediately popular in England. Even though Kendall had deleted the rougher epigrams from his selections from the Roman poet, his lewdness and looseness were still a little too much for Elizabethan tastes. It was not until the very end of the century that he reappeared in the work of men like Jonson, Davies, Harington, and Bastard, who found in Martial and the Roman satirists a corrective for the extravagance and ornateness of the prose romances and the conceit-full mouthings of the Petrarchists, which had threatened to stifle a certain native bluntness and honesty in the English temper.

There was, besides, much in the economic, political, and social life of the end of the sixteenth century for the satirists to attack, and many of the best poets of the day found in the epigram of Martial's type a neat and sharp weapon for their purposes. As the form was used more and more for purely satiric thrusts at characters and customs of the time, it acquired a none too savory reputation. In the second of his epigrams published in 1616, Ben Jonson says, in an address to his book:

It will be look'd for, booke, when some but see  
Thy title, *Epigrammes*, and nam'd of mee,  
Thou should'st be bold, licentious, full of gall,  
Wormwood, and sulphure, sharpe, and tooth'd withall;  
Become a petulant thing, hurle inke, and wit,  
As mad-men stones: not caring whom they hit.<sup>22</sup>

And yet in his dedication of the book to the Earl of Pembroke he calls his epigrams "the ripest of my studies."<sup>23</sup> He was fully aware of the fact that they sprang directly from his study of and devotion to the great Roman epigrammist.

By the early seventeenth century, then, the epigram had come to be identified mainly with the short, witty, and usually satiric poem, akin in spirit, form, and purpose to the epigrams of Martial. But the influence of the Greek Anthology and the Renaissance epigrammatists had not disappeared

entirely. This more emotional, more personal and subjective kind of epigram had been largely absorbed in the spate of short lyrics, songs, and madrigals that flowed from the pens of the poets of the period. This mingling of Greek epigram and English madrigal was so thorough that it is often difficult if not impossible to draw a clear line between the two. They deal with the same kind of subjects—love, rural life, amusing incidents, mythological figures and their achievements, statues and paintings—in much the same spirit of harmless wit or gentle praise or full devotion. In form, too, they are often indistinguishable, being short, irregular, and highly polished.<sup>24</sup>

The collection of epigrams which appeared in Drummond's *Poems*, 1616, shows for the most part the influence of the Greek Renaissance type of epigram. Several of them have been shown to be translations or adaptations from French or Italian epigrammatic literature.<sup>25</sup> The range of subject matter is wide, extending from the simplest epitaph, through clever observations on statues and paintings, to the most ribald jests. There is a primitive simplicity in the following epitaph that recalls the inscriptional verses of the Anthology.

This deare (though not respected) Earth doth hold  
One for his Worthe, whose Tombe should bee of Gold.

This is not a good epigram, but it has the qualities of brevity, gravity, and emotional sincerity that place it clearly in the Greek tradition. In the same vein, this time a tribute to a living person, is the following verse.

Svch Lida is that who Her sees  
Through Enuie, or through Loue straight dies.

But such gentle and gracious epigrams can hardly be considered typical of this collection. Drummond is much more interested in toying, for instance, with classical themes and subjects. He obviously takes great delight in building up a kind of riddling epigram of this sort.

A Horse I am, whom Bit,  
 Raine, Rod, nor Spurre, not feare;  
 When I my Riders beare,  
 Within my Wombe, not on my Backe they sit:  
 No Streames I drinke, nor care for Grasse, nor Corne,  
*Arte* mee a Monster wrought,  
 All *Natures* Workes to scorne:  
 A Mother, I was without Mother borne,  
 In End all arm'd my Father I forth brought:  
 What thousand Ships, and Champions of Renowne,  
 Could not doe free, I captiue raz'd a Towne.

And of course the reader is charmed to find that it is the Trojan horse that has such paradoxical qualities. Another epigram (No. 18) deals with the cannon, but the effort is rather pointless and ineffectual. He adapts an epigram on the "Statue of Adonis" (No. 51) from Volpi, and one on the "Statue of Venus Sleeping" (No. 42) from Tabourot, and he writes one of his own on a similar theme, "The Pourtrait of Mars and Venus."

Faire *Paphos* wanton Queene,  
 Not drawne in White and Red,  
 Is truly heere, as when in *Vlcans* Bed  
 She was of all *Heauens* laughing *Senate* seene:  
 Gaze on her Haire, and Eine,  
 Her Browes, the Bowes of *Loue*,  
 Her backe with *Lillies* spred:  
 And yee should see her turne, and sweetly moue,  
 But that Shee neither so will doe, nor darre,  
 For feare to wake the angrie God of Warre.

One wonders whether this is the same portrait about which he had written to a friend from Paris that in it "*Mars* is surprized by the *Lemnian*, and the Senate of the Gods are all laughing."<sup>26</sup> It is representative of a kind of epigram, very popular in the Renaissance, which is built around some witty observation on a work of art dealing with classical matter.

Few of them have the terseness and point that we ordinarily expect in epigrams, but the epigrammatists evidently enjoyed this light handling of antiquity.

Nearly all the other epigrams in the section use classical names and subjects, but the treatment is much lighter and gayer. There is an innocent little distich on Narcissus.

Flouds cannot quench my Flames, ah! in this Well  
I burne, not drowne, for what I cannot tell.

But usually the wit tends more to the ribald and bawdy, as when Clorus addresses a grove.

Old Oake, and you thicke Groue,  
I euer shall you loue,  
With these sweet-smelling Briers,  
For Briers, Oake, Groue, yee crowned my Desires,  
When underneath your Shade  
I left my Woe, and *Flore* her Maidenhead.

There is a touch of acid in his comments on Lina's virginity.

Who *Lina* weddeth, shall most happie bee,  
For hee a Maide shall finde,  
Though Maiden none bee shee,  
A Girle, or Boy, beneath her Waste confinde:  
And though bright *Ceres* Lockes bee neuer shorne  
Hee shall be sure this Yeere to lacke no *Corne*.

But he is debonaire about the sad fate of the husband who is the victim of infidelity. This is called "Cornucopia."

If for one only Horne  
Which *Nature* to him gaue,  
So famous is the noble *Vnicorne*?  
What Praise should that Man haue,  
Whose Head a Ladie braue  
Both with a goodlie Paire at once adorne?

There are several examples in which the concern with sexual matters seems much more important than the wit of the

epigram and we have little more than obscenity, as in No. 17, "Of Dametas," or No. 57, "*Thais* Metamorphose," or No. 38, "Of Nisa." Sometimes Drummond tries his wit on a subject that does not well take humorous treatment and the result has much of the coarseness which is often associated with Martial's epigrams, as No. 8, "Alcons Kisse."

What others at their Eare  
Two Pearles *Camilla* at her Nose did weare,  
Which *Alcon* who nought saw  
(For Loue is blinde) robb'd with a prettie Kisse,  
But hauing knowne his Misse,  
And felt what Ore hee from that Mine did draw,  
When shee to charge againe him did desire,  
Hee fled, and said, *foule Water quenched Fire.*

No. 22, "A Iest," has much the same quality. These epigrams, of course, have none of the literary quality of Martial's verses, nor do they have the personal tone and keen observation which many of his epigrams have. One of the outstanding characteristics of the Roman poet's work is that it gives a view of the life of the time, without the distortion of emotional involvement. Even when he is more bitingly eloquent, there is a cool lucidity in the portrait he draws or in the scene he portrays. This passionlessness Drummond does not have. He is a poet of emotion, and when he tries to compose by his wit alone, the chances are he will not be very successful. In these early epigrams, especially, there are only flashes of the spirit that fills Martial. In No. 61, "Melampvs Epitaph," there is something of his subtlety combined with a thrust at the end which serves to annihilate its subject.

All that a Dog could haue  
The good *Melampus* had:  
Nay, hee had more than what in Beasts wee craue,  
For hee could playe the Braue,  
And often like a *Thraso*, but heard him barke,  
Yee would haue sworne hee was your Parish Clarke.

This and No. 22, "A Iest," are about the only epigrams of the 1616 edition that show any connection with English or Scottish life of the early seventeenth century. The connection even in these two is tenuous enough, but in the others there is only an intellectual wit playing with conventional literary themes and characters. The later epigrams, as we shall see, were drawn more directly from the contemporary scene and have a caustic, biting quality which is almost entirely lacking in those that Drummond himself saw through the press. In these early years he seems to have been consciously literary and heavily dependent on tradition, the tradition which came to him through the neo-Latin epigrammatists of the Renaissance.

In addition to these early epigrammatic pieces, there are a number of poems that fill in the area between epigram and madrigal. As we have seen, John Erskine explains this by saying that the English madrigal tended toward the epigram, partly because of Wyatt's example, and partly because of the usual couplet ending which encouraged an epigrammatic turn.<sup>27</sup> T. K. Whipple concurs in this judgment when he says:

It [the madrigal] tended more and more in form toward the epigram, and came often to borrow its material from epigrammatic literature, especially from the Greek Anthology and imitations of it. Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* contains two epigram-madrigals derived indirectly from the Anthology and illustrative of this tendency. The union of the madrigal and the epigram reached its completion in the work of Drummond of Hawthornden, who, though later than the period we are discussing, is recognized as essentially an Elizabethan.<sup>28</sup>

He goes on to point out that the very fact that Drummond printed his epigrams and madrigals together indicates that even to the poet there was no clearly distinguishable line dividing the two types of poem. And this impression is confirmed when we try to classify the pieces in this collection.

There are many that have important traits of both types, and it makes little difference whether we regard them as epigrammatic madrigals or as madrigal-epigrams. The important fact to be noted is that the two traditions worked closer and closer together until in the poems of Drummond they are almost inseparably fused into a single type.

The epigram was one of the few poetic forms that Drummond continued to write throughout his life. After the *Flowres of Sion*, 1630, he published only two other bits of verse: *The Entertainment of the High and Mighty Monarch Charles*, written for the reception of the King to Edinburgh in 1633 and published in the same year; and *To the Exequies*, a pastoral elegy on Sir Anthony Alexander, son of Sir William Alexander, published at Edinburgh in 1638. Neither of these pieces has much poetic merit, and it would seem that the springs of Drummond's inspiration had pretty well dried up by the year 1623, when the first edition of the *Flowres* appeared. But he continued to write epigrams till late in his life, there being at least three that seem to have clear references to events of 1645,<sup>29</sup> just four years before his death. The epitaphs are the best of this group of later epigrams. These particular ones cannot be identified as to subject or time, but they have fine qualities of simplicity and tenderness.

Fame, Register of Tyme,  
Write in thy scrowles, that I,  
A wisdome louver, and sweet poesie,  
Was croped in my Prime,  
And ripe in worth, though scarce in yeares, did die.

And this on the death of a woman of no particular station or note, apparently, but of great goodness:

Within the Closure of this Narrow Grave  
Lye all those Graces a Good-wife should have:  
But on this Marble they shall not be read,  
For then the Living envy would the Dead.

There are other, longer elegiac pieces which are not without poetic merit. As we have seen, the subject of death had peculiar fascination for Drummond, and many of his best poems deal with that theme. These elegies, however, do not properly come under the heading of epigrams, and can be better treated elsewhere.

Most of the epigrams of this later period are drawn from the complicated and disturbing religious and political troubles that beset England and Scotland in the late 1630's and 1640's. Drummond was a royalist, a conservative, a man of retiring disposition, who had no desire to be drawn into the turbulent course of events. He had made his decision years before to retire to the quiet pleasures of Hawthornden, and time had done nothing to alter that decision. But events would not leave him to his own pleasures. He was called upon to sign the Covenant against any imposition of episcopal rule upon Scotland by the English; he was expected to supply certain men and monies for the Scottish cause against the invader; and his property was frequently threatened with plundering by the oddly assorted troops who roamed the countryside. There was no peace even in the dim retreats of Hawthornden. But he could look down on all this mad sallying back and forth with great scorn and disdain, and it was this feeling that called forth many of the caustic epigrams in his later writings. They spring directly from the situation in which he was involved, and hence have something of the vigor and realism and individuality of Martial's epigrams. They by no means approach Martial in quality; in fact there are very few of them that have any literary merit at all. It is in their spirit of irony and their occasional savagery of attack that they show their kinship to the Roman poet.

There is fine mockery in the lines which he wrote on the religious differences between the Scots and the English.

The scottish kirke the English church doe name,  
The english church the Scotese a kirke doe call;

Kirke and not Church, church and not kirke, O shame!  
Your kappa turne to chi, or perishe all:  
Assemblies meet, post Bishopes to the court;  
If these two Nations fight, its strangeres sport.

He could not feel that the stated issues were worth all the pain and waste they caused. Some right and some wrong lay on both sides, and he could not understand how men could be so violently sure of their positions.

Great lyes they preach who tell the church cannot err,  
Lesse lyes, who tell the king's not head of her;  
Great lyes, who saye we may shed bretherens blood,  
Lesse lyes, who tell dombe bishopes are not good;  
Great lyes they preach, saye we for Religion fight,  
Lesse lyes who saye the king does nothing right;  
Great lyes & less lyes, fooles will saye heere I  
Play on Mens nailes. Who sayes so doth not lie.

When a levy was laid upon him to supply so many men to the Scottish army to fight against the king, his quota depending on his land holdings and his estate covering three different shires, the figures were put to him in halves and quarters, not in round numbers. He then wrote the following epigram for the king:

Of all these Rebelles raisd against the king  
It's my strange hap not one whole man to bring:  
From diuerse parishes yet diuerse men;  
For all in halfes and quarteres: Great king, then,  
In halfes and quarteres sith they come gainst Thee,  
In halfes and quarteres send them back to mee.

Drummond was not such an ardent Royalist that he was blind to the king's faults. He was sure in principle that the king's cause was right, but he was also sure that loyalty to the king was not enough to assure safety.

The king good subiectes can not saue: then tell  
Which is the best, to obeye or to rebell?

Nor did he always approve of the king's judgment.

Behold (O Scots!) the reueries of your King;  
Those hee makes Lordes who should on gibbetes hing.

There is here the same kind of objective examination of the causes and customs which he accepted as that we find in Martial. The polish is not there, nor is the fine rhetorical brilliance, but there is the crushing honesty and directness which hesitates at nothing.

Individuals and types also came in for their share of abuse. When John Pym, the notorious Parliamentarian, died, in 1643, Drummond remembered him thus:

When Pime last night descended into Hell,  
Ere hee his coupes of Lethè did carouse,  
What place is this (said hee) I pray mee tell?  
To whom a Diuell: This is the lower howse.

Andrew Ramsay, an ardent Covenanter, was suspected of having motives that were none too pure.

Rames ay runne backward when they would aduance;  
Who knowes if Ramsay may find such a chance,  
By playing the stiff Puritane, to weare,  
A Bishopes rocket yet another yeare.

Doctors, cooks, lawyers, preachers, puritans—all are held up to exposure and scorn that is brutal, if not always sharp.

The old man was living in days that were far removed from the time when his idealism, his passion for beauty in all its forms, and his love of studious retirement could be indulged. A brawling, restless world has sought him out and shattered the calm in which he had hoped to live out his days. It is not surprising, then, that the man whose delicate wit had "always run on the Pleasantness and Usefulness of History, and on the Fame and Softness of Poetry"<sup>30</sup> should have become a bit irascible and short-tempered. History in the making is usually much less "pleasant" than history in the books, and certainly the "fame" and "softness" of the poetry written by

poets like Petrarch, Marino, Ronsard, and Sidney could hardly be felt in a world torn by violence and inhabited by pygmies. He almost disowned that world, but not quite, for the very fact that he was moved to lash out at it as he did proves that he felt it very close to him. The aspiration and idealism of earlier years gave way to a somewhat cynical and ironic view of the present state of men and affairs. The singer of sweet-sad songs of love and beauty became another, but a considerably lesser Martial, to flog and flay a world grown coarse and corrupt. He lacks the sharp humor, the moral indifference, the brilliant rhetorical finish of Martial; there is no comparing them as purely literary artists. Drummond's humor more often than not tends to be leaden and awkward, and he does not attain the objectivity of Martial. But the roughness of his verses seems to have been intentional, for he called them "Skeltonicall verses, or dogrel rimes."<sup>31</sup> The matter of them required no finer treatment. It is in the spirit of these epigrams that Drummond is identified with the Roman rather than with the Renaissance or Greek tradition. And even though as poetry they do not rank even close to his earlier work, they do give us a fuller and more varied picture of the man and his times.

## Chapter IV

### SONGS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES

#### OCCASIONAL PIECES

ALONG WITH OTHER POETS of his time, Drummond was accustomed to use specific events or occasions as subjects for his poetry. The very first verse he published, *Teares on the Death of Moeliades*, 1613, was written on an event that shocked the whole nation—the sudden death of James I's elder son, Prince Henry; and the last piece which appeared in his lifetime, *To the Exequies of . . . Sir Antonye Alexander*, 1638, he had written to commemorate the death of the second son of his dearest friend, the Earl of Stirling. Between these two elegies, there are numerous poems that had their origin in particular happenings of varying importance. It is not without significance that the poems that open and close Drummond's public career as poet are concerned with death, a subject that always had a peculiar fascination for him, as it had for the age in which he lived.

The accession of James to the English throne in 1603 had been an event of great gladness, especially in Scotland, where there was deep pride that one of their own monarchs had been chosen to join the two kingdoms in a single strong union. It was obvious to many that the political advantages of such a union were great and that there would be decided benefits to both countries. To predominantly Protestant England this joining of forces provided an added strength to contain the perennial menace of Catholicism. There must have been a feeling, too, in many quarters that it was time for a younger and more vigorous hand to take over the reins of government from the ailing Elizabeth, who had grown increasingly estranged from her parliament and her people in the latter

years of her glorious reign. James was received with enthusiasm, and the coronation, postponed till the spring of 1604 because of the plague, was an event rich in pageantry and traditional pomp.

James, however, was not the man to capture the hearts and stir the imaginations of his English subjects. His stubbornness of will, his emotional eccentricities, and his rigid concept of kingship tempered considerably the devotion of his subjects. From the very beginning it was the heir apparent, Prince Henry, who became the emotional center of English hopes and English aspirations. Even at the tender age of nine years he seems to have impressed all who knew him with his "noble and heroic" qualities, and as he grew up at the court he developed easily and naturally the traits most becoming in a royal prince and a leader of men. He was studious and grave in his pursuit of learning and the principles of statecraft. He was an ardent horseman and excelled in the performance of military games and exercises. Graceful in the dance, quick and witty in conversation, intensely loyal to his friends, modest in bearing, but possessed of a strong mind and firm convictions, he gave every indication of becoming a king who would equal the illustrious deeds of the best of England's past rulers.<sup>1</sup>

When Prince Henry was carried off by a sudden and violent fever, in November, 1612, at the age of eighteen, the country seemed stunned by the magnitude of its loss. Elegies, laments, and "tears" streamed from the press. Volumes of funeral sermons were written and several anthologies appeared.<sup>2</sup> John Donne, Thomas Campion, George Chapman, George Wither, and John Davies, among others, joined in the chorus of lamentation that arose all over England and Scotland. Notably absent were the voices of Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton, both of whom had known Henry and had praised him lavishly during his lifetime.

It is a little surprising that an event that had such a pro-

found emotional effect on the nation should have produced poetry of as little distinction as did Henry's death. On the whole the poets were uninspired. They used the same figures, stressed the same themes, and resorted to hyperbole in a tiresomely uniform manner. For some strange reason there never occurred the meeting of deep experience and genius that could translate that experience into great poetry. This fact, however, does not detract from Drummond's achievement in producing what is probably the most distinguished bit of verse written in the whole Island for the occasion.

Scotland was not without her tributes to the dead prince. From the press of Andro Hart in Edinburgh came three volumes of elegiac verse. The first was William Alexander's *An Elegy on the Death of Prince Henrie*, in 1612; the second, as Kastner seems to show clearly,<sup>3</sup> was William Drummond's *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* in 1613; and the third was an anthology of funereal pieces entitled *Mausoleum, or the Choicest Flowres of the Epitaphs, written on the Death of the never-too-much lamented Prince Henrie*, 1613. Alexander had for some years been a member of the Prince's household, and it was only natural that he, one of the best known of the Scottish poets, should produce an elegy to the memory of his friend and master. It is, unfortunately, an obviously labored effort, in Poulter's measure, and there is little in it to the credit of either the poet or the prince.

Drummond's elegy is poetry of a much higher order. It has a dignity and high solemnity well suited to the exalted character of its subject and the gravity of the occasion. The diction is elevated, the emotion is for the most part restrained, but nevertheless deep and moving, and the measured tread of the couplets is skillfully varied at times by the use of the refrain

*Moeliades* sweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore,  
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearlie Shore.

From the opening cry of astonishment and disbelief that such sorrow could be, the poem passes smoothly and naturally through a succession of moods and reflections to the address to the "Dear Ghost," secure in the bliss of Heaven, and on to the spirit of benediction that breathes through the last lines of the poem. The poet bids the "blessed Spright" to rest in the splendors of his new abode, and one feels a gradual leveling of the grief and passion as he does so. Control and calm return, and there is a note of serenity at the very end as the poet promises that as long as the sun rises

The Virgines to thy Tombe may Garlands beare  
Of Flowres, and on each Flowre let fall a Teare.

And the elegy closes with the intoning of the refrain.

It is true, of course, that the poem, written in the pastoral tradition, exhibits some of the vices as well as the virtues of that tradition. The artificiality of the nymph and shepherd convention, the sweeping and magniloquent exhortations to nature, and the high conceits of the piece tend at times to obscure the feeling of pity. Classical and mythological allusions, too, are so prodigally used that they stiffen the texture of the poem and so elaborately decorate the grief that at times it can be discerned only with difficulty. But all these are the excesses of an inexperienced poet working in a tradition that lends itself peculiarly to excess. Other, more mature heads had been led by it to mistake a clever conceit for poetry and hyperbole for passion. Drummond was making his first public appearance with this poem, and we can feel that he is not completely at ease in his new robes, but his occasional stiffness and self-consciousness are more than balanced by the depth of feeling and beauty of expression in the elegy.

Even in this early poem Drummond shows clearly those traits which dominate his work as a whole. In the first place, we note his remarkably sure control over the rhythmic flow of the lines. The iambic pentameter pattern is clearly drawn

and easily followed with little sense of strain or distortion. Even the strange inversions and forced elisions to which he resorted in some of his later pieces are not evident here. Occasionally the word order sounds a bit unnatural, as in the line "Deafe *Nilus* Dwellers had made heare thy Name," but here the inversion is rather for the sake of emphasis than to maintain the rhythmic pattern. He is careful, too, to avoid what might be a monotonous series of couplets by varying the caesura from the common position after the second foot to almost any other place in a given line. Nor is the iambic pattern too strictly followed. Frequently a line is introduced by a trochee, as in the line, "Raise whom they list to Thrones, enthron'd dethrone"; or a spondee, as in "Blacke *Darknesse* reeles o're all, in thousand Showres." By this constant varying of the metrical pattern and shifting of the pause, Drummond is able to attain freshness and variety and surprise. Close study of his prosody will show a skilled hand ordering the variations on a pattern which is nevertheless surely maintained.

A second prominent quality of the poem is the delicacy and gentleness of the tone and diction—what earlier critics called his "sweetness." From the opening cry of protest to the sounding of the final refrain the elegy is filled with a pervasive sense of pity and tenderness for the fate of the youth struck down at the moment of greatest promise. Moeliades had been in life the "bright *Day-Starre* of the *West*,/ A *Comet* blazing Terrour to the *East*," yet neither this nor his royal lineage had been able to defend him against death, and the poet finds a more fitting image in the flower.

So falles by Northerne Blast a virgine *Rose*,  
 At halfe that doth her bashfull Bosome close:  
 So a sweet *Flourish* languishing decayes,  
 That late did blush when kist by *Phoebus* Rayes:

Even the vigorous passage which questions the ways of heaven and sets forth the glories the prince might have known

in battle ends in gloomy resignation to the fact that so brave a knight should have been recalled from earth so soon. No real defiance marks the poet's attitude; he feels instead infinite regret and poignant loss. From this point on the prince is mentioned as the nurseling of the Forth, the darling of the Muses, the inspirer of love in human hearts. Drummond's language is skillfully adapted to the tenderness and melancholy of this mood.

In gloomie Gownes the *Starres* about deplore,  
The *Sea* with murmuring Mountaines beates the Shore.

The Forth "gaue her selfe to mourne," and the Clyde and Tweed "Did wound the *Ocean*, murmuring thy Death." The earth shook "to finde so soone / Her *Louer* set, and *Night* burst forth ere *Noone*." The imagery and description may be felt at times to be too lush and ornate, as in the flower passage, but the language itself is seldom at fault. Drummond exhibits his usual fine judgment in the choice of word and phrase that by sound and connotation sustain and reinforce the mood of the passage.

The chief interest of the poem, however, lies in the character of the thought back of it. It is not a deeply philosophic poem, to be sure, but there is in it a quality of speculative wonder which persists throughout all of Drummond's best work. His mind could never rest long with the mere external beauty of a star-filled sky, or with the bare fact of death or of the shifting tides in the affairs of men. Impelled by a vivid imagination and stirred by the extreme sensitiveness of his nature, he struggled toward a view that would comprehend not only the life of the here-and-now but also the life that was to be. As early as the ninth line of the elegy Drummond rises from the particular occasion to consideration of its universal implications.

O fading *Hopes*! O short-while-lasting Ioy!  
Of Earth-borne Man, which one Houre can destroy!  
Then euen of *Vertues* Spoyles *Death* Trophees reares,

As if hee gloried most in many Teares.  
 Forc'd by grimme *Destines*, *Heauens* neglect our Cryes,  
*Starres* seeme set only to acte *Tragoedies*:

Such sentiments might be considered merely conventional funeral rhetoric if we did not know that they formed the life-long basis of his view of the world. Far from being an expression of a momentary mood, they are the very substance of his settled distrust of the world and its attractions. We have already seen in his later, spiritual poems a more developed statement of this view; such an attitude is not too surprising in one who had had a tragic experience with the woman he loved. But in 1613 he was a young man of twenty-seven, with all his life before him and a more-than-adequate patrimony with which to conduct that life. True, he had given up a possible career at law in order to live secluded at Hawthornden, but one would hardly expect such a fortunate young man to come to so sad an estimate of the world about him. Later in the poem, in his address to the "Deare Ghost" of the prince, he confirms this view.

Thou wondrest *Earth* to see hang like a Ball,  
 Clos'd in the gastly *Cloyster* of this *All*:  
 And that poore *Men* should proue so madly fond,  
 To toss themselues for a small Foot of Ground.  
 Nay, that they euen dare braue the *Powers* aboue,  
 From this base *Stage* of Change, that cannot moue.  
 All worldly Pompe and Pride thou seest arise  
 Like Smoake, that scattreth in the emptie Skies.

This has the marks of an attitude toward life and death which was widespread in Elizabethan and seventeenth-century England. There may be much in it that is traditional and representative, rather than individual. But it was an attitude so consistently maintained by Drummond that it stands as one of the salient characteristics of his mind and temperament.

This gloomy mood persists only as long as Drummond contemplates the sad mortality of "all beneath the moon." When

he looks beyond, however, to the world of the spirit, where time and change cease to be, he reaches his highest level of poetic inspiration. In the spacious realms of eternal light his imagination glows in a way that reminds one of the "Weep no more" passage of *Lycidas*. To the departed prince, he says:

For thee the glistring Walles of *Heauen* doe keepe,  
 Beyond the *Planets* Wheelles, aboue that Source  
 Of Spheares, that turnes the lower in its Course,  
 Where *Sunne* doth neuer set, nor ugly *Night*  
 Euer appeares in mourning Garments dight:  
 Where *Boreas* stormie Trumpet doth not sound,  
 Nor Cloudes in Lightnings bursting, Minds astound.  
 From *Cares* cold Climates farre, and hote *Desire*,  
 Where *Time* is banish'd, *Ages* ne'er expire:  
 Amongst pure Sprights enuironed with Beames,  
 Thou think'st all things below to bee but Dreames,  
 And joy'st to looke downe to the azur'd Barres  
 Of *Heauen*, indented all with streaming *Starres*;  
 And in their turning *Temples* to behold,  
 In siluer Robe the *Moone*, the *Sunne* in Gold,  
 Like young Eye-speaking *Louers* in a Dance,  
 With Majestie by Turnes retire, advance,

Farre sweeter Songs thou hear'st and Carrolings,  
 Whilst *Heauens* doe dance, and *Quire* of *Angells* sings.

And turning even from the spectacle of the stars and the planets, he enters into the very presence of God.

Rest blessed *Spright*, rest saciate with the Sight  
 Of him, whose Beames both dazell and delight,  
*Life* of all Liues, *Cause* of each other Cause,  
 The *Spheare*, and *Center*, where the *Minde* doth pause:  
*Narcissus* of himselfe, himselfe the *Well*,  
*Louer*, and *Beautie*, that doth all excell.  
 Rest happie *Ghost*, and wonder in that *Glasse*,  
 Where seene is all that *shall be, is, or was*,

While *shall be, is, or was* doe passe away,  
And nought remaine but an *Eternall Day*.

Here are the qualities—light and space and timelessness—which always appealed to Drummond's "metaphysical mood." Released from "this base stage of change," his spirit could move with freedom and ease. Then his lines glow with the clarity and purity of his own vision. At such moments Drummond displays his true greatness as a poet of deep imaginative power and clear song.

The remaining three major occasional pieces do not require much comment. They have survived by virtue of Drummond's name rather than by any great merit of their own, and modern students would be little concerned with them if their author had not done better things.

"Forth Feasting," written to celebrate James I's visit to Scotland in 1617, was first published in that year, and reappeared in 1618 in a collection of verse called *The Muses Welcome*, honoring James. The poem, one of the longest Drummond ever wrote, is in 408 lines of decasyllabic couplets. The couplets are perfectly competent, as we would expect them to be, controlled, and well-paced, with enough rhythmic variation to avoid monotony. His skill in controlling his lines is demonstrated by the way he works a catalogue of rivers very smoothly into the verse.

Stone-rowling *Taye, Tine*, Tortoyse-like that flows,  
The pearlie *Don*, the *Deas*, the fertile *Spay*,  
Wild *Neuerne* which doth see our longest Day,  
*Nesse* smoaking-Sulphure, *Leaue* with Mountaines crown'd,  
Strange *Loumond* for his floting Isles renown'd:  
The irish *Rian, Ken*, the siluer *Aire*,  
The snakie *Dun*, the *Ore* with rushie Haire,  
The Chrystall-streaming *Nid*, lowd-bellowing *Clyd*,  
*Tweed* which no more our Kingdomes shall deuide:  
Ranke-swelling *Annan, Lid* with curled Streames,  
The *Eskes*, the *Solway* where they loose their Names,

To eu'rie one proclaime our Ioyes, and Feasts,  
 Our Triumphes; bid all come, and bee our Guests.  
 (ll. 52-64)

One is reminded of Spenser's more detailed description of a procession of rivers at the marriage of the Thames and the Medway in Book IV, canto xi, of the *Faerie Queene*, and, of course, of Milton's no more skillful use of rivers in lines 91-100 of the "Vacation Exercise."

The praises showered on James are extravagant and fulsome to the point almost of nausea. But who ever praised a reigning monarch in modest terms? Anything less than the highest is not praise at all. Most of the flattery of James is couched in generalities—his virtue, his justice, his ability to inspire love, and so forth. But some specific gifts are mentioned. The first—and most startling—of these is his skill in the hunt.

When Yeeres Thee vigour gaue, O then how cleare  
 Did smoothred Sparkles in bright Flames appeare?  
 Amongst the Woods to force a flying Hart,  
 To pearce the mountaine-Wolfe with feathred Dart,  
 See Faulcons climbe the Clouds, the Foxe ensnare,  
 Out-runne the winde-out-running *dædale* Hare,  
 To loose a trampling Steede amongst a Plaine,  
 And in meandring Gyres him bring againe,  
 The Preasse Thee making place, were vulgare Things.  
 (ll. 135-43)

James's well-known weakness in his legs did not prevent him from indulging in field sports. Even after he ascended the English throne he was particularly enthusiastic about deer hunting on horseback. When his brother-in-law, Christian IV of Denmark, visited England, in 1606, stag hunting was an important feature of the entertainment.<sup>4</sup> And we have an interesting record of James's anger with Prince Henry because he did not share his father's ardor for the chase.<sup>5</sup> Drummond is, less surprisingly, impressed with the British Solomon's

pursuit of and devotion to philosophy, theology, astrology, and various other branches of learning.

In *Admirations* Aire on *Glories* Wings  
 O! Thou farre from the common Pitch didst rise,  
 With Thy designes to dazell *Enuies* Eyes:  
 Thou soughtst to know, this *Alls* eternall Source,  
 Of euer-turning Heauens the restlesse Course,  
 Their fixed Eyes, their Lights which wandring runne,  
 Whence Moone her silver hath, his Gold the Sunne,  
 If *Destine* bee or no, if Planets can  
 By fierce Aspects force the Free-will of Man:  
 The light and spiring Fire, the liquid Aire,  
 The flaming Dragons, Comets with red Haire,  
 Heauens tilting Launces, Artillerie, and Bow  
 Lowd-sounding Trumpets, Darts of Haile and Snow,  
 The roaring Element with people dombe,  
 The Earth with what conceiu'd is in her Wombe,  
 What on Her moues, were set vnto Thy sight,  
 Till Thou didst find their Causes, Essence, Might:  
 (ll. 144-60)

His study of the art of government is only briefly mentioned, but Drummond cannot pass over so lightly James's efforts at poetry.

When from those pearcing Cares which Thrones inuest,  
 As Thornes the Rose, Thou weari'd wouldst Thee rest,  
 With Lute in Hand, full of coelestiall Fire,  
 To the *Pierian* Groues Thou didst retire:  
 There, garlanded with all *Vranias* Flowres,  
 In sweeter Layes than builded *Thebees* Towres,  
 Or them which charm'd the Dolphines in the Maine,  
 Or which did call *Euridice* againe,  
 Thou sungst away the Houres, till from their Spheare  
 Starres seem'd to shoote, Thy Melodie to heare.<sup>6</sup>  
 The God with golden Haire, the Sister Maides,  
 Left, nymphall Helicon, their Tempes Shades,  
 And in Thy world-diuided Language sung.  
 (ll. 165-78)

Certainly there is no critical judgment intended here, but so long as James fancied himself a poet, one could scarcely praise him without praising his song.

An interesting passage on wars and force as political tools occurs later in the poem (ll. 229–46), ending with some faintly admonitory remarks to the King.

Thou a true Victor art, sent from aboue  
 What Others straine by Force to gaine by Loue,  
 World-wandring *Fame* this Prayse to Thee imparts,  
 To bee the onlie Monarch of all Hearts.  
 They many feare who are of many fear'd,  
 And Kingdomes got by Wrongs by Wrongs are tear'd,  
 Such Thrones as Blood doth raise Blood throweth downe,  
 No Guard so sure as Loue vnto a Crowne.

Despite the opulence of Drummond's panegyric, he was by no means unaware of certain absolutist tendencies in James, and the lines seem to be a gentle reminder that the love of subjects is the strongest support for a throne. He became even more open in his suggestions to Charles, as we shall see later.<sup>7</sup> The paean then soars in rapture to the affirmation that even the most glorious achievements of the mightiest of Britain's old kings

Shall by this Princes Name be past as farre  
 As Meteors are by the Idalian Starre.

The poem ends with a patriotic tribute to Scotland, and a solemn and moving pledge of Scotland's loyalty to her own son. Even with all its hyperbole and indecent flattery, *Forth Feasting* strikes moments of real solemnity, humanity, and not a little beauty.

Less can be said for the poetic merits of *The Entertainment*, written for the reception of Charles I into Edinburgh in 1633. Although it was not published under Drummond's name, it has always been considered his, and the most careful of his editors, Kastner, seems quite willing to accept his

authorship.<sup>8</sup> The work is a long and rather dull collection of speeches, both in prose and in poetry, of mythical characters and personifications who welcome Charles to Edinburgh with the customary obsequious effusions of flattery. Judging by the detailed descriptions, the setting for the entertainment must have been most elaborate and lavish. At various points along the route of the king's progress, arches and tableaux and stages were erected. Even the mountain Parnassus appeared in the middle of one of the streets where Apollo, the Muses, and many of the ancient worthies of Scotland disported themselves in elegant and richly ornamented costumes. Other sets presented "the *Titanes* prostrate, with Mountaines over them," and the major gods and goddesses in various postures, clad in costly jewels and fabrics of the richest colors and textures. It must have been a spectacle to rival even the gaudiest of London pageants.<sup>9</sup>

Most of these characters address the king in terms of unrestrained adulation. His person, his reign, his valor, his virtue are all lauded most roundly. The speech of Jove, however, has a strong note of admonition and even of warning in it that is somewhat startling. It is a series of "Thou shalt's" and "Thou shalt not's," which suggests no little criticism of the way Charles was conducting himself and the affairs of the kingdom. Jove reminds Charles that when he proclaimed him king,

He gave thee what was good, and what was great,  
What did belong to love, and what to state,  
Rare gifts whose ardors turne the hearts of all,  
Like tunder when flint attomes on it fall.

With all these natural endowments, Jove implies that Charles's fame and power could spread over wide areas of the earth. But it would seem that Charles needed some admonition on the exercise of justice.

*Iustice* kept low by grants, and wrongs, and jarres,  
 Thou shalt relieve, and crowne with glistering starres,  
 Whom nought save law of force could keepe in awe  
 Thou shalt turne Clients to the force of law,  
 Thou armes shalt brandish for thine owne defence,  
 Wrongs to repell, and guard weake innocence,  
 Which to thy last effort thou shalt uphold,  
 As Oake the Ivy which it doth infold.

After this lecture on the proper use of force in the administration of justice, Jove turns his attention with disconcerting directness to the personal qualities of Charles.

All overcome, at last thy selfe orecome,  
 Thou shalt make passion yield to reasons doome:  
 For smiles of fortune shall not raise thy mind,  
 Nor dismall most disasters turne declin'd,  
 True *Honour* shall reside within thy Court,  
*Sobrietie*, and *Truth* there still resort,  
 Keepe promis'd faith thou shalt, Supercheries  
 Detest, and beagling Marmosets despise,  
 Thou, others to make rich, shalt not make poore  
 Thy selfe, but give that thou mayst still give more.

Not content with such pointed suggestions, he goes on to the more dangerous ground of the King's favorites. He seems to have clearly in mind here the dissatisfaction that had arisen over the unhealthy influence the Duke of Buckingham apparently exerted over Charles, as he had over his father.

Thou shalt no Paranymphe raise to high place,  
 For frizl'd locks, quaint pace, or painted face.

And on Charles's own expensive habits of dress and ornament he has a few words.

On gorgeous rayments, womanising toys  
 The workes of wormes, and what a Moth destroyes,  
 The Maze of fooles, thou shalt no treasure spend,  
 Thy charge to immortality shall tend.

He goes on to point out that the proper use of wealth lay in the encouragement of learning and the arts and in the expansion of the Empire. Having thus properly used his power for the building up of his kingdom, Charles will have nothing to fear either from his enemies or from his own people. And in this there is the strong suggestion that popular opposition to Charles was mounting to the place where it was a matter of real concern.

Thou fear'd of none, shalt not thy people feare,  
 Thy peoples love thy greatnesse shall up-reare,  
 Still rigour shall not shine, and mercy lower,  
 What love can doe thou shalt not doe by power,  
 New and vast taxes thou shalt not extort,  
 Load heavy those thy bounty should support,  
 By harmlesse *Iustice* graciously reforme,  
 Delighting more in calme then roaring storme.

Jove is certainly not sparing the rod, even while welcoming Charles to Scotland. The references to "beagling Marmosets" and paranympths,<sup>10</sup> to fear of his subjects and to "new and vast taxes" would seem a bit too pointed, especially in Charles's case, to be merely parts of a general prophecy. They are actually daring suggestions for the king's own good, and it must have taken no little amount of courage for Drummond to be so direct. In some of his prose pamphlets his criticisms are even less veiled. With all his royalist sympathies, Drummond could be bluntly outspoken against a king who threatened the peace and safety of his own kingdom by his shortsighted and selfish policies.

From the example given, one can see that in *The Entertainment*, Drummond the poet has stepped aside in favor of Drummond the preacher. At least the poet of the Sidneian strain has vanished. These couplets, with their bite and sting, are more in the manner of the neo-classic satires of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. There is even a touch of Dryden in the lines. Drummond here shows

a gift for verse satire that we could wish had been developed more fully, but Drummond's best poetry was behind him, and whatever criticisms and suggestions he had to make of the existing political and religious matters are for the most part to be found in his prose pamphlets. The satiric note in these lines makes one wonder whether Drummond might not have written the verse satire, *The Five Senses*, a savage attack on Buckingham for his evil influence on the king.<sup>11</sup>

The pastoral elegy *To the Exequies*, printed in 1638, has little that might increase our appreciation of Drummond's poetry. Kastner has pointed out how heavily it draws on Castiglione's Latin elegy *Alcon* for its structure, its ideas, and its imagery.<sup>12</sup> It is one more example of Drummond's imitative studies. It is somewhat pathetic to see the poet at the age of fifty-three still writing in the rococo manner he had affected as a young man. All the artificialities of the pastoral *genre* are there—the shepherds, the nymphs, the mourning of nature, the praise of rural life, the strewing of flowers, the tributes of tears. In themselves, these decorative details would not necessarily prohibit the achievement of great poetry. Wasn't it about this very time that a poem called *Lycidas* appeared, using these same conventions for a similar occasion? But Drummond did not succeed in infusing the old forms with new life. The mold cooled and distorted whatever passion he might have felt, instead of his experience imparting to the form some new beauty. There are moments of tenderness and pathos, as when Idmon dreams of how joyfully he will welcome Alcon back to his native soil after long absence (ll. 75–106), but for the most part there is little independence of feeling or expression in the elegy. Drummond had written his last good poetry fifteen years earlier, in 1623, for the first edition of the *Flowres of Sion*, and one can see here only the glimmerings of what had earlier been a poetic fire and a brilliant radiance.

The remaining occasional pieces are an irregular and pedes-

trian lot of dedicatory poems, elegies, and complimentary verses. They are smooth and polished enough to satisfy as purely social verse, but there is little to reward the effort spent in reading them. With the passing of the occasions which called for them, most of these efforts ceased to have any interest for the general student of poetry. In fact, they tell us little of Drummond himself—that he was highly enough esteemed as a poet to be solicited for dedicatory pieces, perhaps; or that he was especially fond of writing elegiac verses. But even an ardent admirer of Drummond would find it difficult to discover much of merit in these minor occasional efforts.

### SONGS

Drummond wrote a number of poems, varying in length from twenty-five to more than four hundred lines, which do not readily fall into clear categories. Both in form and subject matter they exhibit such variety that one hesitates to consider them in the same grouping. From the fact, however, that he called so many of them "Songs" or "Hymns," we may for our own convenience consider them under the general heading "Songs."

The poems in this group divide themselves by subject matter into two types—love songs, which come generally from his early period of composition, and religious and philosophical songs, or hymns, which belong to the more somber period of his life, subsequent to 1615 and the death of Mary Cunningham. We shall consider the two types in the order in which Drummond wrote them.

Little need be said about what seem to be the earliest of the love songs. "Thyrsis in Dispraise of Beautie"<sup>13</sup> is a translation of a poem by Tasso, which had already been used by Donne in his second Elegy, "Marry and love thy Flavia." Drummond himself had compared Donne's version favorably with Tasso's in his "Character of Several Authors": "Com-

pare Song, *Marry and Love* &c. with *Tasso's Stanzas against Beauty*; one shall hardly know who hath the best.”<sup>14</sup> Two other songs of the same *genre*—“*Evrymedons Praise of Mira*”<sup>15</sup> and “*Thaumantia at the Departure of Idmon*”<sup>16</sup>—are conventional treatments of themes common to so much of the love poetry of the Petrarchan tradition. If not directly imitative, they are at least derivative from a clearly recognizable school of poetic writing. They tell us little of Drummond except that he was an adroit manipulator and adaptor of the rhetorical devices and sumptuous imagery which had become commonplaces in Renaissance love poetry. Kastner prints two “Fragments” from the Hawthornden MSS which are interesting mainly as examples of Drummond’s early attempts at poetry in the Sidneian manner. There is some interest, too, in the fact that certain lines from them are worked into Drummond’s later, published poetry.<sup>17</sup> But neither these “Fragments” nor two “*Eclogues*”<sup>18</sup> which come from about the same period have enough merit or interest to call for discussion here.

The best of Drummond’s love songs are found, as we might expect, in the First Part of the *Poems*, 1616. Written during the time when he was feeling the high excitement of his love affair with Mary Cunningham, they reflect an ardor and a passion which is seldom seen in such pure form in Drummond’s poetry.

Song i,<sup>19</sup> “It was the time when to our Northerne Pole” is clearly the poetic version of his first encounter with Miss Cunningham. It was spring on Ora’s banks, where the poet was wandering “free from all Cares,” enjoying the delicious beauties of the woods and streams. About noon he chanced upon a sequestered spot of shade and flowers, where he lay down to rest. Lulled by the silence of the place, he fell asleep, whereupon a most incredible vision appeared to him. Out of a near-by myrtle bush stepped three naked nymphs, fair as the Graces themselves, who ran to the stream and plunged

into its clear waves. All three were beautiful, but one far outshone the others, and we are given a detailed description of all her loveliness. The poet, weakened and ravished at the sight, immediately recognized that past beauties had been mere snares and delusions compared with this present one. But as he felt the delirium of love sweep over him, he wished either that he might enjoy such a sight forever or that he had never seen it at all. He seems almost at once to have become aware of the dangers of love. Suddenly, into the clearing rushed a golden chariot, commanded by a "miraculously faire" lady with a crew of attendant virgins. The three nymphs were gathered from the stream and swiftly transported to the Fort of Chastity, set high on the arches of a diamond castle, built on a rock of crystal. The fort was protected by flaming hills, by a narrow bridge and gate, and by a moat filled with lover's tears. As the poet saw his hope confined within the fort, he was plunged into grief so poignant that he awakened from his trance, only to find that what he had dreamed was actually true.

Both Ward and Kastner have pointed to the deep influence of Sidney on this poem.<sup>20</sup> In imagery and figures of speech there are close parallels between this song and the *Arcadia*. They do not mention the Spenserian quality of the allegory, but that is unmistakably present. The use of the dream device and the detailed symbolism of the Fort of Chastity point clearly to Spenser as an inspiration for the machinery of the poem. Here Drummond shows most completely his intoxication with purely sensuous beauty. Sounds and colors and sensations are described with a relish which is open and unashamed. No moral reflections occur to divert him from exploring breathlessly the delights of his vision. No mention is made of the lady's mind or spirit, and only regret is implied for her very chastity. Drummond has joyously given himself over to the worship of physical beauty. In this song, as in no

other single poem he ever wrote, he stands out as an enthusiastic disciple of the Renaissance cult of earthly love.

Song ii of the *Poems*, the First Part, "Phoebus arise," lacks the full sumptuousness of Song i, but in its very simplicity one feels a more direct statement of pure feeling. The piece was evidently written in anticipation of a visit of Mary Cunningham to Hawthornden, for he says, "This is the Morne should bring unto this Groue/ My Loue, to heare, and recompense my loue." The straining eagerness of the impatient lover is sensed in the mingled pause and flow of the trimeter and pentameter lines. A breathless suspense hangs over all as he waits to see what the day will be like, and there is release and joy when he sees that nature is decked in her best to welcome his love. Drummond ingeniously reflects this change of mood by careful placing of the short and long lines.

The *Windes* all silent are,  
And *Phoebus* in his Chaire  
Ensaffroning Sea and Aire,  
Makes vanish euery Starre:  
*Night* like a Drunkard reeles  
Beyond the Hills to shunne his flaming Wheelles.<sup>21</sup>  
The Fields with Flowrs are deckt in euery Hue,  
The Clouds bespangle with bright Gold their Blew:  
And eu'ry thing, saue *Her*, who all should grace.

In both the sustained quality of clear song and the metrical structure of the poem, one is reminded of many of the shorter lyrics that Drummond wrote. It may, in fact, be considered merely as an extended madrigal, for with the exception of its length, it has all the best qualities of the literary madrigal.

In the *Poems*, the First Part, Drummond has two examples of the Italian *sestina*, a form that was as rigid in its requirements as the sonnet. It is composed of six six-line stanzas followed by a three-line stanza, the whole poem being confined

to the use of only six rhyme words. It was a form used by Petrarch in his *Rime*, and one of Drummond's "Sextains" would seem to be a conscious adaptation of Petrarch's "Non ha tanti animali il mar fra l'onde."<sup>22</sup> Drummond is the perfectly competent technician in his use of the form, but there is little life or feeling in the pieces. They are clever and polished examples of his virtuosity in handling rhyme and meter, and they show something of the catholicity of Drummond's taste, but they add nothing to his stature as a poet.

The last love song we shall consider, Song i, the Second Part, "Sad *Damon* beeing come," is actually a song of grief over the death of Mary Cunningham. It is written in the manner of a pastoral elegy, with the shepherd Damon bewailing his loss at the tomb of the beloved. Many of the ideas are conventional—the insecurity of virtue in this world, the capriciousness of death, the dubious happiness of love, the sad effects in nature of the lady's death. But even these worn themes cannot conceal the deep perplexity and despair from which Drummond writes. One cannot escape the pathos of the lines

*Ah Death!* who shall thee flie?  
 Sith the most worthie bee o'rethrowne by thee?  
 Thou spar'st the Rauens, and Nightingalles dost kill,  
 And triumphes at thy will:  
 But giue thou canst not such an other Blow,  
 Because like Her Earth can none other show.

(ll. 67–72)

And there is heartbreak in the cry

O *Pan, Pan*, Winter is fallen in our May,  
 Turn'd is in Night our Day.

(ll. 87–88)

The merit of the song lies not only in its beautiful lines, but also in the depth and intensity of emotion which underlies the whole poem.

And yet there is a certain inarticulateness here too. For

one thing, the song gives the impression of being unfinished. It moves up to a certain point and stops without any obvious reason why that pause, rather than any other, should be the conclusion to his lament. One can only conclude that the poet had said all he could or would say. Again, for such an occasion as this Drummond seems more dependent on conceit and convention than one might expect.

*Loue* when hee saw thee die,  
Entomb'd him in the Lidde of either Eye,  
And left his Torch within thy sacred Vrne,  
There for a Lampe to burne:

(ll. 55-58)

The conceit obviously mars the emotion, and the themes already mentioned are treated in much the same manner as many another versifier might have treated them. Drummond was unable to infuse into them the life of his own particular experience. It is as if he had already begun to draw away from the earthly love he had known and were moving toward the philosophic detachment in which he later took refuge. For the somber reflections are there in shadow, and the renunciation is implied. This song, unsuccessful either as extended song or as elegy, may best be considered as the link which connects the poems of earthly love and beauty with the poems of disillusionment with the world and of religious meditation.

By far the greatest of all Drummond's songs is Song ii, Second Part, "It *Autumne* was, and on our Hemispheare." In solemnity of thought as well as in purity of tone and diction it comes very close to being Drummond's highest achievement in poetry. It is by no means a flawless performance, but the faults are minor details of external form and finish. Internally the poem represents a fusion of thought and feeling into a single, unified experience, as if Drummond had finally resolved the conflicts in his soul and attained a clear vision of himself in the universe.

Drummond had used the dream device to describe Mary Cunningham's first appearance to him, an experience which had first revealed to him the highest form of earthly love and beauty.<sup>23</sup> With some awareness, surely, of symmetry and pattern, he uses the same device to depict her final appearance to him to point out the splendors of the Invisible World and the true happiness of a heavenly love. This time he has spent a long and wakeful night in grief over the loss of his love before falling asleep just at dawn. Scarcely had sleep overcome him when he saw standing by his bed a virgin of incomparable beauty, who spoke gently to him. She chided him for weeping over her death, as if death were not actually a blessed relief from the evils of this life. And what if she be dead? Was she not born to die? If he weeps because she is no more, why not as well weep because there was a time when she was not?

Weepe that shee liu'd not in the Age of Gold:  
For that shee was not then, thou may'st deplore  
As duely as that now shee is no more.

(ll. 48-50)

Or if she alone had tasted of death, then the poet might reproach Heaven. But has she not simply followed the pattern prescribed for all life on earth?

Euen as thy Birth, Death which thee doth appall,  
A Piece is of the Life of this great *All*.

(ll. 57-58)

Men, cities, kingdoms—all die as naturally and as inevitably as they are born.

Such thoughts as these are expressed more fully and perhaps more beautifully in *A Cypresse Grove*, which is but an extended prose meditation on this same subject of death. He says:

If thou doest complaine, that there shall bee a time in the which thou shalt not bee, why doest thou not too grieue, that there

was a time in the which thou wast not, and so that thou art not as olde, as that enlivening Planet of Time? For, not to have beene a thousand yeeres before this moment, is as much to be deplored, as not to bee a thousand after it, the effect of them both beeing one: that will bee after vs which long long ere wee were was. Our Childrens children haue that same reason to murmure that they were not young men in our dayes, which wee now, to complaine that wee shall not be old in theirs. The Violets haue their time, though they empurple not the Winter, & the Roses keepe their season, though they discouer not their beautie in the Spring.<sup>24</sup>

Again he says:

Thy Death is a piece of the order of this *All*, a part of the Life of this World; for while the world is the world, some creatures must dye, and others take life.<sup>25</sup>

The ideas in the poem and in the prose work parallel each other so closely, even to the wording, that they would seem to have been written about the same time, although *A Cypresse Grove* did not appear in print till 1623, at least seven years after the song. Both works, as Kastner shows,<sup>26</sup> borrow ideas extensively from Montaigne, Charron, and other thinkers of the Renaissance, who took the rationalistic, skeptical approach to the problems of life and death.

The lady then goes on to point out the advantages of having left "this filthie Stage of Care," whose pleasures are at best counterfeit, whose life is but a puff of smoke and whose only sure promise is a wrinkled and decrepit old age unless death intervene. One year, even one day and night, is time enough to show all the pomp of nature, and after that comes mere repetition of the same phenomena. Why, then, should the poet lament over the decree of the "Eternal Cause" which makes death the common lot of all? This feeling of "Vanity, vanity" is as old as man's sense of his powerlessness against the immutable laws governing his physical existence. It is voiced by the writer of Ecclesiastes; the Greeks are tragically

aware of it; it pervades the whole atmosphere of the later Roman Empire; and Christian asceticism is filled with it. Drummond is only one more of those who have looked upon the fairness of the world and found it deluding and fleeting.

Drummond, however, does not stop with this earth-bound view of the matter. The all-important question is yet to be answered. What if the dead do actually live? What if there is more than we behold here? What if other, brighter regions lie beyond the limits of human sight? What if true life begins only with death? To these speculations Drummond responds with his great affirmation.

Aboue this vast and admirable Frame,  
 This Temple visible, which *World* wee name,  
 Within whose Walles so many Lampes doe burne,  
 So many Arches opposite doe turne,  
 Where Elementall Brethren nurse their Strife,  
 And by intestine Warres maintaine their Life,  
 There is a World, a World of perfect Blisse,  
 Pure, immateriall, bright, more farre from this,  
 Than that high Circle which the rest enspheares  
 Is from this dull ignoble Vale of Teares,  
 A World, where all is found, that heere is found,  
 But further discrepant than Heauen and Ground:  
 It hath an Earth, as hath this World of yours,  
 With Creatures peopled, stor'd with Trees, and Flowrs,  
 It hath a Sea, like Saphire Girdle cast,  
 Which decketh of harmonious Shores the Waste,  
 It hath pure Fire, it hath delicious Aire,  
 Moone, Sunne, and Starres, Heauens wonderfully faire:  
 But there Flowrs doe not fade, Trees grow not olde,  
 The Creatures doe not die through Heat nor Colde,  
 Sea there not tossed is, nor Aire made blacke,  
 Fire doth not nurse it selfe on others Wracke;  
 There Heauens bee not constrain'd about to range,  
 For this World hath no neede of any Change:

The Minutes grow not Houres, Houres rise not Dayes,  
Dayes make no Months, but euer-blooming Mayes.

(ll. 111–36)

Throughout this section of the song Drummond's indebtedness to Plato's *Phaedo* seems unmistakable.<sup>27</sup> This description of the invisible dwelling place of the dead has marked similarities to the "charming tale" of "that upper earth which is under heaven," that Socrates tells to Simmias and his other companions just before his death.

And in this fair region everything that grows—trees and flowers, and fruits—are in a like degree fairer than any here; and there are hills and stones in them in a like degree smoother, and more transparent, and fairer in colour than our highly-valued emeralds and sardonyxes and jaspers, and other gems, which are but minute fragments of them: for there all the stones are like our precious stones, and fairer still. . . . They are the jewels of the upper earth, which also shines with gold and silver and the like, and they are set in the light of day and are large and abundant and in all places, making the earth a sight to gladden the beholder's eye. And there are animals and men, some in the middle region, others dwelling about the air as we dwell about the sea; others in islands which the air flows round, near the continent. . . . Moreover, the temperament of their seasons is such that they have no disease, and live much longer than we do, and have sight and hearing and smell, and all the other senses, in far greater perfection, in the same degree that air is purer than water or the ether than air.<sup>28</sup>

Drummond goes on to use the familiar comparison that Socrates had used. We are like people who, dwelling on the floor of the sea, cannot imagine shapes and beings and places different from the ones we see around us. But perhaps the real world is as far beyond our conceiving as our world is beyond that of the sea-dwellers, and could we but see the wonders of the real world, we would despise this present stage and think ourselves foolish for ever having regarded it

as good. To this pure earth Socrates consigns the souls of those who have lived in piety, and Drummond, similarly, says that "hitherward doe tend / All who their Spanne of Dayes in Vertue spend." The description and the figures are too close to leave any doubt that Drummond had the *Phaedo* in mind as he wrote his song.

It would be a mistake, however, to leap to the conclusion that Drummond was a Platonist in any meaningful sense of the term. That he used Platonic or neo-Platonic terms and figures and even borrowed Platonic formulations of thought no one who has read the text can doubt. God is frequently spoken of as "the only Fair" or "that Sovereign Faire," and the beauties of this world as dark pictures or shadows of the real beauty of the invisible world. Whenever it suits his purpose he makes use of the neo-Platonic doctrine that the purpose of the beauty of the earth, particularly that of women, is to lead the virtuous mind to contemplation of the highest beauty, that of God Himself. So much is clearly evident. But the important thing to consider is *how* he used these "Platonic" materials, rather than *that* he used them. He draws on them for simile, symbol, and metaphor; they became simply grist to his poetic mill. They were convenient to him as a poet, but not as a systematic thinker. He borrowed from the neo-Platonic poets of the Renaissance, just as he borrowed from Montaigne and Charron, not to construct a philosophy, but to construct poems. He was trying to illuminate and express his own experience in terms of the language and ideas that were current in his day. But this, surely, does not make him a Platonist any more than a modern writer would be made a Marxist simply because he used terms popularized by the Marxist dialectic, or a Freudian because he used the phrases which Freud found convenient in explaining his psychology. So far as any system of thought can be discerned in Drummond, it is quite simply and starkly orthodox Christian doctrine as formulated by the church. This is

evident in a series of religious songs or hymns appearing in "Urania," of the *Poems*, 1616, and in the *Flowres of Sion*, 1623. The first, "An Hymne of the Passion," as Kastner points out,<sup>29</sup> is a translation from Sannazaro and therefore can hardly be considered as a statement of Drummond's own thought. The second hymn, "An Hymne of the Ressurrection," shows no traces of neo-Platonic thought. The Christ is never suggested as the Intellective principle of the Triad; he is rather the embodiment of God's power. He is "that all-powerfull Sunne," who first made the sun to move. He is "the King of kings," the "holy Victor," the "Lord of Blisse," the conqueror of death and sin and hell. He is the Redeemer of mankind,

Bestowing on vs of thy free giuen Grace,  
More than wee forfeited and loosed first,  
In *Edens* Rebell when wee were accurst.

There is sensuous poetry enough, as in lines 95–124, where Drummond describes the joyous response of nature to the Resurrection of the Lord, but there is none of the speculative mysticism of Platonic thought in the conception of the Son. The phraseology is rather Hebraic and scriptural.

"An Hymne of the Ascension" is written in the same tone. Christ is the "King of kings," the "Well-spring of this All," the "Father's Image," the "Sovereign Prince," the "conqueror of the Prince of Sin." By his power he restored all the losses incurred by the original sin of Adam.

By Thee that blemish old,  
Of *Edens* leprous Prince,  
Which on his Race tooke hold,  
And him exyl'd from thence,  
Now put away is farre.

He is "God's coeternall Sonne" and His "vncreated Birth." Drummond consistently uses the concrete, vivid imagery and metaphor of the Hebraic-Christian tradition.

"An Hymne of True Happiness" is an exhortation to renounce the illusory delights of wealth, beauty, and knowledge. All these can but lead to sorrow and fear.

No, but blest Life is this,  
 With chaste and pure desire,  
 To turne vnto the Load-starre of all Blisse,  
 On God the Minde to rest,  
 Burnt vp with sacred Fire,  
 Possessing him, to be by him possest.

Pride, avarice, envy can bring only misery, and even beauty and love can entice the soul from virtue.

Not to be Beauties Thrall,  
 All fruitlesse Loue to flie,  
 Yet louing still a Loue transcending all.  
 A Loue which while it burnes  
 The Soule with fairest Beames,  
 In that vncreated Sunne the Soule it turnes,  
 And makes such Beautie proue,  
 That (if Sense saw her Gleames?)  
 All lookers on would pine and die for loue.

This is an intuitive mysticism suffused with emotion, rather than the speculative mysticism of Platonism, which would rise to the Absolute by clear, cool contemplation, or by stages through present, earthly beauty.

The hymn usually regarded as the most Platonic of all Drummond's poems is "An Hymne of the Fairest Faire." It is Drummond's most philosophical approach to the problems of God's nature, His attributes, and His works. God is depicted as sitting on His throne, with His attributes—*Might, Truth, Providence, Justice, and Love*—about Him. This certainly has nothing to do with the Platonic conceptions of the Absolute or the One. When Drummond comes to a consideration of the Trinity, however, he does use descriptive phrases and ideas that had been used in neo-Platonic discourses on the nature of the Godhead. One writer puts it this way:

Platonic metaphysics are also present in Drummond's account of the essential unity persisting throughout the triplicity of Persons. Plotinus had held that The One caused the mind or intellect, and that in turn caused universal soul. . . . His favorite figures by which he explains this idea are, first, that of an overflowing spring which gives rise to a second and this to a third (and Drummond uses this figure in lines 137–39). . . .<sup>30</sup>

Out of the confusion of such reasoning as this has come the commonly held view that Drummond was a Platonist. Drummond does maintain the essential unity of the Persons of the Trinity.

Most sacred, Triade, O most holie One,  
Vnprocreat'd Father, euer-procreat'd Sonne,  
Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are, aye shall bee  
(Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,

but this had been the insistence of the church from the earliest days of the formulation of the doctrine of the Trinity. Early church fathers had been aware of such Platonic conceptions and had used them in trying to explain an inexplicable matter. But we would be straining a point to say that the unity of the Three-in-One was a distinctly Platonic idea.

Again Harrison says,

Drummond, holding to the idea of the self-sufficiency of God as expressed in Plotinus, a state in which God is alone by Himself and not in want of the things that proceed from Him, is thus able to unfold the mystery of the One in Three.<sup>31</sup>

It is true that Drummond uses the idea of the self-sufficiency of God.

No Ioy, no, nor Perfection to Thee came  
By the contriuing of this Worlds great Frame;

. . . . .

World nought to Thee supply'd  
All in thy selfe thy selfe thou satisfy'd.

But how can one say that this is a peculiarly neo-Platonic conception? Surely this idea goes far back into the pages of the Old Testament. To use such an idea as evidence of Drummond's Platonism is to do violence to Drummond, Plato, and logic. But it is on such grounds that critics have tended to classify Drummond as a Platonist, a classification that comes to have less meaning the more the actual text of Drummond's poetry is studied.

Perhaps the best of all Drummond's religious songs is one called "A Prayer for Mankind." It first appeared in the "Urania" of 1616 and was reprinted with some variations in *Flowres of Sion*, 1623. In many ways it seems to be the most direct and unstudied expression of religious feeling that Drummond ever achieved. Here are no philosophical musings or speculations on the nature and being of the Good, no hint of a ladder of virtue by which the soul may rise from contemplation of earthly beauty to the vision of the Fairest Fair. This is the impassioned plea of a sinful and guilty child to a stern but loving Father for grace and mercy. There is a painful awareness of the impassable abyss which man's disobedience has placed between God and His creation, a gulf which can be spanned only by the power of a forgiving God. Before such a God of righteousness and power, man is but a worm, a rebel against law, a creature of no worth. When Spenser, in his *Four Hymns*, turns from earthly love and beauty to heavenly love and beauty, he is still most impressed by those very qualities of love and beauty in the Divine nature. They are the qualities which if fully seen and realized will draw men from their absorption in the earthly reflections of them. But when Drummond forswears earthly love, he is most aware of a god of awful goodness and power. It is a moral difference between God and man that impresses him most deeply, a difference so profound that it can be overcome only by the love of God which forgives sin. Before this overwhelming sense of man's inadequacy and

utter dependence on God, Drummond shows not even the slightest shadow of Platonism. No single word of the "Platonic" vocabulary is to be found in this prayer for mercy. It is the cry of a guilty soul for pity and forgiveness:

Grant when at last our Soules these Bodies leaue,  
Their loathsome Shops of Sinne, and Mansions blinde,  
And Doome before thy royall Seat receaue,  
They may a Sauior, not a Iudge thee finde.

The last of the religious songs is "The Shadow of the Ivdgement," which first appeared in the 1630 edition of the *Flowres of Sion*. Although it is unfinished, it is the longest of all Drummond's poems. There is some poetry of power in it, but on the whole it seems to have been too sweeping and grandiose a conception for Drummond's grasp. There are personifications of Piety, Charity, Justice, Truth, and Nature, all of whom appear before the throne of God to decry the ways of men. In response to their cries, God determines to take vengeance on those who have been so ungrateful for his love and care. Three Furies, horrible old hags, are released upon the earth to spread destruction and confusion. Finally, to flaming heavens and shrilling trumpets, hell and the grave yield up their dead, and in the sky appears the awful Judge, the King of Heaven. The rest of the story is left untold. We can only conjecture why Drummond left it unfinished. For one thing, it was an ambitious project for a poet of Drummond's talents. His gift was essentially lyric, and this poem had begun to take on epic proportions. Such a broad theme was beyond the range of his poetic imagination. Another possible reason lies in the imitative quality of the piece. Kastner finds it reminiscent of Ronsard's "Hymne de la Justice," and parts of it "obviously modelled" on sections of Du Bartas' *Sepmaine*.<sup>32</sup> It may have come to seem merely a literary exercise, and the day for Drummond's literary exercises had passed. In fact, we find that little of the poetry

written after 1623 has the intensity and fire that characterize much of his earlier work. Whatever his reason for not continuing, one is inclined to believe that he acted wisely. There is little to indicate that he could have achieved any great success in a type of poetry so ill suited to his genius.

In the "Songs," then, as in the sonnets and even the madrigals, Drummond covers a wide range of tone and subject. The early years produced the slight, amorous pieces wherein wit and diction were being tested. There is a great broadening and deepening of his poetic powers in the period of his love for Mary Cunningham. With the maturing of his artistic technique, came the emotional experience which became the center of his poetic efforts. The songs of this period combine beauty of form and diction with a lyric strain that is almost flawless. Then comes the period of the religious and philosophical poems, when the tone becomes somber, the touch heavier, but there is an even more moving conviction and resolve. The growing sense of distrust and dissatisfaction with the world is not always happily absorbed in his devotion to a heavenly love, but some of his finest poetry comes from what is at once renunciation and affirmation.

## *Chapter V*

### THE GENERAL VIEW

DRUMMOND IS GENERALLY REGARDED as a "professional" poet, that is, a poet who spent his life writing poetry. This impression comes partly from the fact that we know little else about him except that he did write poetry, and partly from the fact that the bulk of his poetry is considerable and we therefore assume that it must have taken him a long time to write it. But such an assumption is hardly borne out by the facts of his life. Actually, his serious efforts in poetry were confined to a period of from twelve to at most fifteen years of his relatively long life, and the greatest of his poems, the ones by which he is remembered today, seem to have been written in the brief span of two or three years. These facts are of considerable importance in helping us to determine Drummond's own attitude toward his art and his stature as a poet.

Close study of Drummond's poetry points clearly to the fact that the pattern of his development is the same in nearly all the forms of poetic expression that he employed—the sonnet, the madrigal, the song. The one possible exception would seem to be the epigram, which he used very little in the great middle period of his career. All the other forms, however, are to be found scattered through his work from his earliest productions to the real close of his serious poetic efforts, in 1623.

In his early years, beginning, perhaps, around 1610, he was the bright and eager disciple of the love poets of the Renaissance, adopting their devices and techniques, imitating their attitudes and posturings, and echoing their cries. In this period of his novitiate he was seriously striving to master the delicacies and intricacies of the poets, especially the

sonneteers, of the Petrarchan school. This was the time when he "first beganne to reade, then Loue to write," the time when he was captivated by the sweet conceits he found in profusion among the French and the Italian writers of the sixteenth century. In the jaunty lilt of his madrigals, the brittleness and ingenuity of his epigrams, and the halting superficiality of his early sonnets, he shows himself to be the poet of wit and conceit, a technician and craftsman, but hardly a poet of depth or feeling. He is an apprentice in the art, gleefully manipulating the tools and exploiting the devices he has discovered.

The poetry that Drummond wrote during this period is not the poetry by which he lives today. Taken alone it could appeal only to a curious, antiquarian interest. It achieves importance mainly from the fact that it stands as a prelude to work of much higher poetic merit. But the value of this early work to Drummond as a man and as a poet goes far beyond its value to us as readers of poetry. For one thing, it introduced Drummond to a literary tradition that was congenial to his temperament and talent, a tradition with which he could ally himself and through which he found the forms suitable for his own particular kind of poetic expression. His was a lyric gift, and the tradition offered him the sonnet and madrigal, forms admirably suited to displaying that gift. His taste was for an elaborate, ornate, yet highly stylized kind of beauty, which the tradition offered him in great abundance. By temperament, as we have noted, he was inclined toward the philosophical and moralistic in his reflections on life and love and beauty, and in the tradition he found a rich array of pseudo-Platonic ideas and imagery with which to clothe his thoughts. In this happy meeting of poet and literary tradition, Drummond's imitation of his revered models was also an exercising of his own native talents and an expressing of the thoughts and attitudes that were most natural to him. No other school of poetry could have offered critical theory and

practice more beautifully suited to the poetic tastes and abilities of William Drummond.

A more tangible benefit that Drummond derived from this early period of study was a growing mastery of the literary English of the day. There had been a time when the gifted talents of men like James I, Henryson, and Dunbar had made the Northern dialects a dominant strain in the best poetry written in the Island. But from the early part of the sixteenth century Scottish poetry had been reduced to a thin trickle, whereas the literature of the South had been developing and refining its language through various stages, until by 1580 it was ready to convey the tremendous outpouring of inspired poetry that occurred during the next twenty or thirty years. By the end of the century, then, the language of London and the South had become the established literary language, and the Scottish dialect could only be regarded as provincial and unsuited to refined poetic expression. The influence of men like Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Lyly was overpowering, definitive, and we find that Scotsmen with any literary pretensions adopted the language of the great Elizabethans. James VI had written more after the manner of Englishmen than of Scotsmen in his attempts at poetry. More important, perhaps, for Drummond, his uncle William Fowler had written sonnets and epigrams in the English manner. Robert Ayton, Robert Kerr, David Murray, and William Alexander, all friends of Drummond and the outstanding Scottish poets of the period, were writing, not in their native dialect, but in the language of the great English love poets. When Drummond came to write his own poetry he had this barrier of language. The choice had already been made for him; there was nothing to do but to accept the classical literary English as his medium. It must have required no mean effort for him to divest himself of all the provincialisms of his native speech. His manuscripts show something of the struggle he went through. The earliest poetry and the early letters that remain

to us are strongly flavored with Scotticisms and Northern spellings, some of which he never did expunge from his writing. But during this early period of his poetic practice we can see the gradual clearing away of the distinctly native elements, until by the time he was ready to write his greatest poetry he used the language of the English poets with the utmost ease and control. It was this triumph over the difficulties of language that enabled Drummond to establish a lasting place for himself among the poets whom we still read with understanding and delight.

But, given a literary tradition in which he could move and breathe happily and a language of flexibility and verbal melody, Drummond needed something more to make the poet he was. It has something to do with his attitude toward poetry in general and his practice of it. It might be best described as a social tradition, the tradition of the gentleman-poet. His reading of the *Courtier*, the *Arcadia*, the *Amadis*, and the *Civil Conversation* had made him aware that one of the requirements of a true gentleman was that he be able to use language easily and felicitously, whether in prose or in poetry. The fashion of the time made it imperative that anyone of real social distinction should be able to turn out a neat bit of verse on occasion. This is one of the gifts that endeared Sir Philip Sidney to his contemporaries and made of him an exemplar of the Renaissance ideal gentleman. It was perfectly natural, then, that Drummond, given the opportunity to live the life of a gentleman, should turn to the writing of poetry as one of the graces and adornments of that life. This is not to say, of course, that the real reason for Drummond's writing poetry was the improvement of his social behavior; such a position would be merely a stupid attempt at oversimplifying the very complicated act of writing poetry. The social tradition surely did, however, influence his attitude toward his own writing of poetry. During his early years of study of the Renaissance love-poets, it was

almost inevitable that he should be led to imitate them. He was reading them, not merely for the pleasure of the reading but for instruction as well. The instruction bore better fruit than, perhaps, even he hoped for, and during the years 1610 to 1613 he occasionally struck off a madrigal or epigram worthy of the masters he was following. With this training behind him, he was able to speak according to his own genius when he found something in his experience that needed saying. Then it was no longer a matter of a social convention or tradition, but a matter of urgent importance. The next ten years were the years of his greatest tensions and conflicts. The love affair with Mary Cunningham, ending tragically in her death, and the ensuing necessity for some kind of readjustment to the world and re-evaluation of life were the great experiences from which his best poetry sprang. Once those two great crises had passed into the resolution and relative calm of the *Flowres of Sion*, poetry became again in Drummond's life only a social adornment and a gracious exercise. He wrote numerous commendatory sonnets and inconsequential occasional pieces during the last twenty years of his life, but never again did he strike the fire and passion of his middle period. The social tradition that he inherited, then, cannot be said to "explain" Drummond's poetry, but it does help to explain his approach to the writing of poetry and his use of poetry as a social accomplishment after his inspiration had waned.

No clear terminal date can be established for this early period of Drummond's writing, but it would seem to be around 1612. The following year saw the publication of his first major production, *Teares on the Death of Moeliades*, a work which marks a new phase in his poetic development. With this poem Drummond enters into the period when his own experience becomes the matter of his song. He seems to have felt that the time of his trial and testing was over and that he was ready for bolder flights under the guidance of

his own judgment and his own spirit. The forms he uses and much of the imagery and ornament are the same, but there is a noticeable deepening of tone, a richer blend of thought and feeling, which sets off the poetry of this period from that of his early years. Within the next two or three years, between 1613 and 1615 or 1616 he writes very nearly all the poetry by which his reputation as a lyric poet is secured. The immediate reason for this flowering of his genius was undoubtedly his love affair with Mary Cunningham of Barns.

Drummond, of course, does not say anything new about love. After all, the matter of love poetry does not change greatly from generation to generation, or even from age to age. The experience of human love remains fundamentally the same, no matter where or when it may be found. The individual touch is to be discovered in the manner in which that experience is expressed. But just here, critics have said, is where Drummond appears to be most conventional, most imitative and typical. Kastner, Ward, and others have devoted most of their study to finding sources and parallels for Drummond's ideas, figures of speech, images, and similes, and they have found very many indeed. It was inevitable that they should, for imitation and paraphrase were important parts of the deliberate method by which one wrote Elizabethan love poetry. Sidney Lee has pointed that out clearly enough in his *Elizabethan Sonnets*.<sup>1</sup> But both Lee and Kastner have been guilty of the same fault—that of assuming that a poem is explained away the moment a source has been found for it. They seem to lose respect for any poem that shows a close similarity in wording or idea to any other poem that preceded it. Such an attitude fails to take into full account the fact that the Renaissance love poet *intended* that his poetry should be a mosaic of the choice tropes and figures and conceits of the tradition. The real point of the game was to make that mosaic a harmonious and ingenious blend of color and pattern into a pleasing whole.

This is exactly what Drummond did when he wrote his great love sonnets and songs. Faced with the problem of expressing an experience that was deep and moving, he drew on the rich store of imagery and device provided by his wide reading of Renaissance poetry to give that expression suitable form and style. In this he was the craftsman, the technician, carefully selecting the materials with which he would work. Drummond's chief excellence, the distinctive quality which gives his work an individual stamp, is the manner in which he combined his materials. In his hands the materials took on new life and new color. Into them he infused a spirit of conviction and intensity that is lacking in his own earlier work and in the average Elizabethan love sonnet. With a fine sense of beauty of form and melody he combined a sound judgment of the appropriate image for a particular idea. The result is poetry of clear lyric note and deep emotion that transforms the conventional and traditional into something that is new and alive and personal.

The age in which Drummond was writing was not an age greatly concerned with the beauties of nature. The poets' main interest was in man—his feelings, his fortune, his fate. Nature comes into the poetry of the period only incidentally, as a setting for human action and thought. Often there is a feeling of strangeness or even of hostility toward natural forces and toward certain features of the landscape, particularly mountains. But seldom is there a specific treatment of nature that would indicate any great love for or interest in nature for herself. References to brooks and fields and flowers are numerous enough in the pastoral poetry of the time, but they simply provide a highly idealized and stylized setting for the play of lovers. With few exceptions, it is an artificial and man-made nature that we see in the love poetry of the Renaissance.

Drummond does not depart far from the tradition in his references to nature, but there are definite allusions to spe-

cific features of the country in which he spent most of his life. He mentions several times the river Esk, which flowed by his door, and the Forth, which separated him from his love. In one sonnet he refers to Hawthornden as,

Deare Wood, and you sweet solitarie Place,  
Where from the vulgare I estranged liue,  
Contented more with what your Shades mee giue,  
Than if I had what *Thetis* doth embrace:

But this is the language of Bembo on whom he was modeling the sonnet. One thinks that romantically beautiful Hawthornden would have called for some more personal description than this. Of the mountains near by he speaks in specific terms of "The whitest snows on aged Grampius face"; of "lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine"; and of "sterne Grampius mists." Veitch says that "No one in Scottish poetry before the time of Drummond had noticed snow on a mountain except with aversion."<sup>2</sup> In *Forth Feasting* he shows a kind of fierce pride in his country and its people, a loving regard for its rivers and its mountains. In all these passages he gets closer to nature than is usual in the poetry of the period, and he gets closer to it with a spirit that is almost affectionate and kindly. But Drummond is not really a poet of nature. He does not choose nature, even the nature of his beloved Scotland, as a distinct and separate subject. One has the feeling that below the surface Drummond had a genuine appreciation of the natural beauty in which he lived and which provided him with a refuge from the world of men, but references to it are carefully subdued and repressed. It was not yet time for nature to parade as the subject of poetry.

With the death of Mary Cunningham, in 1615, comes another distinct period in Drummond's poetic development. After a few brief tributes to his dead mistress, he turns to more spiritual and religious matters. There is the conven-

tional "renunciation" of his earthly love and a foreswearing of the life of this world for the life of the spirit. Religious, Drummond may have been; in fact sincere religious feeling breathes through many of these songs and sonnets. But the term "philosophical" must be applied with considerable reserve to Drummond's poetry. He is in no sense a systematic thinker. The ideas which he expresses are the result of his poetic imagination or of intelligent observation of life or of his reading about philosophy rather than of intellectual perception of ordered relationships and logical conclusions. In so far as he has a system of thought, it is the perfectly orthodox Christian view of man and the world. He uses certain philosophical, particularly pseudo-Platonic, terms and phrases that were widely current in the poetic vocabulary of the day. But these he adopts simply to clothe his observations with some dignity and impressiveness. The language he uses must never be taken to be an indication of Drummond's intellectual acumen. He uses it merely as a convenience, much as he had used the conceits and figures of the love poetry of the Renaissance. Drummond was drawn to "long thoughts," and his imagination was stirred by the concepts of space and time, but his thoughts do not have the orderliness of a philosophy.

During this period from 1616 to 1623 there is a gradual tapering off of Drummond's poetry, both in quantity and in quality. In order to compose the *Flowres of Sion*, he takes most of the earlier poems of "Urania," makes minor emendations in them, and adds others of later composition. There is still some good poetry in the volume, but many of the longer religious pieces are forced and thin, and some of them are left unfinished. He seems almost to be forcing himself to write. But his religious ardor was not sufficient to inspire this verse with light and heat. By 1623 he is no longer the lyric poet of ease and grace and tuneful song; he is a gentleman who occasionally writes social verse.

The most recent considered critical judgment of Drummond's position in the hierarchy of English poetry was made by L. E. Kastner.

In one half roughly of his verse he may justly lay claim to a high rank as a poet of the school of imitation; he adapted, but his adaptations are impregnated with a charm essentially his own, and clothed in a form well-nigh impeccable. Nevertheless, even as an imitative poet, he cannot pretend to the highest rank; for that, his range is too limited, confined as it is to some hundred and thirty sonnets, about the same number of madrigals and epigrams, and less than a score of longer pieces. In his remaining poetic achievement Drummond is an imitator pure and simple, writing with a specific model before him, and producing verse which, distinguished as it is by exquisite diction and perfect craftsmanship, can nevertheless be regarded only as the exercises at vacant hours of a gifted poetic artist.<sup>3</sup>

Kastner's view, as has been suggested, is limited by the very fact that he has made such a thorough investigation of Drummond's sources and parallels. His work is a very important contribution to Drummond scholarship, but just because he is so keenly aware of foreign echoes and reflections in Drummond's poetry, he fails to hear the clear note that is Drummond's own. That Drummond was an imitative poet is true enough. This is particularly obvious in the earlier and later parts of his work. Even in his best poetry he states themes that are universally present in love poetry; and his manner is clearly allied with the school of the Renaissance Petrarchists. In adopting the traditional attitudes and mannerisms, however, he transforms them by the intensity of his own experience into something that is unique and individual. The appeal of Drummond is not to be explained by mere charm and well-nigh impeccable form. In his best poetry he achieves a purity of diction and an elevation of thought that place him clearly in the first rank of poets of the imitative

school. At their very brightest moments, Sidney or Drayton may outsoar Drummond, but for sustained effort in the sonnet form in this golden age of the sonnet he is clearly surpassed only by the poet who surpassed them all, William Shakespeare.



## Appendix A

### DRUMMOND'S READING, 1606-14

EVIDENCE AS TO THE SERIOUSNESS with which Drummond took his literary studies is to be found in the following lists of his readings during the important years between 1606 and 1614. These lists were first published in David Laing's "A Brief Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts," in *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* (*Archaeologia Scotica*), IV, 57-116, and are here reproduced according to the transcription Laing made of them from the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

#### BOOKES RED BE ME, ANNO 1606

|                                                  |                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| Knox, Chronicles                                 | The Holie Loue of Heuinlie                       |
| Š.P.S. Arcadia                                   | Wisdome                                          |
| Baldassers Castilio's Cour-<br>teour             | Romeo and Julieta, tragedie                      |
| Achilles Statius de Amoribus                     | Paurino and Lusina                               |
| Clitophontis                                     | Loues Labors Lost, comedie                       |
| Certaine Matters concerning<br>Scotland          | The Sanctuarie of a Troubled<br>Soule            |
| Daphnis Polustephanos                            | The Malcontent, comedie                          |
| Euphues his England                              | Menstre's Aurora                                 |
| Epitome Moraliū Plutar-<br>chi                   | Dration's Oule                                   |
| The Anatomie of Sin and Gen-<br>ologie of Verteu | Loues Martir                                     |
| Orlando Furioso, comedie                         | The Passionat Pilgrime                           |
| Constant Calipolis                               | The Metamorphosis of Ouid,<br>in English         |
| The Paradise of Dentie Deuis-<br>es              | The 4 part of the Miror of<br>Knighthead         |
| Metaphrasis Poetica Lepanti-<br>ados, Morray     | Thule, or Verteus Historie                       |
|                                                  | The Rape of Lucrece                              |
|                                                  | Dekkar's part of the Kings<br>Entrance in London |

|                                            |                                             |
|--------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| A Midsommers Nights<br>Dreame, comedie     | Three volumes of Diana, in<br>English       |
| The 8 book of the Miror of<br>Knighthhead  | Certaine Letters concerning<br>Greene       |
| Doctor Dodipol, comedie                    | Cardanus de Varietate Rerum                 |
| Alphonsus historie, comed.                 | Dorastus and Faunia                         |
| Noua Noui Orbis Descriptio,<br>Benzonis    | The 2 volume of Amadis de<br>Gaule, English |
| The Tragedie of Locrine                    | Eurialus and Lucretia, Eng-<br>lish         |
| Guazzaes Ciuil Conuersation,<br>in English | Galatea de Moribus                          |

## BOOKES RED BE ME, ANNO 1607

|                                                              |                                         |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Aminte de Torquato Tasso, in<br>Frenche                      | P. Bembi Ætna                           |
| Tragedies Senic. Blacridii                                   | Oeuures Poetiques de Pontus<br>de Tyard |
| Nicolai Crassii junioris<br>Resp. ad Parænesem Ba-<br>ronii. | Carpentarii Orationes contra<br>Ramum   |
| Consolation a Madame de Gui                                  | Juuenilia Mureti                        |
| Arcadie de Sanassare, in<br>French                           | Arce de Gello, in Frenche               |
| Claudianus                                                   | Le Tombeau de Margarite de<br>Valois    |
| Diane de Montemaioir, in<br>Frenche                          | Oratio Eucharistica, G. du<br>Val.      |
| Instituta Justiniani                                         | La Medee de Jean de la Pe-<br>ruse      |
| Poemata Flaminii, Bembi,<br>Castilionis                      | L'Hermaphrodite                         |

## BOOKES RED BE ME, ANNO 1608

|                                        |                                                                            |
|----------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Troisiesme tome des Hist.<br>Tragiques | L'Enfer d'Amour                                                            |
| Premier tome d'Amadis de<br>Gaule      | Ramus de Relligione                                                        |
| Second tom. d'Amadis                   | Prince d'Orange                                                            |
| Neuuesme tom. d'Amadis                 | Exposition sur l'Apocalips                                                 |
| Dix septiesme d'Amadis                 | Bezæ Juuenilia                                                             |
| Comedies de la Riue                    | La Conformité de Langage<br>Franc. auec le Grec, H. E.<br>[Henri Estienne] |

|                              |                              |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Les Ris de Democrite         | Epistres de Pasquier         |
| Trauaux sans Trauaile        | Histoire des Albigeois       |
| Erastus, en François         | La Curiosite de Du Plessi    |
| Cinquiesme d'Amadis de Gaule | Oracula Sybillæ, en Grec     |
| Sixsieme d'Amadis            | La Fuile du Pechè            |
| Les Antiquites de France     | Cinthia, comedia, in Italien |
| Dernier tome of De Serres    | La Gazzette Françoisse       |
| Le Seigneur Des Accords      | La Celestine                 |
| Nilus contra Primatum Papae  |                              |

BOOKES RED ANNO 1609, BE ME

|                                       |                                       |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Bartas                                | Elegies et Eclogues de Ronsard        |
| 13 Tome d'Amadis de Gaule             |                                       |
| La Franciade de Ronsard               | Deux Tragedies de Jodelle             |
| Rablais                               | Recherches de Pasquier                |
| Hierusalem de Tasso, in English       | No Body, comedy                       |
| Dictionaire de Nicot.                 | Sir Gyles Gooscape, comedie           |
| Daniel's Workes                       | A Mad World, comedie                  |
| Roland Furieux, in Frenche            | The Ile of Gooles, comedie            |
| Azolains de Bembe, in Frenche         | Liberalitie and Prodigalitie, comedie |
| Amours de Ronsard                     | Sir Ph. Sid. Arcadia                  |
| Monophile d'Estienne Pasquier         | Parasitaster, by Marston, comedie     |
| Orlando Furioso, in English           | The Court of Ciuil Conuersation       |
| The Anatomie of Humours               |                                       |
| Les Poems de Passerat                 | The Hunting of Cupid                  |
| An Apologie for the Oth of Alleagence | Poetical Rapsodie, by Dauison         |
| Hymnes de Ronsard                     | Thetis Festiual, by Daniel            |
| Les Odes de Ronsard                   |                                       |

ITALIAN BOOKES RED BE ME, ANNO 1610

|                                                 |                                   |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Sanasars Arcadia; et en Fr.                     | Pastor Fido de Guarini, et en Fr. |
| First part of the Rimes of Petrarche; et en Fr. | Arcadia de Morinella              |

Aminta of Tasso; et en Fr.  
Azolins of Bembo; et en Fr.

Gierusalem Liberata of Tasso;  
& Engl.

ENGLISH, LATIN, FRENCH

Spenser's Fayrie Queene  
Lib. Poetices, J. Scaligeri  
Defence d'Herodote, H. E.  
[Henri Estienne]

BOOKES RED, ANNO 1611

Historie Macaroniq.  
Quadrains de Pibracq.  
Heraclite, par Du Moulin  
Responce a tous Propos  
Six liures de Marco Aguicolo  
d'Alueto de la Nature d'A-  
mour  
Amoretti and Epithalamion,  
by Spenser  
Anticotton  
Remerciement des Beurriers  
de Paris  
Pater Noster des Jesuites  
Le Pourmenoir de Montagne  
Desdaine d'Amour  
Cornelius Tacitus, in English  
Les Pseaumes de Dauid  
Epistole de gli Apostoli  
Il Padre de Famiglia, del S.  
Torquato Tasso  
Il Rinaldo, del S. T. Tasso  
The Death of Sophonisba, by  
D. M.  
Poemata P. Bembi  
Rime del Cesare Rinaldi  
A Discourse of Ciuil Lyff, by  
Cod. Bryskett, out of the  
Italian of Geraldi

Delle Rime del S. Torquato  
Tasso, part prime  
Delle Rime del T. Tasso, parte  
seconda  
Fatti de gli Apostoli  
Delle Rime del S. T. Tasso,  
parte terza  
Traicte de Sagesse, par Pierre  
Charron  
Delle Rime del T. Tasso, parte  
quarta  
Rime di Sannazaro  
Discorso di Jason Deneres in-  
torno la Poesia  
Phillis, by Thomas Lodge  
Zephira, by some vncertaine  
writter  
Syntagma Disputationum  
Theologicarum Danielis Ti-  
leni  
Theophile, par Du Moulin  
Relatione Vniuersale, de Bo-  
tero  
Menstries Workes, 4 Trage-  
dies. Aurora  
England's Helicon  
Joshua  
Judges

Ruth  
Samuel  
Kings  
Chronicles

Ezra  
Nehemiah  
Ester  
Job

BOOKES RED BE ME, ANNO 1612

|                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Phillipes de Mornay de la     | The Prophecie of Isaias      |
| Verité de la Religion Chres-  | The Art of English Poesie    |
| tienne                        | The Metamorphose of Ajax     |
| Rime di M. Pietro Bembo       | Ben Jhonson's Epigrams       |
| Rime di Luigi Groto Cieco     | Heath's Epigrams             |
| d'Adria                       | Beacon's Essayes             |
| Madrigali di F. Contarini     | Stafford's Niobe turned in a |
| Madrigali del S. Carlo Coqui- | Nilus                        |
| nato                          | Becon, Booke of Learning, to |
| Le Noue Fiamme, di Lodiuido   | the King                     |
| Paterno                       | Drayton's Heroicall Epistles |
| Les Oeuvres Poétiques de Pas- | —Barons Warres—Legends       |
| serat                         | Lettere Amoroſe, Girolamo    |
| Ingliſh Votaries, be J. Bale  | Parabosco                    |

ANNO 1613

|                                |                               |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| La Diuina Semana del S. T.     | par Maistre Innocent Rin-     |
| Tasso                          | ghier                         |
| Bartas                         | Consolation a Madame de       |
| Rime del Marino                | Goury                         |
| Morsolo                        | Ben Jhonson's Epigrammes      |
| Dionysius Africanus de Situ    | Daniel's Epigrammes           |
| Orbis                          | Sr Jhone Dauies' Nosce Te     |
| Drayton's Poluolbion           | Ipsu                          |
| S. W. A. Doomsday              | Lamentations of Jeromie, and  |
| Jhone Done's Lyriques          | Prophesie                     |
| Owle                           | Il Dante                      |
| Petrarcha de Contemptu         | Rime del Cesare Caporali, del |
| Mundi                          | Mauro et d'altri              |
| Bartas' Works                  | Campion's Ayres               |
| Rime del S. Lelio Capilupi     | Nosce Te Ipsu, J. Dauies      |
| Dialogue de la Vie et la Mort, |                               |

## ANNO 1614

|                              |                          |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| La Semaine, de C. Gamon      | Pisides de Opifice Mundi |
| La Reina di Scotia, T.       | Ezekiall's Prophecie     |
| Ciceronis Tusculanæ Quest.   | La Fiametta of Boccace   |
| Madrigalli di Mutio Manfredi | Pastor Fido              |
| Il Contrasto Amorofo         | S. T. Overb. Wyfe        |
| Mirtilla                     | Boscan                   |
| S. P. Complaint              | Garcilasso               |
| Perla                        | Granades 4 Extrema       |
| La Fiametta                  | Dionyse Carthusiano      |

In 1611 Drummond made an inventory of his library, listing the titles according to the language in which the books were written. The lists, including the break-down of the Latin titles, are as follows.

|                     |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| Italian .....       | 61  |
| Spanish .....       | 8   |
| French .....        | 120 |
| English .....       | 50  |
| Greek .....         | 35  |
| Hebrew .....        | 11  |
| Latin               |     |
| Theology .....      | 31  |
| Jurisprudence ..... | 24  |
| Philosophy .....    | 54  |
| Poetry .....        | 55  |
| Miscellaneous ..... | 103 |

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Apart from those listed as having been read in the year 1611, Drummond recorded the following English titles as being in his library in that year.

Sidney's Arcadia  
 Spenser, F.Q., Shep. Cal., Hymnes, Amoretti  
 Menstrie's Tragedies  
 Art of English Poesie  
 Draton's Workes

Exhortation to Repentance, by Samson Lennard  
 Daniel's Workes  
 Godefroy of Bouillon, by Edward Fairefax  
 Giacomo di Grassi his Art of Fencing  
 The Key of the Spanish Tongue  
 Hero and Leander, by Marloe and Chapman  
 Endemion and Phebe, by M. Drayton  
 Ideas Mirour  
 The Tragedie of Antonie, by Countess of Pembrox  
 Venus and Adon. by Schaksp.  
 The Rap of Lucrece, idem.  
 The Muses Garland  
 Paris and Onone  
 Tullie's Loue, by Greene  
 Coluin's Parainesis  
 Basilicon Doron  
 The Holie Loue of Heauinlie Wisdome  
 Lectures on the Reuel., by Perkins  
 The Dial of Princes, Gueuarra  
 Golden Epistles, Gueuarra  
 The Italian Schoolemaster  
 The Tragedie of Romeo and Julieta  
 Diaphantus  
 Naper on the Reuelation  
 Draton's Oule  
 The Amourouss Passions of Paurino  
 Batschelours Banquet  
 Mr. Henrie Balinauess Book of Justification  
 Pancharis  
 Diana of Montemaior, by B. Zong.  
 Ciuil Warrs of France  
 The Countrie Ferme  
 England's Parnassus  
 Contents of Scripture  
 Boetius' Chronicle  
 Moral Philosophie  
 The Anatomie of Sin  
 The Heauen of Health

Thule or Vertews Historie

A Midsumers Night Dreame

Grayes Arithmetique

The Sanctuarie of a Troubled Soule

## *Appendix B*

### SELECTIONS FROM THE HAWTHORNDEN MANUSCRIPTS

SOME YEARS AGO I had the rare opportunity of going through the Hawthornden Manuscripts in the National Library of Scotland, in Edinburgh. After having lain in loose sheets for about two hundred years, the manuscripts were collected, sorted, and bound into fifteen volumes by David Laing (1793–1878), a Scottish antiquary and scholar, about a hundred years ago. Volume X of the set contains most of the poetry in Drummond's own hand. In the course of my examination of this volume I came upon a number of poems in various stages of composition which have never appeared in printed form. Many of them are fragments of longer works, some of them are in unfinished form, some of them would seem to be translations from foreign models. I give them just as they appeared in the manuscript.

Pages 41–48 of Volume X contain a series of short poems under the heading "De Materia Prima."

Faire art thou if thy lockes of curling gold  
Thou tye in knots, or vaue them in the winde,  
Faire art thou if from thy heaunlye eies  
Thou dart forth flames of loue in gentle harts,  
Faire arte thou if thou send forth angell Notes  
From pearles and liuing Rubies, if thou Smyle  
Or sigh or chide ore weep, or thy deare feet  
In measures moue, or silent sadlie sit.  
Still art thou faire and loue not to behold  
A lesser Beautye liues as in his throne  
Within thyne eies, whence he shoots forth his darts  
Of gold, and other places scornes to hant.  
Still art thou faire and vnder cope of starres  
Is there found anay thing so faire as thou?

Hymen now with the freshest Roses decke  
 Thy shining Lockes ere Day set in the west,  
 And crowne these happye Hills  
 Yet broody of faire Maids.  
 Forth deck with lillies thy now ioyfull Bancks,  
 Let neither Bayes nor purple be more deare,  
 Though conquerors them weare;  
 New glorie antient Homer equalls now.

Now let these Hills sweet aire sigh forth  
 And Aire about Arabian odors breath,  
 Herbes be of emeralds, of Graine the flowrs,  
 Which decke these bancks of ours.

Let each plant Joyfull beare new leaves,  
 Earth now thy treasures show,  
 Birds on Bushes sing your Loues,  
 Rivers runne milke instead of wattrie streames.

Let neither heate nor cold disturbe the aire,  
 Let an eternall Spring be, and the Night  
 There be shoote fast where never day Light shines.

World full of Peace become, in measures sweet  
 Dance the three Graces, Heavens raine Manna downe,  
 Since Phillis haunts or fields and is return'd.

Phillis when first amongst us thou camst downe  
 A stranger to the world, then open did  
 Heavens ample treasures, holie manners then  
 And entertainments sweet discovered were.

Celestiall and worthy Beautyes shind,  
 In pleasant spheares then glanced two burning starres,  
 Unto an eastern Saphire like in worth,  
 Or him who cloths the world with flaming rayes.

All light, all Beames your other graces seeme,  
 All worthinesse, all honor and delight,  
 Of the most dear, most priz'd, and noblest.  
 Trees powr'd for Nectar, flouds with milke did rune

And to revest the woods and late-bare Meads  
Between them Cloris and Pomona striv'd.

Are these the Shores, is this the happye sand  
Are these the pleasant Hills, the spacious feilds?  
Which Phillis with the lightning of her lamps,  
Celestiall twines, makes proudlie to reioyce?

Doth here her lover stay, keepes here his flocks,  
Is this his happy caban which doth shine  
With Rayes of Glorie wher with he doth fill  
The Banks of all the niebours floads about?

O, How those Medows pleasant looke, how faire,  
How ioyfull which were desert and alone,  
The Heavens and freindlie starres now on them smyle.

The lustye Grasse, the lillies, violets,  
Now decks their Mantle and the Mellow eares  
While Phillis shows to them a double Sune.

Phebus wher'ere thou stayst in Cynthe or Dele,  
Or if thou light in heaven thy wonted Torche,  
Come, for my Pan now languishing doth lie,  
And a cold yce runes through my quivering bones.

I feare the worst (but heavens avert the cause)  
Deface not, Death, that face that makes me live,  
Let me die if my life displeaseth heaven  
And teare asunder this my earthlie vaile.

Bring thou (with all the art thou canst) reliefe,  
Togidder to his members and my life,  
If ever others sorrow could the move.

This Britaine said affrighted and afflict,  
With such a Pittie that would have inflam'd  
Not onely humane harts but tigers, beares.

On some greene meade if shee her virgine side  
Did some tyme rest (mee thought) the grasse, the flowrs

Did change the ire yellow coullours greene and white,  
 Their azure and their brune in purple faire,  
 And never tyr'd to shoot and hitte with her,  
 With Quiver deckt and bow, Love ever stays;  
 Sometymes he hides him in her bosome white,  
 Now in her eies, then in her yellow lockes,  
 From Berenices which doe take the prize.

Deare Steed that Choisen art now to sustaine  
 The fairest and the worthiest lady ere  
 That the old worlds did praise or our doth see,  
 Whose hart is wisdome and aspect divine.

Among whose roses and whit Yvorye  
 Love makes his nest, and his golden shafts  
 In that sweet place oft tempers, which makes her  
 To show her brest to all that will behold;

More than Cillarus thou, than Xanthus thou,  
 More happy art, more than that winged horse  
 That with his hoofs brake up the famous well.

Thou (when it pleaceth her) shall be remov'd  
 To other Images of fame and note,  
 With which the nightlie heaven adornes his Robe.

What pen is there so bold  
 Or what Swanne is so rare  
 That darre in living and most happy Sheets  
 Lime but ane onlye part  
 Of that celestiall light  
 That is darted from those eies, or of the face  
 Of this angell divyne,  
 If he hath not beene first in Paradize?

If there he hath not seene  
 The silver pure of hudge unmeasur'd starres?  
 The living Rayes of that eternall Sune?  
 The Roses and the lillies,  
 The colour pure and mixt

Of the faire Meads of heaven and hea'nlye Graine,  
 The Sunnes, and other faire  
 And Beautyes never seene of Mortall eies?

For it unworthy were  
 A Base exemple heere or rule to take  
 Of fading Beautye which the world doth prize,  
 To limne her Beautye faire.  
 So the most happy wit  
 Can not, unlesse he erre, although he thinks  
 Her all celestially forme  
 Livlye set forth by wryting to our sense.

Hence is it I darre not  
 Unlesse confusdlye reason of the truth,  
 Nor can not tell wafted hie on my wings,  
 From what Idea, from what  
 More rich and pretious  
 Floud Love tooke the gold, the breame,  
 The amber, that thus gave  
 So quicke Spirits to your eies, light to the haire.

Closely related to these poems, but apparently not included in the same series is the following poem.

The boyling sighs, and hote flaming fire,  
 Which yee hard-harted did contemne and scorne,  
 The anguish which in me did never rest  
 By course of yeares or change of . . . place,  
 The plaints of which yee tooke so little care  
 Which might have made the hardest soule relent,  
 The teares by which grime Pluto might beene mov'd  
 To have some pittie, which yee tooke in sport,  
 If force can not appease nor cunning art,  
 Not vowes sent up to heaven, nor prayers to you,  
 Not sacred herbes, nor yet enchanted spells,  
 At last hath now beene done by iust Disdaine,  
 This of my libertye has given the Armes,  
 And so I'm loosed that non ere shall me binde.

Under the heading "Madrigals di Mauritio Moro" seven poems appear in the manuscript. Five of these have been printed by Kastner.<sup>1</sup> The following two were omitted apparently because of their unfinished state.

O leave (Ulisses) in their cave the Winds  
 And wrinkle not thy brow.  
 Tantalus far the well  
 And to the high and burning starres  
 For fyre, prime thing, do not clime.  
 For I, poore Wretch, may  
 Your desires all pay  
 In cheekes, in brest, in eyes,  
 In winds, fire, flame, and flouds,  
 Of sighs, of love, of teares,  
 Markes of my cruell paines.  
 Thus did the Wofull Dido weep and plaine  
 When she forsaken was and left alone.

Ilas of the Nymfes  
                   the syre  
 Uncled himself to wash him in pure streames.  
 His naked Image and face he spyes  
 Nor did the Image know  
 The worke of his faire bodye and white.  
 For which to his fellows there about  
 He cryed out,  
 Come heere and see the god of love  
 That without wings doth swim beneath these streames.

On page 54 of the manuscript, immediately following the Moro series, but written at a different time, these two madrigals occur.

#### HIS FLAMES ARE QUENCHED

Phillis the knots are broke,  
 Quencht are the burning flames  
 The occasion of my paines.  
 Let it suffice, suffice,

Hard Tygress hart,  
 Thus I to my first state do now returne.  
 Now, now I do behold my errors past,  
 And praise Disdaine which love hath quencht at last.

#### A BALL OF SNOW

With whitest hand, white snow  
 Lidia smyling threw into my brest,  
 That turned in burning fyre.  
 Now poore lovers, of what are yee sure  
 If flames into the snow be found?

The best of these unpublished madrigals is found on page 120 verso of Volume X.

I write but Inke is teares,  
 No, my hartes blood  
 Is what this paper beares.  
 I write but as one in a franticke mood,  
 And till to the [I] come  
 Shall wash with weeping eyes thy Tombe.  
 Death is my Muse and I  
 By Griefe expresse my Grief and wryting dye.

Drummond did not work much with the eclogue. Kastner gives only two.<sup>2</sup> The following eclogue, apparently an unfinished translation, appears on pages 57-62 and 211 of Volume X of the manuscript.

The dolorous accents, the most ruthfull complaints,  
 The never heard befor tormenting grieve,  
 The Martirdome and never quencht out fyre  
 Of Damon, wretched lad, helpe muse to sing,  
 So oft who unregarded all in vaine,  
 Sitting beneath a willow on the streames  
 Of the faire and Christaline Eske  
 While all his thoughts he on his Cloris bent,  
 Cloris so many yeeres his hart that robb'd  
 Nor ever became pittifull for his songs,

To pittye which would beares and tigers mov'd,  
 And the fiercest lyonesse that affricke breeds,  
 And bridled in the aire the boistrows winds,  
 And shepheards whom he lov'd, compagnons deare,  
 Foul of havye sorrow sent up to the heaven  
 Voices which might have held the Moone and Sunne,  
 And of the heavens and wandring starrs the course  
 Only for pittye of his lasting plaints.  
 And his poore flocks, not feeding upon grasse  
 Or watter, madding throw the meadows ran,  
 With bellowings which to plaine might move the rockes  
 And last stood still, the better out to heare  
 His accents hoarse and last with sorrow fill'd.  
 He often often tyme did make these plaints  
 But this of all the rest the last houre was,  
 And I with my bill in barke of tender Elm  
 His speeches marked did, his gestures marke,  
 And this the tenor was of his sad words.

O happy shepheards that in peace possesse  
 Your faire, youre loving, much beloved Nymfes,  
 If ever shaft of love pierc't in your syde,  
 And if yee ever suffred paine for love,  
 My dolefull speeches marke and havye mone,  
 For it shall be the last of all I make.  
 And yee all flowrye meads and grassye banks,  
 And christall streames so oft that to the Basse  
 With murmuring so sweetlye doe you move,  
 Listen unto thes sharpe and bitter words.  
 And thou most wanton and delightfull floud,  
 Whose gemmye shore my faire and cruell lasse<sup>3</sup>  
 Oft with a wayward foote did trode,  
 To enioy the sweet aire which of thee is borne,  
 Wher oftner than once I 'Pitye' cryed  
 To her who of my paine did make a sport.  
 And you faire feilds which so many times  
 My cruell nymphe tread on, while wretched I,  
 Ourcharged with anguish, did my guerdon crave,  
 And thou most statlye and most happy tree

That in the course of so many yeeres  
 Hast beene a faithfull prop to weryed her,<sup>4</sup>  
 And a true witnesse of my haveye Griefe,  
 Bewaile with me and to my plaints give aire.  
 Ah, where shall I find accents, wher find words  
 That are conforme or equall to my woe,  
 And may if not the whole yet in some part  
 Expresse my agonye and haveye smart,  
 That they may pittye raise in the abysmes,  
 In Cerberus and the furies and the rest  
 That have for dwelling place the Towne of Dis,<sup>5</sup>  
 Since cruell Cloris for fathlesse Thirsis hath  
 (Thirsis a sheeheard new, Thirsis whom sunne  
 Neere saw contented with one beautye yet,  
 A constant lover from the morne to even)  
 Forgotten mee, his love prefer'd to myne,  
 Forsaken mee nor hath not had regard  
 To her faith promised so oft to mee.  
 What doe yee now, what doe yee, Naids faire,<sup>6</sup>  
 Help mee to weep and to my plaints give aire.  
 Surely there is no tyme now but of plaints,  
 And with good cause I should my case bemone,  
 The cittyes do it know, the woods it know,  
 And these greene hills and these wide spatious plaines,  
 And flouds and fountaines and the torrants, wood,  
 The quiet Stagnes and the reposing lakes,  
 And those Valeys and these pleasant woods<sup>7</sup>  
 That testimonie beare all of my faith  
 And of my inward ever-boiling flame.  
 What doe yee, O Hamadriades faire,  
 Helpe me to weep and to my plaints give aire.<sup>8</sup>  
 Cloris faire, comlye Cloris, false ingrate,  
 How can it be that thou thy promiss'd faith  
 So without reason hast abandoned?  
 This is not that which unto me thou told  
 That I should banish feare, and that with tyme  
 Thou put an end wouldst to my haveye paine.  
 But I the cause now find and trulye find,

This is the Veritye, this is the truth,  
 Because thou faire and high, I rude and basse.  
 But know how Adon of a little flocke  
 And Priam's sone poore silly shepherds were,  
 Yet Venus loved him, O wonne him  
 With upright harts and undoubted faith.  
 What doe yee, O yee faunes, O Satyres rare,  
 Helpe mee to mone and to my plaints give aire.  
 Cruell, I know thou wronglye me disdaines  
 And that thou Thirsis loves with all thy hart,  
 But (foule) I hope, I hope a day shall come  
 When he shall doe with thee as he hath done  
 With many whom at last he did disdaine,<sup>9</sup>  
 Regardlesse of ther promis'd and given fath.  
 This is the truth, and thou hast seene the prove  
 But to what serves it mee? What serves it mee  
 The Paines of others thus to call to mynd  
 If they no remedye are unto my griefe,  
 And to my wound which bleedeth deep and wyde.  
 Curst be the day into the which I saw  
 Thes flowry and faire delightsome Meads,  
 Where (ere I could me save from thee, alas)  
 I prisoner remaind to thy disdaine.<sup>10</sup>  
 Oreades, what doe yee, Driads faire,  
 Weep, weep with mee and to my moanes give aire.  
 O with what reason should I mee bemone,  
 O heavens! O hills, and you faire plaines and woods,  
 Since that fierce faire, alas, since that fierce faire  
 That th'end was and beginning of my thoughts,  
 Of all my pleasure fontaine and the Spring,  
 Of all my hopes supporter and the rest,  
 Sole conduct of my life and only cause,  
 And of my death the only peace and health.  
 What man, what God, what wicked fate or chance  
 In so short time hath mee of her deprived?  
 For a rude shephard, shephard most ingrate?  
 What doe yee flockes, what doe yee maister their,  
 Weep, weep with mee, and to my plaints give aire.

O, O, how oft beneath these osiers  
 For pittye of my paines and bitter woe  
 These plaines bewailed have, and these sweet hills,  
 The flouds bewailed have, weept have the stagnes,  
 Cryd have the Valleys, caves resounded have,  
 The herbs have spoild their flowrs, the Meads their herbes,<sup>11</sup>  
 The woods their leaves have lossd, the rocks did sweat,  
 Serpents have hissd, the Ravens *gracciale*,  
 The Gots have blitted, the Wulves howld, yelled,  
 The Lyones rored have, Bellowed the Bulls,  
 The beares have gnasht, ragd, and the night birdes,  
 The Owles, the winged Moose,  
 Were heard upon these elmes and on these Rockes  
 To Shricke with sad and lamentable noise.  
 What doe yee, O yee herbes, O leaves, flowres faire,  
 Help mee to weep and to my plaints give aire.  
 Alas, what paine can any where be found  
 To equall this which me destroyes and burnes,  
 Who ever sorrow saw like unto myne,  
 Who proved ever yet more haveye grieve,  
 Who yet did feale more hard and grievous strokes,  
 Who yet did live a life more wretch and sad,  
 In anay Tyme who had so bad a fate,  
 Who ever pined yet with paine more ferce?  
 What doe yee Springs and flowds and rivers cleare?  
 Helpe me to weep and to my plaints give eare.  
 In gratefull Cloris, (what should I doe more?)  
 Hath rob'd my hart, and on another followes.  
 Lovers, what restes you to hope fore more,  
 If ravens and doves can be togidder ioyned  
 And if the harmlesse lambs and rauinous wolves  
 Shall togidder quench there greedye thirst  
 (What ne'ere was heard) at one fontane all?  
 What doe yee, O yee monts, hills, caves heere,  
 Helpe mee to weep and to my plaints give eare.  
 And I of sorrow full, of anguish full <sup>12</sup>  
 Shall kendle all this aire round about  
 With burning sighs, that from my brest burst out,

And those Rockes and those gay verdant herbes  
 With streames which never dry, I soft shall make  
 With this sad moysture from my eyes which flow,  
 Since the hard hart I can not mollifye  
 Of that ferce sheeheardesse yet lovd of me  
 What doe yee beasts, fishes, yee Birds faire?  
 Help me to weep and to my plaints give aire.  
 Yet do not hope that ere shall be put out,  
 Cloris more cruell than Hyrcanian tigre,  
 The burning flame which doth consume my hart  
 Befor with it that my life be put out.  
 Onlye thou alone triumphe wilt and be glad  
 Of this my hard and lamentable death.  
 Now since the sorrow which's within my brest  
 I cannot longer suffer, pleasant floud  
 Receave this sad and wofull carcasse,  
 And thou, my God, this miserable Soule,  
 And free mee of the Bands of this ferce love.  
 I liv'd that course which fortune to mee gave,  
 Ingrate, now let her take the Victorie.<sup>13</sup>  
 Now to my evils and long scalding flames,  
 Yee, yee most pitifull streames put an end,  
 Since my perpetuall and cruell Griefe  
 In no tyme could that adamantine hart  
 Brake and much lesse make soft,  
 Of that most cruell wicked and ingrate  
 That spoyle herselfe of faith, mee of my hart.  
 Now gentle Sheeheardes, do not longer stay,  
 And Sheeheardesse loving, much beloved,  
 That have given eare unto my sad lament  
 And now the end shall see of my life.  
 Weep all and double now your mournfull plaints.

The appearance of the two lines of Italian in connection with the eclogue, as well as the word *gracciale* in line 132, almost without question mark it as a translation. But from which of the Italian poets it comes, I have not been able to determine.

There are two pastoral poems which Drummond himself, in the manuscript, ascribes to their Italian original. Under the heading "Pastorells from Maria Bonardo frattegiano" the following pieces occur.

There where the pleasant Eske  
 Glydes full of silver with her happy waves,  
 And cleds with Emeralds both the banks,  
 The Sheepheard Damon,  
 His Temples girt about with verdant Bayes  
 Like to a stranger swaine  
 At the Sunes rising with golden Brows,  
 All glad sent forth these words.  
 Let the Nobell crew of sheephardes know  
 That while these Streames shall run unto the sea,  
 I, while these Meads shall show Aprile  
 (That of my sheephardesse the beautyes rare,  
 The speeches wise and humble)  
 Shall byde into my hart morning and even.  
 Here paus'd he and at the suowand of the amourous accents  
 Era the winds, Era the Aire did sound.

This is obviously a rough translation. The other immediately follows.

Alexis, Flora, Damon, Cloris, Myris,  
 Thaumantia faire,  
 Crowned with violets and Rose,  
 Said these words  
 Standing in midst of Spring on Eskas Bankes,  
 When Meads are deckt with flowers and violets.  
 Of happy sheepheard lads  
 And Sheephardesses happy thrice  
 Now let us sing while starres looke favourable,<sup>14</sup>  
 And while our harts do burne  
 With an honest desyre that never dyes,  
 The Houres beares away dayes, dayes moneths beare,  
 The months the yeeres, the yeeres at last our lyfe;  
 O, of us mortalls the miserye great and sore,

To great States they give end,  
 They end all the pleasures in the world,  
 And to the happiest lovers  
 In end they burye all that earth brings forth.  
 What servest to have riches, silver, gold,  
 And chest of Treasure full,  
 And with Mirtles, Bayes, yuye, palmes,  
 Charg'd flye in the eyes of people,  
 If the Soules onlye live,  
 And all worldlye honors are quench't out?

Professor Justin O'Brien, of Columbia University, has identified the Italian original as Giovanni Maria Bonardo, born at Fratta in northern Italy and a member of the Academy "de' Pastori Frattegiani." His chief literary remains are a work on astronomy and one on agriculture. But he did publish a volume of *Madrigali* in Venice, in 1563, dedicated to Lucrezia Gonzaga. Bonardo is a new name on the roster of those whom Drummond studied and used as models.

The Hawthornden Manuscripts contain several fragments of what may have been meant for longer pieces. Some of these fragments provided lines and whole passages for Drummond's later, finished work.

The feilds vith flours var Pant in divers heu,  
 The Aire mixt vith a litil gold her bleu,  
 Zephire did onlie breath and theer remain,  
 Frizing the greene lockes of the pleasant plaine.  
 All nother winds var bound, Ioves artillerie  
 Vas not yet hard dischard along the skie,  
 A harder sound did never tuitch theer eares  
 Then suetest harmonie of turning spheares.  
 Vith out the dantie Helenes daughters wrocht  
 Be ancient Oxes. The honie was out brocht . . .

Compare the first two lines of the fragment with lines 44–45 of Song ii of the First Part of the *Poems* (Kastner, I, 33). A longer fragment, one which was used more extensively in later work, is the following.

O, love and pitie, Vnknown to thes times,  
 O, love and pitie, nocht by us respected,  
 O love and pitie overweighed with crimes  
 Of this bad age with . . . infected.  
 Grant us a sparke of that eternal love,  
 To thy sweet libertie againe restore us,  
 This heavie yoke of sin from us remove,  
 And mad desires vich invardlie devour us.  
 That heunlie love may quenche al mortal lust,  
 The chaine of evils, Tyran of our best part,  
 That fondlie makes us virshep flesh and dust  
 In place of the in temple of or hart.  
 Grant when the spirit leaving this fleschlie tombe,  
 This shope of shame, this wretched mansion blind  
 Fearful before thy blessed throne sal come  
 A Saviour, not a iuge, it may the find.

This whole passage is revised and improved in lines 53–68 of the hymn “Great God, whom wee with humble Thoughts adore,” of “Urania” (Kastner, I, 93–94). It was revised further for inclusion in the *Flowres of Sion*, 1623 and 1630.

The handwriting shows the following to be a youthful attempt at composition or paraphrase.

That burning lampe so gloriouslie that lustres,  
 Father of houres, of seasons, Dayes, and lustres,  
 Keeping his carrier be the biazee round  
 Divers effects vorkes on the heauie ground,  
 Roussing from Tethis streames his golden hed,  
 He pantes the skie vith azure, vHITE and red,  
 Plunging his fierie horse in vesterne sees  
 To end dayes Paines he makes the night arise.  
 In thes tuelle rings he ever runs about  
 Til he go in vher first he did come out.  
 His sister schining vith her bastard light  
 Cheereth the horror of the gloomie night.  
 Now hornd, now round, endith ich month her course  
 As sche draws vertew from that golden source.

The following commendatory verse is obviously in unfinished form. The Manuscript has several alternate readings, and the rhyme and meter have not been worked out.

While yee raise you to heauen shrill Swan,  
 And makes thy selfe illustre unto tyme,  
 Whyle thy sweet amorous cares in verse  
 Ring from the Indian to the Morish Sea,  
 With thowsand pleasant flowres the sacred band  
 Doth decke thy brow and haire, by which the wings  
 Of thy honor, after thowsand thowsand yeeres  
 More famous shall then ere they were remaine;  
 Let Eska faire reioce that shee by thee  
 Illustrious is mad and renown'd,  
 A wonder to this age of ours and tymes to come,  
 Colosses, Alters, Temples to thee raise.

My feeling is that this was intended to glorify Sir William Alexander, but I have nothing except internal evidence to support that feeling.

The piece which follows is called "Fragment of a greater work," but the remainder either was not written or has been misplaced in the shuffle of papers.

As when a sheaphard boy from fearful hight  
 Of steeple rocke lookes to some groundless deep,  
 Each thing semes dance unto his dazeled sight  
 And trembling feare doth thruch his sinnowes creep.  
 If he hath lyff or no he knowes not ryt,  
 His mind her pouers, his hands ther gripe scarce keepe,  
 Com'd to himselfe and sune afraid doth vnder  
 The gostlie vatters that he saw him vnder.

Even so when I vith troublett thochts behold  
 Beyond worlde firie clostere dec vith beames,  
 Him in eternitie who did vnfold  
 Of naughts darke curtens t'erth and brinie streames  
 And what about thes tuo is daylie rold  
 And thinkes (ai me, me thinkes my thochts ar dreames)  
 He suld him vrap in flesh, I quake, I sound

Amaz'd, I'm mad like to the sensles ground.

Do not vaine mortals, do not fools improue  
 Al that your bastard reason can not see,  
 Your vit but serves your ignorance to proue  
 And vho knowes lest your errors most knowes he.  
 O, foolish vise like to the seeled doue  
 Vho higher goes the blinder that sche be,  
 Giganticol race, how vil ye scal heauens tours  
 When your blunt braines can not vel know earth flowrs.

This is in the hand of the young Drummond and shows his early taste for poetry of a melancholy and contemplative cast.

Although akin in spirit to much of Drummond's work, the following poem is in a form which looks strange among his pieces.

What groning ghost is this that goes  
 His grief regreting so,  
 What restless bursting sobs be those  
 Whose accents end with woe?

What frightening furies doth affray  
 My fancies all with feare,  
 What hath my destenies no daye  
 Their frawing to forbear?

Hath Death no power to preuent  
 This Martirdome of mine,  
 Is not my spitful dayes yet spent,  
 Shall yet my sorrow shine?

Me thinks, O Death, thou shoulds defend  
 Thy duelling place from care,  
 No fearful furies could offend,  
 Me thought, when I cam ther.

I heare a woe bewraying voice  
 Which semed to wander long,  
 Regreting stil with restles noice  
 Appeares had done some vrong.

O Phillis, shall thou nere begone  
But live againe to die?  
Me thinks yons my Amintas mone  
That murns in mind of me.

Shal I be forcd for to appeare  
For punishment againe,  
From my Elisium bak to heare  
The Dome of my disdaine?

O, Och Amintas, cease thy mones,  
Name not thy Phillis more,  
Thy teares and torments can at once  
What thou hath lost restore.

Thy ruthles vigor I remet,  
It serves to see the change  
I pardon the, I died for it,  
Repentance is revenge.

To late doth thou lament my loue,  
To late to len reliefe,  
To late thy murning doth now moue  
My Graue to heare thy Grief.

Curs nather heauen nor earth nor aire  
Nor Dis blake vaults impure,  
For that can nather red thy care  
Nor present life procure.

Goe, stay thy teares in time and take  
This message bak from me,  
And this, Amintas, for my sake,  
Do as I did for the.

Go, let the world the vitnes beare,  
Pure Phillis death deplore,  
Not for thy falshood but to feare  
Vngrateful men the more.

Tell them their ruthles smal regard  
Of louing ladies states,

Shall ripe the like or worse reuard  
 That thow hath found of late.  
 So this is all that Phillis craues,  
 Amintas, the to pay,  
 To still her Ghost bake in the graue,  
 Rest while she rise for ay.

This epigram is typical of those found in any number of jest books in the seventeenth century. It may be one that Drummond had picked up for his collection.

#### A NEW PRECISIAN

Why should this nice world blame  
 Faire Phrenes wanton rites  
 And blacke her sweet delights  
 With an unhallowed name?  
 To call such pastyme sinne  
 Being so neare of kinne  
 Unto those first precisians of Renowne,  
 She prickets humbles and they pulld churches downe.

There may be some question as to the authorship of the following inscription. It appears in Drummond's own hand but someone has tried to cross it out.

#### ON A BOOK UPON A BOOK

Litel but blissed Booke  
 On which her eyes doe looke,  
 Faire eyes to which is given,  
 To make the earth a Heaven,  
 Would my hap were like thyne  
 To hear her sweet-sigh'd prayers and songs divine.

It is hard to believe that the following piece could be Drummond's. Judging by the handwriting, it is an early poem, but the sense of the passage is so foreign to Drum-

mond's usual thoughts that one must treat it with reservation.

The time that rests in feast, in dance, in pleasure  
 And dalliance, sche spends beyond al measure,  
 With gesture, voice, and eie sche doth invite  
 All comes her neere to follow sueet delight.  
 A hundreth nets sche hath in hundreth fassions,  
 Sche traps the visest with her pleasing passions.  
 World thralling mistris, none her snares escape  
 For sche takes Verteus gleames, and verteus schape.  
 Some sayes th'Idalien queene without a father  
 Concev'd this vanton daughter, and that other  
 Mov'd with a high disdaine that once great Love  
 Did beare a virgin-dame that scornet love;  
 Or that one day that dame held her at laughter,  
 This loulie mother bore this pleasant daughter.  
 Vith pleasures drinke the passingers sche stayes  
 And being stayed unto them thus sche sayes.  
 Fond men whome Vertews Idle name abuseth,  
 Vho knows not good or madlie it refuseth,  
 Alas, that doth not even to Nature trust  
 Vho hath yow framd of a sune falling dust.  
 Mortals, ye thinke vith Gods to mak yow even  
 And, cloid vith earthlie masse, to flie to heven.  
 That frensie leave, its but an Idle thocht,  
 A dreame, a flying schadow, a faire nocht.  
 Thinke on your death that all your glorie suallows  
 With stealling steps that night and day yow follows.  
 Vhat furour, what strange fever, monstrous rage  
 Makes yow to spend your dearest dayes and age  
 Seking ye know not what, and when its gotten  
 No sooner learn'd but as soone is forgotten.  
 Verteu that cald a net found to hold fooles,  
 A changing monster, a world of the schooles.  
 Vhat I say now Nature yow tels more plainlie,  
 Nature, Sprit of this Al, that nocht doth vanlie.  
 Nature and Verteu never did agree  
 But in Discord and contrarietie.

Why kendled sche in your brest that sacred brandon  
 Imparting lyff if schee vald yow t'abandon  
 These Nectar tasted pleasures of your yuth.  
 I pitie the, poore man, O learne for truth,  
 Thows like the new spred Rose, and at thy being  
 Thow gins to sed and ever still are dying.  
 Ages are rivers running in times sea,  
 Vhat ere had chance to live vas forc't to die.  
 The earth abids and thes bright hevnlie places  
 That with theer golden gleames this low world graces,  
 Things bred beneath the Moone doth keep theer kind  
 And not themselves, so hath the heavens ordained.  
 But if ye make of that name such a treasure,  
 Embrace it stil, it's verteu to loue pleasure.  
 Vhat leaves sche to her frends but a bare name,  
 Time that devoured them devoures the same.  
 Vhat profiteth the dead for to be crowned  
 Vith palmes and bayes and long time be renowned?  
 That cannot blush, thay feare not coming harmes,  
 That see not Venus smiles nor Mars alarmes.  
 Vnhappie man in midst of yuthful Vigore  
 Forsakest ioy till thow be a dead figure,  
 Seeking a thing so hard for to obtaine  
 And thocht obtaind possest with so great paine.  
 Stay heere sueet frends cher love and yuth reposes  
 Heere ever growes faire lilies, crimson roses,  
 Man heere grows old in al things delectable  
 And ful of lyff departs as from a table.

One page in the Manuscripts offers a strange commixture of mood and thought in the following three pieces.

1.

Sweet are the thoughts that harbour full content,  
 Delightfull be the Ioyes that know no care,  
 Such those sweet thoughts that on heauens ioyes are bent  
 And on celestiall blisse still thinking are.  
 These Ioyes delight, these thoughts content doe send,  
 All earthlie thoughts and Ioyes in sorrow end.

## 2.

Some men desire spouses that come of noble Houses,  
 And some would have in mariage ladyes of courtlie carriage,  
 But few desire as I do, the Madenhead of a Widdow.

## 3.

The Nightingale, the organ of delight,  
 The nimble larke, the blackebird and the thrush,  
 And all the prettye Quiresters of flight  
 That chante their musicke notes in evrye bush,  
 Let them no more contend who shall excell,  
 The cucko is the bird that beares the Bell.

The second of these lyrics was set to music in Thomas Weelkes' *Ayres or Phantastique Spirites* in 1608, so it would seem that Drummond had copied it out for his own jest book. The same may be true of the other two pieces, but I have not been able to determine the authors of them. Pages 105 and 106 of the Hawthornden MSS comprise a little booklet which contains poetry and prose of a spiritual nature. On the front of the booklet is this poem.

Heere beneath  
 Wee allwayes sayle towards the port of death  
 Where, who first anch'reth, first is glorified.  
 That (of necessitye the fatall cup)  
 Each all of us must in our turne drinke up.  
 That Deaths no paine, but of all paines the end,  
 The Gate of heauen and ladder to ascend.  
 That Deaths the death of all our stormes and strife  
 And sweet beginning of Immortall life,  
 For by our death a thowsand deaths wee slay,  
 Therby wee rise from bodye, tombe of clay,  
 Therby our Soules feast with celestiaall food,  
 Therby wee come to the heavenly Brotherhood,  
 Therby we are changd to Angells of the light,  
 And face to face behold Gods beauties bright.

This piece is followed by such observations as

It is a grievous thing for a man to uphold his fraile and unfortunate honor from falling. And he that thinkes he hath surest possession of it, lives but with so much the greater care to repaire and maintaine it.

And,

Wee give foolishlye the title of immortality to the memorye of our name which with all our memorable deeds shall at last have an end;

our vaine and mortall immortalitye.

These may have been meant for his own private book of devotions and meditations, or again they may have been transcribed from other writers.

Another in the same vein is the following.

Sith God ordaines and Natures lawes require  
To have it so, come Death (no longer dire  
But glorious now) come gentlie Death, dispatch;  
The Heavens are open, God his armes doth reach  
T'imbrace my soule: O let me bravely flie  
To meet my Lord, and Death's proud darts defy.

These last pieces are in the general mood and tenor of his last days. The handwriting, too, would indicate that they were written toward the end of his life.

There is a great amount of work to be done with the unpublished materials in the Hawthornden Manuscripts. They represent about the richest remains that we have of any poet of the period, and they may have much to tell us further of Drummond's sources, his likes and dislikes, his methods of composition, and his habits of thought. These bits are here presented in the hope that they may provide materials for further study of Drummond and his poetry.



# NOTES

## NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

1. Kastner, ed., *The Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden*, I, ci. This two-volume edition of Drummond's poetry is the most recent and comprehensive. Unless otherwise noted, all quotations from Drummond will be based on the text provided by Kastner.

2. Quoted in the Introduction to the Maitland Club edition of *The Poems of William Drummond*, pp. xvi-xvii.

3. *The Works of William Drummond, of Hawthornden*, ed. by Thomas Ruddiman and John Sage.

4. Masson, *Drummond of Hawthornden: The Story of His Life and Writings*.

5. Ward, ed., *The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden*.

6. Masson, *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 66.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 68.

8. *The Poems*, ed. by Ward, p. xliii.

9. *Ibid.*, p. xliv.

## NOTES TO CHAPTER I

1. See Kastner, II, 249.

2. *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, pp. i-ii.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 232.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 233.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 232.

6. *Ibid.*

7. David Laing published the lists in "A Brief Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts," *Archeologia Scotica*, IV, 73-77. They are reprinted in Appendix A of this volume.

8. An excellent discussion of the principle of imitation is to be found in Harold O. White's *Plagiarism and Imitation during the English Renaissance*.

9. Reprinted in G. Gregory Smith, *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, I, 208 ff.

10. *Ibid.*, I, 210.

11. *Ibid.*, I, 220.

12. *Ibid.*, II, 3.

13. *Ibid.*

14. *Ibid.*, II, 65.

15. *The Defence of Poesie*, ed. by G. E. Woodberry, p. 22.

16. *Ibid.*, pp. 19–20.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 23.

18. See Kastner, II, 162.

19. *Ibid.*, p. 79.

20. Kastner, I, xliii.

21. *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, pp. 226–27.

22. "The Authors Life," in *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. v.

23. An interesting relationship between Drummond and Daniel is hinted at in a letter Sir William Alexander wrote to Drummond in 1620. Sir William says, "I received your Letter and your Verses, which I liked very well, and am glad that you exercise your Muse, since *Samuel Daniel* is dead." *Ibid.*, p. 151.

24. Drummond might also have been gently questioning the actual existence of Drayton's "Idea."

25. See above, p. xiii.

26. *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. 143.

27. Kastner, I, xxxiv.

28. It is interesting that he does not mention the English or any English writer in this group of "poetic" nations and representative poets.

29. *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. 233.

30. *Ibid.*, pp. 139–41.

31. "The Author's Life," *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. ii.

32. Kastner, I, 38, Son. xliii, l. 11.

33. "The Author's Life," in *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. iii.

34. *Ibid.*, p. xxiii.

## NOTES TO CHAPTER II

1. "The Author's Life," in *ibid.*, p. iii.
2. "Character of Several Authors," in *ibid.*, p. 226.
3. Masson, *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 47.
4. *The Poems*, ed. by Ward, p. 214.
5. With this compare Sonnet XXXIII of *Astrophel and Stella*.
6. Kastner, I, 189.
7. Masson, *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 70.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 71.
9. "The Author's Life," in *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. v.
10. The same kind of renunciation is expressed in Sidney's beautiful "Leave me, O love which reachest but to dust."
11. Kastner, II, 335.
12. *Ibid.*, II, 333.
13. Masson, *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 145.
14. See below, p. 75 n.
15. For an account of other poems written on Prince Henry's death, see below, pp. 135-42.
16. Kastner, I, 83.
17. *Ibid.*, II, 108.
18. *Ibid.*, II, 107.
19. *Ibid.*, II, 372.
20. *Ibid.*, II, 195.
21. *Ibid.*, II, 192-93.
22. Such as "On these Lockes," prefixed to *Samsons Seaven Lockes of Haire* by A. Symson, St. Andrews, 1621 (Kastner, II, 166) and the one beginning "All lawes but cob-webes are," written on the publication in 1609 of Sir John Skene's translation of the *Regiam Majestatem* (Kastner, II, 228).
23. Such as "Like Sophocles (the hearers in a trance)," prefixed to the 1614 edition of the *Doomes-Day*, by Sir William Alexander (Kastner, II, 161).
24. Such as the one beginning "Come forth, Laissa," prefixed to Patrick Gordon's *The Famous Historye of Penardo and Laissa*, published in 1615 (Kastner, II, 162) and the one begin-

ning "To this admir'd Discouerer giue place," prefixed to *Pathmos; or a Commentary on the Revelation of Saint John*, by William Cowper, Bishop of Galloway, London, 1619 (Kastner, II, 164).

25. Through the kindness of Mr. William Park, Keeper of MSS in the National Library of Scotland, I learned that it was printed in *The Scottish Antiquary*, xiii (1898), 59, with an introductory note by J. H. Stevenson. The sonnet, however, has never found its way into any edition of Drummond's poetry.

26. Kastner, I, 239.

27. *The Poems*, ed. by Ward, I, xlix.

28. Kastner, II, 268.

29. *Ibid.*, II, 272.

30. *Ibid.*, II, 378.

31. Kastner's reading for this line is "so stranglie she thee furmes," which means nothing. The MS clearly has the reading "turnes."

32. See Kastner, II, 231-34.

33. *Ibid.*, II, 395.

34. Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 84.

35. "Faire cruel Siluia" (Kastner, II, 269) and "Wer these thine eies" (Kastner, II, 270).

36. See Kastner, II, 409-10.

37. *Poems*, ed. by Ward, I, xliv.

38. See above, p. 62.

39. Kastner, II, 228.

40. *Ibid.*, II, 229.

41. *Ibid.*, II, 394.

42. Columbia edition of *The Works of John Milton*, III, 148.

43. Kastner, II, 174.

44. *Ibid.*, II, 395.

45. *Ibid.*, I, 134-35.

46. *Poems*, ed. by Ward, I, 244.

47. Kastner, I, 242.

48. "Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS," in *Archaeologia Scotica*, IV, 87.

49. See his *The English Sonnet*.

50. *Ibid.*, pp. 81-82.

## NOTES TO CHAPTER III

1. Reed, *English Lyrical Poetry*, p. 210.
2. Edmund Horace Fellows has edited a series called *The English Madrigal School*, in thirty-six volumes, which contains both lyrics and music of most of the fine madrigals of the period.
3. Erskine, *The Elizabethan Lyric*, p. 243.
4. *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. iii.
5. F. A. Cox in his anthology, *English Madrigals in the Time of Shakespeare*, mistakenly reports that three of Drummond's lyrics appeared in early English song books. He includes (p. 31) Drummond's song, "Ah! silly soul," in the list of those that appeared in William Byrd's *Psalms, Songs and Sonnets*, 1611, but with the exception of the first three words, the song actually in Byrd's book is entirely different from Drummond's. He also reports (p. 140) Drummond's song, "Sweet nymphs, if, as ye stray," as appearing in Thomas Greaves' *Songes of sundrie kindes*, 1604, but again the correspondence is only in the very first words of the two lyrics. The lyric actually in Greaves' song book begins, "Sweet Nimphes that trippe along," and is a song in praise of Oriana. A third Drummond lyric, the sonnet "Thou window, once which served for a sphere," he says (p. 156) was set to music in Martin Pearson's *Motets, or Grave Chamber Music*, London, 1630, but this is the third strike for Mr. Cox. Song 5 in Pearson's *Mottects* [*sic*] reads "Thou window of the skie, and pride of spirits."
6. Erskine, *The Elizabethan Lyric*, pp. 217-18.
7. *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. v.
8. Cox, ed., *English Madrigals in the Time of Shakespeare*, p. ix.
9. See Kastner, I, lii-lxiv, for a bibliographical account of this edition.
10. Masson, *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 44.
11. *Poems*, ed. by Ward, I, xli, note 2.
12. Kastner, I, lxii.
13. See Kastner, I, 209*n*.
14. See Kastner, II, 337*n*.

15. See the madrigal "Soule, which to Hell wast thrall," Kastner, II, 17, or I, 88.

16. Laing, ed., "Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS," in *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland (Archaeologia Scotica)* Vol. IV.

17. See Appendix B.

18. "Who do in good delight," Kastner, II, 175.

19. Whipple, *Martial and the English Epigram from Sir Thomas Wyatt to Ben Jonson*, pp. 300-301.

20. *Ibid.*, pp. 301-02.

21. Nixon, *Martial and the Modern Epigram*, p. 29.

22. See the Herford and Simpson edition of *Ben Jonson*, VIII, 27.

23. *Ibid.*, p. 25.

24. A fuller account of the early history of the epigram in sixteenth-century England will be found in T. K. Whipple, *Martial and the English Epigram*, pp. 300-326.

25. Kastner cites No. 1 as probably from Tebaldeo; Ward compares No. 28 to an epigram of Panigarola (*Poems*, ed. by Ward, I, 238); Kastner sees No. 40 as derived from Ronsard, ultimately from Julianus the Egyptian; both authors cite Volpi, P. Zanchi, and Accolti as sources for Nos. 51, 62, and 67, respectively. Here is evidence enough that Drummond knew the Renaissance epigrammatists.

26. See the letter "To his Worthy Friend Sir George Keith of Powburne," dated Feb. 12, [1607?], in *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. 140.

27. See the quotation given above, p. 104, from Erskine, *The Elizabethan Lyric*.

28. Whipple, *Martial and the English Epigram*, pp. 325-26.

29. See notes to No. 21, p. 223; No. 39, p. 243; and No. 45, p. 244 in Vol. II of Kastner's edition.

30. "The Author's Life," *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. ii.

31. See Kastner, II, 242.

#### NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

1. The fullest and most recent account of his brief life and

the deep impression he made on the popular imagination is to be found in Elkin Calhoun Wilson's *Prince Henry and English Literature*.

2. For an account of this elegiac literature, see *ibid.*, pp. 131 ff.

3. Kastner, I, xlviii ff.

4. See Wilson, *Prince Henry and English Literature*, p. 38.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 99n.

6. Masson (p. 69) points out the similarity of these lines to Shakespeare's in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, sc. i:

"And certain stars shot madly from their spheres  
To hear the sea-maid's music."

7. See below, p. 147.

8. See Kastner, I, lxxix.

9. *Ibid.*, II, 123-26.

10. Probably meaning "effeminate men," according to *ibid.*, II, 361, note to l. 29.

11. See *ibid.*, II, 296-99, among the poems of doubtful authenticity.

12. *Ibid.*, II, 362-67, notes.

13. *Ibid.*, I, 131.

14. *Works*, ed. by Ruddiman and Sage, 1711, p. 226.

15. Kastner, I, 132.

16. *Ibid.*, p. 133.

17. *Ibid.*, II, 410.

18. *Ibid.*, pp. 257, 263.

19. *Ibid.*, I, 9.

20. *Ibid.*, I, 170-77, notes.

21. These two lines, as Masson points out (p. 69), may be patterned after Shakespeare's in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, sc. iii:

"And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
Forth from Day's path and Titan's fiery wheels."

22. See Kastner, I, 178, notes.

23. See above, p. 151.

24. *A Cypresse Grove*, ll. 189-202, Kastner, II, 73.

25. *Ibid.*, II, 71, ll. 136-39.

26. See Kastner, II, 344-55.

27. Ward makes a detailed comparison between the *Phaedo* and Song ii in his edition of Drummond, I, 227–33.

28. *Phaedo*, 110–11, in *The Dialogues of Plato*, tr. by B. Jowett, 2d ed., I, 491–92.

29. See Kastner, II, 334.

30. John Smith Harrison, *Platonism in English Poetry*, p. 176.

31. *Ibid.*, p. 177.

32. Kastner, II, 342.

#### NOTES TO CHAPTER V

1. Lee, ed., Introduction to *Elizabethan Sonnets*, I, ix–cx.

2. John Veitch, *The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry*, p. 13.

3. Kastner, I, xliii–xliv.

#### NOTES TO APPENDIX B

1. The first, II, 176; second, II, 177; third, II, 176; fourth, II, 280; and sixth, I, 101.

2. Kastner, II, 257, “Damon and Moeris . . .” and II, 263, “Syrenus and Montanus.”

3. Line 40 has “bancke” as an alternate for “shore.”

4. This line was originally “Hast oft upheld her body faire and . . .” but it has been marked out and the present one substituted.

5. Has “abyding” as an alternate for “dwelling.”

6. Has “whither are yee” as alternate for “now, what doe yee.”

7. Has “delightsome groves” as alternate for “pleasant woods.”

8. Just after this line is inserted “Piangete meco e allarante il pianto.”

9. Has “dispize” as alternate for “disdaine.”

10. Has “crueltye” as alternate for “disdaine.”

11. Opposite this line on the left-hand page are the two following lines:

“Herbes woyd of flowrs, Meads voit of herbes remaind  
Si spoliar di fiori l’herbe, e d’herbe i prati.”

12. The eclogue from this line on is on page 211 of the MS. Apparently the leaves became separated when they were loose and were not put together when they were bound in volume form.

13. Has "wyne" as alternate for "take."

14. This line begins a new page in the MS. This second part seems to have been written at a different time, for the ink is much heavier. It may possibly be a part of a different poem.



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